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LEAVES FROM A HUNTING DIARY IN ESSEX.

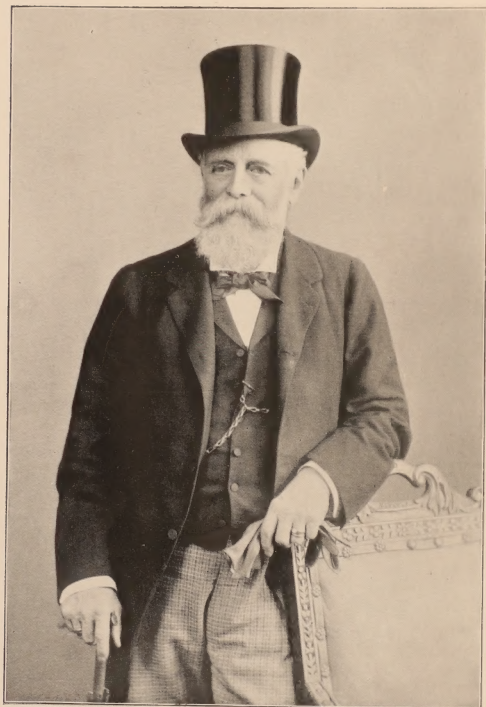












LORD ROOKWOOD.



LEAVES  
FROM  
A HUNTING DIARY  
IN  
ESSEX

BY  
H. BEAUCHAMP YERBURGH

("McADAM")

"And plainly as the field moves off  
In a still lengthening line,  
Now might 'MCADAM' note the names  
Destined in print to shine."

*Lay of Matching Green, 1883, by R. Y. BEVAN.*

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VOL. I.

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1900







*These Two Volumes*  
*are*  
*Dedicated*  
*to*  
*THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROOKWOOD,*  
*with*  
*grateful remembrances of the many happy years of good*  
*sport with the Essex Hounds enjoyed under his*  
*régime as "SIR HENRY,"*  
*by*  
*the Author.*







## PREFACE.

---

Let me at once acknowledge that any interest these "Leaves from a Hunting Diary" may possess for those who have hunted in Essex, or who may be hunting in years to come, will be due almost entirely to the photographs and sketches with which they are illustrated, and to the extracts (never before published) from the interesting hunting journals of the late Charles Ranken Vickerman.

It is, therefore, with no small feeling of gratitude that I have to express my thanks to those who have so very kindly and generously placed photographs of themselves and their favourite hunters at my disposal for this work. To that excellent amateur photographer, Mr. Arthur Salvin Bowlby, I am particularly indebted.

To Mr. H. A. Cole I owe a good deal for the very conscientious way he has rendered the sketches from nature. I am also under a deep obligation to Mr. C. Vickerman for giving me every assistance in carrying out his father's wishes relative to his hunting journals.

A good many of my "hunting leaves" have from time to time appeared in print, mostly in the *Essex Times*. To the proprietors of that paper, and to the proprietors of the *Essex County Chronicle*, *Essex Weekly News*, *The Field*, and *County Gentleman*, for permission to reproduce such accounts, and for a similar sanction from the proprietors of *Baily's Magazine* for the use of their portraits of Mr. C. E. Green, and the late Mr. Henry Petre, General Mark Wood, and Mr. Henry Vigne, I return my warmest thanks.

That my productions will be read by any who have not taken part in the runs herein mentioned I do not expect. Essex is not Leicestershire, nor have I the pen of that



disciple of Whyte Melville, Brooksby, whose vivid descriptions of stirring runs in his book, "The Cream of Leicestershire," first inspired me years ago with the ambition to some day bring out some illustrated hunting leaves.

With the exception of the Friday country (the northern part), which I seldom had the opportunity of visiting, most of the principal coverts within the boundaries of the hunt are included in these illustrations.

H. B. Y.



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Down Hall

## LEAVES FROM A HUNTING DIARY.

### CHAPTER I.

*Lord Rookwood—Lady Rookwood—Lancelot Rolleston—Desdichado—James Bailey—Some hard riders with the Essex in 1879—Making acquaintance with Essex ditches—November frost—Richard Beale Colvin—George Dawson—R. Womersley—Harry Bagot—Epping-Bury—Albert Deacon—J. Todhunter—Captain Meyer—Cub Hunting in 1881—The Crème de la Crème.*

WHEN I asked Lord Rookwood's permission to dedicate these "Leaves from a Hunting Diary" to him, pointing out that it was under him that I first hunted in Essex, that the best sport I ever had in my life was during his reign, and that he had brought the Essex Hunt, in the opinion of those most qualified to judge, to a point of perfection never before attained in its annals, he replied as follows :—"You are too flattering in your recollections of the happy seven years I was most closely connected with the Essex Hounds. Any success then achieved is far more a result of Bailey's work than of mine, and the only thing I can really lay claim to is that I was the means of bringing into the country one of the best huntsmen I have ever seen."

There was no flattery in what I wrote to Lord Rookwood in March, '96. In spite of his modest disclaimer, I must adhere to every letter of it, and add yet a few words further. 'Tis true that he brought Bailey into Essex, and that no better huntsman,



in the opinion of many, ever carried the horn; but under whose *régime* did he graduate, from whom learn that tact, civility, and urbanity without which, kill as many foxes as he might, he could never have attained the success he has, or have retained the position he now holds of equal popularity among all classes? Now we all owe a great deal to Bailey for the sport we enjoy,



Lord Rookwood

but we owe it first to Lord Rookwood, who recognising Bailey's ability, exercised over him that influence which has yielded such good results.

But 'tis of the Master of Hounds, "Sir Henry" himself, that I would write. Large hearted and sympathetic, he is universally esteemed and beloved by everyone with whom he is brought in contact, whether peer or peasant. During his reign, which all hold in affectionate remembrance he spared neither himself nor his purse (look how he mounted the Hunt staff) in his endeavours to show sport. How well he succeeded



the bare narrative of the good sport enjoyed during his tenure of office sufficiently proves. Firm, yet courteous in the field, I never heard him swear or indulge in any stronger language than "Hold hard, sir! we are not out stag hunting." How well he kept us in hand, how considerate always of the farmers' interests.

The farmers loved him to a man, and when a strong, clever, and wealthy opponent was brought forward by the Radicals to try and wrest his seat in Parliament from him in 1885, they rallied to him, and with the battle cry of "Sir Henry for ever" they brought him in with such a thumping majority that, when resigning his seat on his elevation to



Lady Rookwood

the Peerage, the Rads had to go into the bye-ways and hedges to induce anyone to come forward to attack the Conservative stronghold again so secure had Sir Henry's work and popularity made it.

On resigning the mastership of the Essex Hunt he did not give up his interest in it; on the contrary, by every means in his power, by liberal subscriptions, strong preservation of foxes, and his invaluable aid at the annual Point-to-Point and Rundells races, he has shown how he keeps its welfare at heart.



Lady Rookwood, whose death, after a very brief illness, in the spring of 1899 came as a great shock to the county of Essex, and which left a void that can never be filled, always took the deepest interest in the performances of the Essex Hounds, with which some of her husband's happiest years were so closely associated, when he was known throughout the length and breadth of Essex as "Sir Henry." She ever evinced the deepest interest in all movements, social or philanthropic, that made for good in the county, and was of great help to her husband in promoting the Conservative cause. One of the earliest and most successful branches of the Primrose League



Desdichado, after a Painting by A. Dickinson

was founded by her. Lady Rookwood formed yet another link in the chain of evidence that statesmen make the happiest and most fortunate marriages.

"Desdichado," known at the kennels as "Dusty Shadow," was a beggar to go through dirt, and like many lop-eared ones, was a rare good sort. He generally carried Fred Firr during Lord Rookwood's mastership, and was ridden by Firr when he ran first in the Welter Cup race at Rundells in 1881 and 1882, and Essex Open Steeplechase, 1883; and by Harry Bagot when he won the Welter Cup for the third time at Rundells in 1884. The likeness of "Desdichado" is taken from a painting



by Mr. A. Dickinson, brother to Mr. B. Dickinson, of Rundells.

I would mention that previous to coming into Essex some of my earliest and happiest hunting days were associated with the South Notts, of which in 1877-78 Mr. Lancelot Rolleston



Lancelot Rolleston

(whose portrait is here given) and Mr. Percy Cooper were joint masters, and if I didn't cut my wisdom teeth in their country I certainly lost one of my best molars one blind cubbing morning, when a fellow landed bang on the top of me as I lay on the ground, after coming to grief over a bramble-hidden ditch.



What capital order Mr. Rolleston kept his field in, the *suaviter in modo* with *fortiter in re* in the background was his motto, though on one occasion I quite expected his uplifted hunting crop would have descended on the head of some old boy who was a bit too handy with his thong on the heads of some of Mr. Rolleston's favourites after they had run into their fox.

A fine horseman, with undeniable nerve, he had a knack of getting across country that few equalled, and none surpassed, and though to my youthful imagination he appeared to ride very short in his stirrups, this doubtless gave him that strong seat over the high fences and deep drops which he was so fond of tackling. Writing to me from Edwinstowe in April, 1896, Mr. Rolleston says, "I am glad to say I still enjoy hunting hounds as much as ever, and last season was one of the best I have ever had."\*

Mr. Percy Cooper, alas, has joined the majority. He was hospitality itself, and very keen about hunting in those days, when he was living at Bulwell Hall. Always had very good horses; one in particular, a grey, upon which he mounted me, was a perfect fencer, with a good turn of speed.

One of the best runs that I can recall during Mr. Rolleston's and Mr. Cooper's joint mastership of the South Notts was on December 10th, 1877, when we met at Linby, and, after a long trot, reached Bloomer Wood, where, finding at once, we ran at a great pace over that country, and by Normanton, Carnfield, and Alfreton, over the Chesterfield road above the toll-gate and fast to Amber Mill, and raced up the valley to Ogston Hall, where the fox was viewed just in front of hounds; but, managing to struggle into Ogston Carr, he beat hounds, who had been at him for 2 hrs. 20 min. Shooting was going on in Ogston Carr, or doubtless Mr. Rolleston would have handled this stout hill fox. Of the large field that started we believe that the following were a few of the hardy survivors:—Mr. C. Hibbert, Mr. J. Robertson, the late Bob Howett, and, riding one of the latter's horses, Skelton the jockey, who during the run showed the way over a plank and a stile that proved a puzzle to many, in a far safer manner than Mr. R. Shaw, the then well-known gentleman rider, surmounted a similar obstacle, without the plank, towards the finish, as his horse (a runaway belonging to Mr. J. Williamson) could only manage a leg at a time, and had to be driven home twenty-five miles.

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\* Mr. Rolleston now hunts the Rufford.—ED.



It has been often remarked that one's first impressions are the best. But good as my first experiences were of Essex men, their horses and the country they ride over, they have been strengthened, not weakened, by the pleasant and vivid memories recalled by, roughly speaking, two decades of sport



James Bailey

enjoyed in their midst. What those first youthful impressions were I would here jot down, for every story and every book must have a beginning; and the confession will out that making this first plunge is harder than a dart at the High



Easter Brook or getting a start in a quick thing from Harlow Park.

Coming up into Essex about the end of the long frost of 1878-9, when the ground for weeks had been thickly covered with snow, one certainly found the country at its best—scent good, foxes running straight and the ditches clear; but the very clearness of the *ditches* made them appear to a beginner *black* and *wide*, and it is hard to say which was the more astonished, the horse or the rider.

Luckily, the animal I owned then (without my knowing it) was an extraordinary good one, with a good turn of speed, which on one occasion, November 1st, 1878, the last day of cubbing, had enabled her to be one of a little band of eight,\* who, out of a large Nottinghamshire field, saw the finish of a very good twenty minutes, over a very strong line of country in an afternoon burst from Bridgeford Gorse, in the South Notts country, by Plumtree to Raucliffe Wood and Bunny Park, in the Quorn country (the wall saved the fox). She combined with speed sufficient boldness to enable her to jump the flying fences of the Rufford, South Notts, and Meynell countries, after such exponents of the art of getting over them as Mr. Egerton (Master of the Rufford at that time), Mr. Mappin, Mr. Chandos Pole and the Rev. Dick FitzHerbert and his sister, for where they went she could generally follow. She derived from her early training in Wales the cleverness of a cat; but though taking to banks like a duck to water, the ditches fairly puzzled her at first, and she used to jump unnecessarily high and big over them.

There was safety in this, as although she would occasionally whip round like lightning on the very brink of a ditch (my own fault, for I was always a bad jockey) and deposit me at the bottom of it, I can only recall one occasion on which she actually got in herself. This, however, has been kept ever fresh in my memory by the frequency with which I have since been chaffed about my *début* in Essex, as *sans* hat, *sans* stirrup leather, we were seen to disappear into what one has now learnt to respect as the Weald Brook, which, with its steep, rugged bank, is almost as deceptive as a Pytchley bottom.

This was in February, '79, in a good run from Matching Park to North Weald, when as old Dobson, who was then

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\* The Master, Mr. Lancelot Rolleston, his huntsman, G. Shepherd, and Mr. Bob Hewett were there. The late Mr. N. Charlton got down. The others I cannot recall.



hunting the hounds, could not quite go the pace, the first whip, Dick Yeo, did the work for him.

In sheer ignorance of the value of this little mare, for she was as good in harness as the hunting-field, I parted with her for a mere song. Subsequently, being ridden very hard when only just up from grass, she developed megrims, and was of no further use as a hunter.



B. Dickinson and Gallagher

One more anecdote about little Gallagher and I have done with her. My father, who was as fond of a good joke as he was of a good horse, when he first saw her remarked to his groom, with a very grave face, in my presence, that she had a *big knee*. I anxiously began to inspect her thinking that there must be something wrong; when, after a few seconds of suspense, the old groom replied, "Yes, *there's a pair of 'em*." Certainly, for a good bred one she had good bone.

Now, in those first days in Essex I can call to mind very few horses; but those that impressed themselves most on my memory, and often tempted one to break the tenth commandment, were the property of the Master Mr. Loftus Arkwright. Indeed, they were a splendid lot of horses for the Essex country.

"Harkaway" was perhaps my favourite, a beautiful bright bay with very bent legs, a birthright. He was a very safe conveyance, big jumper, and generally carried Dobson. "Candidate" was another; possessing magnificent quarters, he would jump the biggest fence standing. One, not a



kennel horse, which I admired, coveted and eventually possessed, was George Dawson's old hunter "Leicester," nineteen if he was a day. I gave as many sovereigns for him, with another tenner if he survived the season; this he did, and eventually George Dawson had him back again at a fair discount for depreciation. Formerly the property of the



Stephen Dobson

late Mr. Ind, who once refused a blank cheque for him, he passed previous to Mr. Dawson owning him into the hands of Mr. F. Green and carried him several seasons. A noted buck jumper he would occasionally kick the saddle off his back, and in his old age would indulge, when very fresh, in about twenty kicks straight off. Certainly the horse was an extraordinary performer in a country, and turned out in



every way a capital purchase, for he taught me more about hunting in one season, taking care of me in the process, than I had gained in all my former experience, for although entered with the Belvoir at the early age of eight or nine, my opportunities of practice as a younger son of a country parson were few and far between. Of those who comprised the field in those days, who shone conspicuously in the van, I shall have more to say anon, my intention being, as far as possible, to introduce my readers to rider and horse as they appear on the scene, letting each season speak for itself.

Brief were my diary entries in those early days, and in their scant description of a day's sport bear a marked resemblance to the powers of observation possessed by the man who, having sailed round the world could only recall, when asked what he had seen, "That there was water below and sky above on most occasions." Let me devoutly hope that the friendly reader who scans these pages will not exclaim ere halfway through, "Would to ——— that these diaristic notes had never expanded."

First entry, Saturday, February 8th (*sic*).—"Had two splendid runs with the Essex Hounds."

Second note, Saturday, March 1st.—Met at Harlow. Found near Harlow, ran to N. Weald. Splendid run, lost leather and hat.\*

Third extract, Wednesday, March 5th.—Hired a hunter from Bambridge £2 2s., had three croppers *by horse coming down* (evidently this had to be included as it implies a partiality for *voluntaries* upon ordinary occasions), making number up to eleven in Essex.

Subsequently learnt (this not in diary) that I had paid £2 2s. for the privilege of qualifying that blood chestnut of Bambridge's for a local steeplechase. Nothing like a loose seat went clear of him every time.

1879.—Next item, Saturday, October 18th. Breakfasted with Cowley† at Harlow at 8.30. Met the Puckeridge at Thorley Wash 10.30. R. B. Colvin was out, had a good run of thirty-eight minutes in the afternoon, with a kill in the open, obtained mask, home 7 p.m., rode polo pony.

Matching Green, Monday, November 3rd, 1879, opened with a threatening sky and mizzling rain. But before giving a description of it perhaps it would not be out of place to say a few words of the doings of these hounds during cub hunting. Although they began a month later than usual, they have certainly shown some very good sport. The new huntsman, James Bailey, is a thorough workman, and, ably assisted by Fred Firr, first whip (brother of Tom Firr, huntsman to the Quorn), has accounted for several brace of cubs, some of which have led their followers through merry spins in the open, and there being apparently

\* No doubt stirrup leather was meant.

† Mr. Cowley was then hunting from the Green Man, Harlow; he was a very hard rider and possessed two very good hunters, which were equally serviceable as a tandem team; the leader, a chestnut mare, being one of the best gate jumpers I ever clapped eyes on.



crash of music that would have delighted old Jorrock on a bye day; though, perhaps, he would have objected to the first fence, which had to be negotiated by those who meant to secure a good start. Safely over it, we turned sharp to the right and entered the road with the cunning ones, in order to avoid an awkward fence, then met hounds in a grass field after 300 yards of hard riding, and enjoyed a few minutes of bliss as hounds raced over the grass, towards Copped Hall, through a line of gates. Reader, did you ever catch a swinging-gate with your knee as you galloped through on a pulling horse? Well, what's almost as bad is to have the same gate just close in your face, with a pushing, crushing crowd behind you, calling out as they arrive, "Lift it, push it, shove it; can't you open it? let me come," &c. Such was my fate, only to find, after getting through, that hounds had checked; and, although they hit the line off and carried it over the London Road into the forest, they could not do much more with it; and those who followed got their hats knocked about among the small forest trees for nothing. A move was then made to Riddens Wood, and soon a chorus of view-holloas proclaimed that a fox was away. Bailey soon clapped the hounds on the line, and, with an indifferent scent, they ran to Beech Hill Park, in the shrubberies around which place he was lost; and here many seized the opportunity of partaking of Mr. Edwards's hospitality in the shape of refreshments for the inner man. A long trot brought us to Galleyhill Wood (the property of Mr. R. B. Colvin, a staunch preserver of foxes). *Sed hoc die*, it was drawn blank; but Deer Park, an adjoining covert, produced what we wanted, but, owing to a bad scent, hounds could only hunt for a few fields. A heavy fog, which had been hanging about more or less the whole day, and the lateness of the hour, put a stop to any further proceedings. So, lighting our cigars, we jogged contentedly homewards, reflecting that if we had not had a brilliant run, yet we had seen some foxes quite capable of giving us one on a better scenting day.

Wednesday, Nov. 12th, 1879.—As unpropitious a day for sport as one could well imagine. The wind blowing a gale and bitterly cold, giving rise to the most gloomy anticipations of sport, which a sharp trot to Harlow Common, our rendezvous, did not serve to dispel. I was not surprised to see a large field out, as Essex sportsmen have a reputation for not being easily deterred by stress of weather; and they certainly did not belie it on this occasion. Covert coats and plenty of confidence in hat-guards were the order of the day as we stood shivering in the icy blast which swept across the common, waiting for the usual law to expire, which Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, our field master, so considerably allows to late comers. And here let me pay a tribute to the efficient way in which he manages the field, for by checking people from surrounding all sides of the covert, foxes have a chance of getting away.

"Knew there would be no scent." "Wants a good rain before there will be any." "Wish I hadn't come out." These and similar croaking remarks greeted my ears as we trotted towards Latton Park coverts, which are always full of foxes. The hounds soon forced a young one out, but doubling back directly, he left a mouthful of fur behind as he regained the covert. Luckily for him, at that moment an old dog was viewed away, and the hounds were quickly laid on, and hunted slowly over the first field (a stubble one, mark). Crossing a lane, in which anyhow one eager sportsman came to grief, they raced with a capital scent towards Epping, over a beautiful line of country, nearly all grass, and the fences, though blind, very negotiable, though of course here and there you had to sit down and send your horse at them. Prominent amongst a score of good men riding well to hounds were Mr. George Hart, Mr. George Dawson,



Mr. Walmsley and the hard riding and popular secretary, Mr. Hervey Foster. Falls, like apples this year, were few and far between, and of so harmless a character that they would scarcely have alarmed a dividend-expecting shareholder in an accident insurance company. Entering the Forest close to Epping some slow hunting ensued. Turning to the right, they crossed the line where a longish check let in those gentlemen who, no doubt, greatly rejoice that tollgates have been done away with. In spite of the persevering efforts of Bailey, for which every one gave him the highest praise, hounds were doomed to be disappointed of their fox; for, though they hit off the line and carried it through the Gaynes Park Woods, they could never get on killing terms with him, scent failing entirely when we got on the dry stubbles. Altogether this was a capital run of over an hour, the first five-and-twenty minutes of which was very fast; so the sportsmen who faced the elements were well rewarded; but, unless we soon have some rain, the ground will be getting too hard even for macadam.



Gaynes Park Woods

Starting to the Meet at the Hare and Hounds, Roxwell, on Saturday, November 29, we felt very doubtful as to whether hounds would turn up, owing to frost. The day before the hounds were advertised to meet at Tyler's Cross (a good many turning up), there had been a sharp frost over-night, but under the rays of a genial sun it quickly disappeared, when, to the astonishment of all, at 12 o'clock a hunt servant brought the dispiriting intelligence that hounds were not coming. It was a bitter disappointment, as there was not a trace of frost to be found anywhere after the sun had passed the meridian and the country rode remarkably well, as three or four of us proved by going home straight across it, a few intricate banks



and the stile out of the Bury Road giving quite a zest to the performance.\* But let me hark forward. It was a very sporting looking field that met at Roxwell, composed of members of various hunts; one or two well-known performers with the Stag Hounds being there. The first covert (the Osiers) was drawn blank; the second (College Wood) held a fox; though, unfortunately, not a straight-necked one as he ran a ring for thirty-five minutes. One thing rather struck me during this run, when the hounds were crossing a ploughed field partially covered with snow, it was very hard to distinguish them, their colour and that of the ground being so similar. The going was remarkably heavy, the snow balling freely in horses' feet. The prospect of a sure find at Screens somewhat compensated for Boyton Hall Springs being drawn blank. On the way there, those who missed the road by the fields derived some amusement from the task of extricating themselves out of a boggy lane. It was almost dark before we were galloping as hard as we could through the spongy and snow-clad rides of Screens to a ringing view holloa. The hounds ran at a rattling pace to Berners Wood, a short but merry burst, in which Mr. Tabor and Mr. H. R. Bagot both took advantage of a good start and kept it. As we rode homewards it was freezing hard. Very few people anticipated that we could have such a severe frost after last year's experience, but the uncertainty of our winters still affords a topic of conversation for *οἱ πολλοί*.

In a good run of one hour and thirty-five minutes from Lord's on February 10th, Mr. F. Green riding his horse "Hardware" injured him so badly in two falls that he had to be killed. On the last day of the same month, at a High Ongar Meet, Mr. Roland Bevan made his *début* with the Essex Hounds, and he has doubtless not forgotten the Thaxsted Meet on March 24th, when after running for two hours and ten minutes, they lost at Linton, in Cambridgeshire. Mr. F. Green did not reach home before 12 at night.

If I have not written any account of these hounds during the last few weeks, it is not from lack of sport to write about, for they have killed a good many foxes lately, all of which have taken a good deal of killing, and have consequently afforded capital sport. It is simply due to laziness on my part, and nothing else. One thing struck me forcibly the last time I was out with the hounds:—that, though towards the close of the season, foxes, from one excuse or another, are more hard to find, yet the number of sportsmen who assemble to see them found by no means diminishes, but rather increases. Is it because fences are more easily defined, and gaps through them more numerous, or because, the days getting longer, there is less danger of being lost after a hard day?

Certainly the truth of my statement was borne out by last Saturday's (March 13th) meet, which took place at the Green Man at Harlow, at half-past-eleven, after a meeting of those interested in the hunting of the country. *Apropos*, I think it must be a matter of congratulation to one and all of the members of the Essex Hunt, that at this meeting Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson undertook, with a certain guaranteed subscription, to take the entire management of the hunt. I believe he had previously bought the hounds from Mr. Arkwright. I am sure none of us could wish for a better master, and we can forecast the prospects of sport next season with every feeling of satisfaction.

Though no brilliant run took place on Saturday, it was a day of enjoyment to most, for who could help enjoying themselves on such a glorious day, the sun's rays, though powerful, being tempered by a gentle breeze

\* Mr. Bagot was one.



delightful in its softness? The knowing ones, however, said it was too hot for scent, but the hounds quickly proved the contrary, for, getting on to a fox in Harlow Park, they soon rattled him out of it to Latton Priory, from the further side of which covert he was viewed away. Settling on to his line again, a momentary check occurred on the common, but a few hounds picked it up without any assistance; and a woman frantically waving her arm in the distance proved that the line they were taking was the right one. From this point the pace quickened, and a short but merry hunt of about fifteen minutes terminated in a drain in the middle of a large grass field. At an early part of this spin an amusing incident occurred. A heavy weight in black voluntarily quitted his horse on his refusing a fence. No doubt the heavy-weight thought that his horse would jump the fence without him if he would not jump it with him. There were a good many keen spirits out, and it would be hard to say who had the best of it. A gentleman in mufti on an underbred cob was well to the fore, and a good many others were as close to hounds as they could be without riding over them. Miss Deacon, ably piloted by her father, was going right well.

Parndon Woods were next drawn blank; not so their popular and hospitable owner's larder, for Mr. Todhunter provided us with refreshments *ad libitum*. Directly afterwards in one of his home coverts the hounds got on to a fine dog fox, which being headed, was unfortunately chopped. "Lucky it was not a vixen," was freely remarked, and as freely assented to. Another fox was soon found at Pinnacles, and the hounds simply raced from here to Mark Hall, about a mile and a half. A slight check ensued in the park, and a determined view-holloa was at the same moment given. Bailey immediately went for it, but at the same instant hounds commenced running harder than ever in the opposite direction. Bailey not seeing this kept his horn going, and so Firr had to whip them off, which he did not succeed in doing without difficulty; the view-holloa resulting in nothing, hounds could not hit off the old line again. Beckford was certainly right when he advised that hounds should not be lifted to a view-holloa as long as they show a line, as it may often happen that there are two foxes on foot. Though this gallop was so short, yet it was so fast that it was not hard to distinguish the leading sportsmen; Mr. Green, of Parndon, hitting off the brook at the right place, certainly had the best of it, closely attended by Mr. George Hart.

A good many more coverts were drawn, but all blank, the foxes evidently being determined to have a holiday as well as their neighbours. It was with regret that I heard, whilst riding home, that a valuable horse,\* which had got into a ditch in the morning had since been shot, and that another out of the same stable had died in harness, or, rather, I believe I should be speaking more correctly if I had said, been killed in harness; for it seems that, following the chase on wheels, the ill-fated animal was driven into a deep lane, and, no doubt, partly suffocated by the collar, fell down. Sitting on its head did not apparently improve matters.

On November 27th, 1880, Mr. C. E. Green made his first appearance this season with the Essex Hounds, when they met at the Kennels and dropped in for a very good run, for it was a rare scenting day. Grief was plentiful and change of horses frequent, commencing with Col. Lockwood lending the huntsman his horse "Slapper" after he had come to grief and lost his nag through the bridge giving way between Moor Hall and Heathen Wood. In the second run from Down Hall, Sir Henry, with another horse, came to the rescue of his huntsman, who was the wrong side of a locked

\* Mr. Ethelston's.



gate on the bridge over the brook when the hounds broke covert and raced up the hill by Sheering Wood across Hatfield Heath and through Mr. Pamphilon's gorse. It was anything but an easy country, but they failed to shake off the leaders, Mr. F. Green, Mr. G. Dawson, Major Tait, and Col. Lockwood; Mr. Green and the Colonel both coming to grief ere the fox was pulled down in the Barrington policies after a rattling run of one hour and ten minutes.



Richard Beale Colvin

Mr. R. B. Colvin has tasted the sweets and disappointments that belong to a Mastership of Hounds, having held



that onerous position longer than most men who venture to undertake it. For five seasons from 1885 he hunted the East Essex, and for three the Essex and Suffolk, of which pack he became Master in 1891, carrying the horn himself. That Mr. Colvin was very successful as a Master, those who knew him best can easily understand, for few men combine such a charm of manner with such genuine sincerity. His early training in woodcraft (he kept Beagles from 1879 till 1883) proved useful when it came to killing foxes, and he always showed undeniable



Lady Gwendolen Colvin

sport. But Mr. Colvin comes of a hunting stock, for his father was one of the keenest sportsmen Essex ever produced, and hunted his own harrier pack for many years from Monkham. In 1895 Mr. Colvin married Lady Gwendolen Rouse, youngest daughter of the second Earl of Stradbroke, and though she is not here depicted on horseback, we may say that she can sit a horse as well as anyone, and ride him better than most, for she comes of a family devoted to the chase; her brother, the present Earl of Stradbroke, has kept harriers for many years at Henham Hall, in Suffolk.



1880.—The meet on Saturday, December 18th, was at Thornwood Gate, and I was glad to see present most of the members of the hunt who were at the same fixture last year, among them being our popular master, Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, riding "Fritz"; our secretary, Mr. Hervey Foster; Lieut.-Col. Howard, Mr. R. Wood, on "Ireland," and Miss Wood, Major and Mrs. Tait, Mr. G. Dawson, Messrs. F. and C. Green, Mr. Todhunter, Mr. A. Capel Cure, &c.; the farmers being ably represented by Mr. George Hart, Mr. Sworder, Mr. W. Symes, and Mr. Geo. Brown. The day was certainly propitious for fox hunting—cloudy, with temperature not too high. No fox at home in Marles and Orange Wood, and with a certain amount of disappointment we followed the hounds as they proceeded to a covert near Copped Hall, which borders on the forest, and towards which the foxes in that neighbourhood generally make. Bailey had hardly entered this covert before he viewed a fox away, and in almost less time than it takes to write it, he had his hounds out of covert, and on the line of what proved to be a rare good fox. Disdaining the forest, he set his mask for the open, and a very handy bridle road only just enabled the field, by galloping their hardest, to keep near the now flying pack. It was a pretty sight, after going about half a mile, to see hounds crash full cry through the fence of a narrow belt of trees and race up the opposing hill, a grass field, then a ploughed one; and here I cannot do better than describe this part of the run verbatim, as I had it from a rustic who enjoyed the unwonted sight. "He was a foine fox, sir, and I seed him well as he came toilin' across the plough, which balled on his feet, so that he could hardly get along, and he was scarce twenty yards in front of four hounds who wer' leadin' the others when he gained the fence. If he ha' had another fifty yards to go on the plough they must ha' had him, as they were pullin' up to him every yard, but soon's 'e got on the grass, away he went." At this point Mr. G. Hart, Mr. G. Dawson, and the huntsman leading, entered the field with the hounds, and galloped down to an unjumpable brook. Mr. Hervey Foster, on a very clever horse, slid down a bank, a good six-foot almost perpendicular drop, and, with a scramble, got safely up the other side, and was well rewarded, for hounds never faltered, but raced away towards Orange Wood. Mr. R. Wood and his sister and a stranger got over the brook all right, and they and Mr. Hervey Foster had it all to themselves for the remainder of the run up to Nasing Common; time, seventeen minutes from the find. The remainder of the field were pent up in a corner until someone found an accessible place, which, safely over, they galloped and jumped in the wake of the hounds in a vain effort to catch them; but it was no go, the pace was too hot, and unless they got over the brook with the hounds they were out of it. Most of the field came up at Nasing Common, and followd Bailey in a long cast which he made, a successful one too, as far as finding the fox went, for up he jumped, dead beat, in the middle of a field; but, being close to a large wood, Galley Hill, which was no doubt his home, he managed to save his brush. Parndon Woods were next drawn; but the rain, which had now begun to come down in drenching showers, quite destroyed all traces of scent.

Wednesday, December 22nd, 1880: the meet was at Down Hall, and, in spite of a pouring rain, a great many availed themselves of the hospitality of Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson, and did justice to a very good breakfast which had been provided for them. The rain, which commenced at 7 a.m., went on all day, with scarcely a check, and I expect very few had a dry garment on by the time they reached home. The chief sport of the day was afforded by two foxes who had taken refuge in a high tree covered with ivy, when the hounds were thrown into the Down Hall coverts. A yokel, a long



ladder and pole, were called into requisition, and soon made that tree too hot for number one, and down he came like a cat, but merely gave us a ring of about ten minutes, when he was lost; but this short spin emptied more than one saddle. Having given number one up, number two was dislodged in a similar way, but this time hounds were laid on quicker, and he gave us a nice gallop of about thirty minutes, but, like his companion, he did not go very straight. It was a merry burst, and everybody enjoyed it, but I never saw so much grief in so short a run; riders were severely handicapped trying to catch their runaway steeds with top boots full of water, and clothes saturated with rain.



George Hogarth Dawson

A good man on any horse was George Dawson before he met with the accident to his hip in a polo match at Silver Leys in 1880. Inflammation set up by the accident stopped his hunting altogether for some time. Although heroic remedies were tried in the hope of curing the injury (he was fired, for instance), they did little good. Deprived of all power of grip, he took to riding side saddle fashion.\* As time went on, he

\* See photograph of Matching Green, 1889.



gradually became better, and can now ride a pony with some degree of comfort and a great deal of pleasure. Blessed with a good eye to hounds and wonderful knowledge of the country, a fox is rarely run into without his being present, any day he is out.



R. Womersley

A brother-in-law of George Dawson's, a very keen man to hounds in the seventies. He was a rum 'un to follow, a bad 'un to beat, when I first made his acquaintance in '79. His "Newman Noggs," "Treasure Trove," a beautiful bay, and a little chestnut as bold as a lion, (but not always perfect over timber Mr. Dawson—eh?)—were three as good horses as any mortal could wish to ride. Mr. Womersley took very keenly to polo, and was one of the promoters of the West Essex Polo Club.

Is it an old woman's tale that dipping your fingers into water in which eggs have been boiled produces warts? It may be so or may not, but that drinking coffee in which two fresh eggs had been carefully cooked just three and three-quarter minutes about 4 a.m. one October morning some eighteen years ago—to be precise, October 11, 1881—produced no ill effects, a certain individual can testify who, after a hack of some thirteen miles, found himself at Takeley Forest at 6.30 a.m., and later at Wallbury Dell,



the outside covert on the north-east side of the Essex country. It was a good cub which went away from Brown's Osiers that morning, and crossing the brook that surrounds them gave his followers a merry dance over the open—a very blind open, to Gladwyn's Gardens, very few besides Bailey, Firr, Mr. B. Dickinson and a stranger from the Puckeridge Hunt, attempting to ride to them over the leafy fences. Sir Henry came up with the intelligence that a fox with his tongue out had been viewed going away, but the merry gallop (the diary entry) a very enjoyable one was over.

Eagerly looked forward to, and none the less so because it fell on the latest possible day in November, the opening meet was held on Monday, November 7th, at (it need hardly be written) Matching Green, under the favourable auspices of a southerly wind and a cloudy sky. An unusually large number of sportsmen had assembled to meet Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, M.P. His huntsman, Bailey, supported by Firr, Littleworth and Crawley, looked as fit as the hounds, which, after a hard and very successful season's cubhunting, were in first-rate condition. A rather longer time than usual was allowed for late arrivals, owing to a drag tooled by the secretary, Mr. Hervey Foster, being expected. It was not, however, until hounds were on their way to covert that he drove up, with a load of as good sportsmen as ever crossed country—in fact the *crème de la crème* of straight riders, Messrs. F. and C. Green, R. Ball, R. Bevan, P. Hargreaves, and A. Stuart. The hounds were not stopped, a canter across the grass landing the late arrivals well on their way towards the coverts in front of the numerous pedestrians, who, directly they saw what was up, made a rush after them. The hounds went into Brick Kilns Wood, the first covert drawn, with that dash one likes to see. Soon a whimper, gradually getting louder, then a burst of music which sent one's blood tingling through one's veins, proclaimed a find. Unfortunately for Reynard, he was not stout-hearted enough to face the open until it was too late; for, when he broke at last, hounds were so close to him that he sought shelter in Capt. Meyer's garden, and was soon run into. Whoop! brought up the field, who had gone galloping after a holloa, another fox having gone away at the same time.

Here many took the opportunity of tasting Capt. Meyer's celebrated home-brewed ale before jogging on to Man Wood, where, although there were a lot of foxes on foot, it was some time before hounds could get away with one, which they did at last with an indifferent scent, and hunted him slowly though perseveringly up to Hatfield town, leaving it on the right. There was a check here, but Bailey made one of his usual casts, and hounds, hitting it off over the road, kept driving steadily on. Shortly afterwards a shrill view halloa was heard, and Bailey, losing no time getting to it, soon had his hounds on better terms with their fox than they had been before. I had only a bird's-eye view of the rest of the run, for—hesitating too long over a brook, which Mr. Hervey Foster safely negotiated, and which having stopped a welter weight in pink I did not feel warranted in essaying—I cantered along for a bridge over which the rest of the field had gone. Hounds must have raced here, for when I got over they were fading rapidly out of sight; a straggling and also a struggling line of sportsmen (for a good many were off) enabled me to steer my course in the right direction, and to come up with the hounds who had killed their fox close to Pamphilon's earth. After the hounds had broken him up they were thrown into Quick Wood. A quick find and a forrard away set the eager field galloping after hounds in the direction of Down Hall, the fox making for the well-known ivied tree, where, being headed, he ran to Matching Park, and from there to Moor Hall, back again to Down Hall, where he was lost.



Few better-hearted or more hospitable men ever kept hunters than the late Captain Herman Meyer. How few of us who commenced hunting in the seventies or eighties have not quaffed at some time or other his famous hunting beer? Coming of a stock that had owned land in Essex for many years, he succeeded his father, Christian Paul Meyer, who built Little Laver Hall, and for a period of some thirty years, ending in 1886, hunted regularly with the Essex Hounds.



Captain Herman Meyer

He took a keen interest in the Volunteer movement, and commanded the Epping and Ongar Corps from 1875 to 1886: at their annual dinner he was a very good hand at inducing fresh members to join his corps, the author falling a victim to his persuasive eloquence on one occasion. Cricket found in him a staunch supporter, for he captained the Matching Green and Ongar Club with great success, and as a Justice of the Peace on the Ongar Bench he tempered justice with mercy. That he was a close observer of nature the following letter, culled from



the *Spectator* of January 29, 1898, clearly indicates. He could hardly be otherwise, living in a house miles away from a station, surrounded with woods full of foxes and pheasants :—

### FASCINATION BY A FOX.

[To the Editor of the "*Spectator*."] ]

SIR,—I see *Truth* has cast doubts on the accuracy of the account of a fox fascinating a pheasant by circling beneath its perch, described by your correspondent in the *Spectator* of January 1st. Mr. Meyer, of Little Laver Hall, near Ongar, Essex, told me many years ago a parallel story. He saw a fox, which had got into his hen-roost, circling round and round under a cock, which would unquestionably have fallen off his perch into the fox's jaws had not my friend shown himself and frightened the beast away.

I am, Sir, &c.,

H. J. LISTER.

Shelthorpe, Sandown, Isle of Wight,  
January 14th.

Wednesday, November 9th, the meet was at Harlow Common, where the celebrated Harlow Bush Fair, lately done away with, used to be held. A finer day could not have been chosen for hunting; it was as balmy as May. To see the way the ladies worked in covert (Harlow Park) was a sight alone worth coming for. They were soon racing after a fox, a gallant one, for, not heeding the carriage and foot people in Harlow Road, he went straight across it into Latton Park. By the way, hounds were running, there was no time to be lost to seek for a way through the wood or gallop round it. Which was it to be? Seeing Mr. Sworder and his son slipping round the wood, I luckily followed, and galloped fast, to be just in time to see hounds come out the other side and race towards Parndon Woods which they soon reached. The scent was bad in Parndon Woods, but hounds went through them both on to Epping Green, which a gentleman in pink must have found more damp than pleasant to sit down on. Taking to the fields again, they ran over Nasing Common to Nasing Coppice, where he was lost. Another fox was found at Latton Bushes, and ran through Harlow Park over Hastingwood Common to Belgium Woods, where the ladies were close on to him; but, managing to give them the slip, he ran to Matching Park, and through that to Moor Hall, where he got to ground only a minute in front of hounds, and saved his brush. From the line he took, I think he was the same fox we had given a good bustling to about a week previously from Belgium Wood. It was a capital run—time, fifty-five minutes. Mr. J. V. Walmsley and Messrs. Sworder were among the few lucky ones who saw it.

Wednesday, Nov. 16th, 1881. Meet, Epping Bury. Present: The Master, Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson, M.P., riding "*Multum in Parvo*," Mrs. Arkwright, Lieut.-Col. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wood, Mr. Hervey Foster, Mr. Todhunter, Lieut.-Col. Lockwood, Mr. G. Dawson and Miss Dawson, Mr. F. Green, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. R. Ball, Mr. W. F. Roffey, Sir Lumley Graham, Mr. H. R. Bagot, Mr. B. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. Keppel, Mr. O. Finlay, Mr. Steele, Mr. Wyllie, Mr. W. Sewell, Mr. H. Sworder, Mr. Melles. Trotting through the Bury Farm fields to covert, it was some satisfaction to think that the foxes, which generally make for the Epping Forest from the Copped Hall Coverts, would hardly be able to reach it in the face of the strong wind that was blowing. The forest is a pretty safe harbour of refuge for foxes, scent being generally very



bad, and there being no chance to lift hounds, as a fast trot is about all the pace that can be managed, on account of the trappy nature of the ground and the closeness of the trees. Crossing the well-known Cobbins Brook by a bridge, the hounds quickly drew a plantation which fringed the afore-mentioned brook for some distance. With several others I did not leave the coign of vantage, the Bridge, until hounds were on their way to the next covert, Orange Wood, some three fields off. Cantering leisurely towards it with another man, and discussing the best side and corner to get to, we suddenly saw the hounds running like steam away from us, and then as suddenly turn and swing down to Orange Wood. A halloo away at the same time from the side opposite to that they were entering gave some score of us a capital chance of a good start, as we had some exciting moments to wait while the ladies, giving tongue, were racing through the woods towards us.



Epping Bury

Over the fence they came with a dash. One moment of hesitation on the plough, and down hill they raced towards a bullfinch-lined brook of certain depth and uncertain take off. That it was an awkward one three empty saddles proved, but nearly every fence has a weak place, so several were soon over. The hounds pressed on up the next field (a grass one), closely attended by Mr. G. Dawson, Bailey, and Firr, but were in and out of the lane leading from it before anyone could find a way out. Firr took the initiative by sliding his horse, a remarkably clever grey, down a bank as steep as the side of a house. A bank out of the lane, another grass field, and you had quickly to make up your mind which side of Ball Hill, which hounds had entered, you were going to take. Those who followed Bailey and Mr. G. Dawson to the windward side were right, for the fox turned and gamely tried to make his point, the forest, up wind. But



about a mile at the pace was enough for him, and, sinking the wind, soon completed what might be called the inner circle of this run. Past Orange Wood again, by which time all those who had got a good start, and all who had got a bad one, and those who had not got a start at all and had not wanted one, were pretty well on equal terms. Crossing the road over a razor bank, a tail hound did his best to upset Firr by entangling himself in his horse's leg; but a good scramble and they were both all right. Turning to the left, past Hunters' Hall, hounds could hunt but slowly as scent was catchy; but the fields were small, so the fences came fast and thick enough until Nasing Coppice was reached. The fox was viewed here, but, seemingly having had enough of woods, he left Nasing Coppice on his right, and turned towards Nasing. Hounds ran very fast over the grass fields near Nasing; but an ominous cry from Bailey of "Ware wire, gentlemen!"\* made us cautious enough to take the fences after him.

When we came up to Galley Hill scent failed; so Bailey made a long cast in the direction of Marles, and, hitting off the line, hounds carried it over Cobbins Brook once more. The crossing at that point occupied some time, and caused no little amusement: for a man in black, who seemed to know all about it, piloted the field into and round several bends in it. I may as well here mention, for the benefit of your readers who do not know the Essex brooks, that they have nearly always sound gravelly bottoms, with deep pools here and there; but the banks being generally, as I once heard a whip say, very "underminded," and rather too far apart (the latter impediment is not uncommon in other countries, I believe), make them nearly always unjumpable. The Cobbins Brook is no exception, and its best got over by sliding down and scrambling up. To return to the man in black, he led us on until (fortunately for those who felt nervous about their swimming powers) he was pulled up by a post and rails, and with perpendicular banks on each side about ten feet high, it was a case of right about face. But at last a place was found which could be managed on a clever horse, and some bushes being pulled out near a cattle-drinking place the remainder were able to get over. Hounds, however, were unable to own to the line much further, and it was given up close to where the find took place, thus nearly completing the outer circle. Time, one hour twenty minutes. Another fox was found in Deer Park, and, after a sharp twenty-five minutes, was run to ground in a drain. He was bolted, and got clean away from the hounds, who were close to him, but getting into a drain again his second bolt was not so successful; "whoop" and the shades of night brought the day's sport to an end.

Arriving at the meet at Moreton on Wednesday, December 14th, 1881, one found everybody discussing the good sport the hounds had been showing lately. Only the Monday previous, when they met at Swallow's Cross, they had a very fast forty minutes and ran into their fox, the pace being so fast that no one could live with them, Bailey being the nearest, and he, according to my informant, two fields behind. The dog pack were evidently very keen after the extraordinary run which they had two days before, in which I am told that hounds ran one fox an hour and fifty minutes, with only one check of two minutes among some cattle, and pulled him down in the open, every hound up. The first to get hold of him was the puppy hound Chanticleer, which the Master himself had walked. The distance covered was between twenty-one and twenty-four miles, though probably

\* We had to thank Mr. Charles Bury for getting this wire taken down.—ED.



nearer the latter. That only four, beside the Master, who was riding his grey horse, "Stockbridge," and the hunt servants, were up in time to see the fox broken up, is a thing not to be wondered at. Scent was so good that hounds could own to it right across the fields, and ran with their heads up the whole time.



Albert Deacon.

To come to the present: Moreton Wood being blank, a move was made to Norwood and Envilles with the same result; but Brick-kilns Wood, as usual, had a tenant, and hounds, quickly evicting him, he made for Man Wood, but, doubling back, he ran through Brick-kilns again, breaking on the opposite side. Bailey quickly had his hounds on the line, and they ran fast and well to Norwood, when there was a slight check. Picking it up



again they swung over the road, quickly to recross it, by which time the ladies had fairly settled down to their work, and raced their fox in the direction of Beauchamp Roothing up to the church, leaving it on the right, then through Abbess Roothing to Row Wood, which the fox reached scarcely a minute in front of hounds. Time up to this point one hour and ten minutes, most of it very fast. The best of the run was now over, for although hounds, when they got on the line again from Row Wood, ran fairly well to Man Wood (by the bye, a double post and rails out of plough, and a rotten-banked brook, presented themselves on the way, the former to be flown by Mr. P. Hargreaves and Firr, which speaks well for the stamina of their horses, and the latter to hold a hard-riding man on a chesnut horse), hounds were too far behind their fox, with a failing scent, to do much good.

They got away from Man Wood with a fox, most likely a fresh one, and ran to White Roothing, where he was lost; horses had had quite enough, and had very little jump left in them. Prominent among those who rode well to the front through the whole run were—Mr. Swarder, of Tawney Hall, whom few, if they saw him ride, would believe will be 70 next birthday; and Mr. Mills, of Garnish Hall, a neighbouring farmer, who has probably hunted with the Essex Hounds longer than most, having been entered in the late Mr. Conyer's time.

Monday, December 19th, 1881.—The meet was at Claybury, but not finding there or in the surrounding woods, a move was made to Gen. Wood's coverts, where the dog pack soon got away with one of the right sort. Changing their fox at the Osiers, they had a good hunting run of an hour and a half in which Bailey showed great perseverance, a drain, inaccessible to terrier and spade, unfortunately robbing hounds of their well-deserved fox. Mr. G. Hart did a good deal of the piloting in this run.

The morning's sport on Wednesday, December 21st, 1881, when we met at Nasing, was characterised by a good sharp gallop from Galley Hill and a ring from the same wood, the fox taking a line which differed from that usually selected, as he broke covert on the Waltham side. Not many, I am told, were with the hounds when they crossed the road at the bottom of the hill, and fewer still when, in ten minutes, they ran into their fox in a new-built cottage near Warlies.

The next fox they got away with from Galley Hill stuck to the woods, running through Deer Park (where I fell in with them) and adjoining woods, crossing the brook to Warlies, and then back to Galley Hill, where he managed to give hounds the slip. Foxes were viewed in all directions in this run, which, combined with a bad scent and a high wind, made it rather a puzzling matter for huntsman and hounds. Nasing Coppice was next drawn. That few expected we should find here was evident, for hounds were away at the bottom end and a good way down the common before anyone knew it, the first to do so being Mr. Miller, who disappeared over a most uninviting looking drop on to the common. What a rush there was, for hounds were going a great pace up wind over the common. They did not go halfway across before they were over the line, the fox having turned sharp to the left; but, hitting it off, they went up the hill as fast as they had gone down, reaching the top between Deer Park and Nasing Coppice, where they were momentarily at fault; however, they required no lifting, but working it out, they were again in full swing. Leaving Mr. Nicholls' farm on the right, they ran through Ball Hill, then bearing to the right over some nice fences, stiff enough to cause a good average number of croppers. Mr. Walmsley, acting the good Samaritan, had hold of one riderless steed, which he was not able to stop before reaching a fence; it certainly looked as if they meant having it together. Crossing the



Cobbins brook, hounds ran fast to Warlies Park and over the Waltham Road, Mr. Bambridge being the first to discover an assailable point in the rail and ditch out of it; a slight check, but two of the hounds never left the line, and the rest of the pack coming up, they worked it out.

Another road to Waltham was crossed, mostly in single file, the hedge into the road being a thick one, and the one out thicker. After going about a mile, the Forest was entered just below High Beech, a good four-mile point as the crow flies. Hounds ran very well through the Forest for about two miles, close up to Theydon Bois, never swerving an inch off the



The Deacons on their favourite hunters

line, although some of the wild forest deer crossed right in front of them. It looked as if the fox meant going right through the Forest, but he preferred sticking to it, and ran hounds out of scent near Fairmead Bottom. Next day so sharp a frost set in that on Christmas Day people were skating not twelve miles from the kennels. However, a rapid thaw enabled hounds to be out the following day, when they met at Weald Gullet. To hunt, skate, and hunt again in less than one week has seldom, if ever, I should think, been the fortune of Essex sportsmen before the Christmas week of 1881.

"Stud Groom," a chestnut horse by "Lowlander," the late Miss Deacon's favourite hunter, was well known to all followers



of the Essex Hounds. Standing  $16\frac{1}{2}$ , he possessed a good turn of speed; and at the Rundells steeplechases won twice, on each occasion being steered to victory by Mr. R. B. Colvin. Miss Deacon, on an average, rode him twice a week with hounds, and without over-riding them was always close up. Just before she died she expressed a wish that "Stud Groom" should be kept as a pet; he was therefore turned into a



J. Todhunter

loose box for some time, but not thriving without exercise, he was given to Mr. Walmsley, one of his late owner's greatest friends, and at his death came back to Briggins. One of his legs giving way, three years after this, he was shot at Harlow kennels.

It is a pity that we have no portrait of Mr. Deacon's famous hunter "King Charming," by "Blood Royal," which



he bought at Tattersalls' for 395 gs. This horse, a dark chestnut, standing  $17\frac{1}{2}$  hands, carried Mr. Deacon for about four seasons, when he died from blood poisoning.

"Katherine," of whom we have a portrait, was, however, the best hunter Mr. Deacon ever had; she also was a chestnut, and was purchased at Tattersalls', and ran twice at Rundells. Falling with Mr. Colvin on the first occasion, she managed to go the course with  $17\frac{1}{2}$  stone on her back, when Mr. Deacon rode her himself in the Briggins Cup; Mr. C. E. Green coming in first on his horse, the "Joke," carrying 16 st. 1 lb.

Anyone who hunted in the late Mr. Arkwright's time will recognise the pleasant features and genial smile of old Dobson, for that is the name by which I have always known him. He carried the horn for Mr. Arkwright from 1866-7 to 1878-79 with conspicuous success, and as kennel huntsman to Sir Henry Ibbetson proved himself an invaluable servant. Mr. George Dawson was one of Stephen Dobson's warmest admirers, and took a very active part in promoting the testimonial that was given to him on his retirement from active service.\*

Mr. Todhunter is as likely to give up hunting while he can throw a leg over a saddle as he is to cease preserving foxes conjointly with Mr. J. Green, of Todd's Brook, in Parndon Woods; the woods which have provided the Essex with some of their best and most exciting runs. Mr. Todhunter has for many years been one of the pillars of the Essex Hunt. Long may he continue to enjoy the sport for which he has done so much is the hearty wish of all those who are so much indebted to him.

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\* See photo, page 10.







Hervey Foster

## CHAPTER II.

*Hervey Foster—Pilgrim—Major J. F. Foster—Katafelto—The Bold Trimmer—Cubs in Bushwood—Barnsleys to Forest Hall—W. Bambridge—Disastrous Days—General Mark Wood—A Big Jump—Empty Saddles—Col. Lockwood—Bishop's Hall—Robert Lockwood—Friar—Bull's-Eye—Watchman—The Customers in 1873—The Warren Fox—A Wet Season—Full Cry through Waltham Abbey—James Green—Across Country from Parndon Hall—Who's for Epping?—Rolls Park—Col. S. Howard—Bob Ward—Hertfordshire Woodlands—Arundel—Boyton Cross.—Edward Gibson—Screens—Matching Green, 1883—Roothing Ploughs—Multum in Parvo—Phantom.*

HERVEY FOSTER will never be forgotten, not even when the wail of the huntsman's horn awaking the deep echoes of Ongar Park and the surrounding woodlands shall have become a thing of the past, for he has left behind him a sweet memory which, from father to son, will be handed down to generations yet unborn. It could hardly be otherwise, for he had a charm of manner and a gift of ingratiating himself with all with whom he was brought in contact such as few possess. A sportsman to the backbone, born and bred in Essex, his high courage, courteous manner, and generous nature made him the idol of the farmers and the *beau idéal* of a Hunt Secretary: just as his fine riding, his quick dashing style, always taking a line of his own and that instantly, found many imitators, but no rivals. Had he been spared to us, how many point-to-points would he not have won, for with his knowledge of pace and quick eye for a country he quite ex-



celled in this form of steeplechasing, which he was the first to introduce into the Essex country. Cold blew the wind through the trees, as, beneath the shadow of his father's ivy-covered church at Theydon Garnon, in the spring of '87, five years after his dreadful accident, poor Hervey Foster was laid to rest in the presence of those comrades who had ridden side by side with him in many a stirring gallop and thrilling race.

Untrampled let the grass this Spring revive ;  
 No breath of Spring can give us back our dead.  
 On " Pilgrim " once a victor, he is now  
 The last lone pilgrimage compelled to tread.

—R. Y. BEVAN.



Pilgrim

Perhaps " Pilgrim " was one of the best horses he ever owned. For portrait see *Matching Green*, 1888, while a photograph of a painting of his intelligent head is here reproduced. He was a marvellous little horse to jump, and could gallop like clockwork. I can vividly recall the distance he cleared over hurdle, hedge, and ditch combined in one of my fields the day Hervey Foster purchased him, I think for £50. Going a rare header over a yawner in a run from Man Wood to Down Hall at the opening meet the little horse never forgot it, and I very much question whether he ever fell again. Second in the



point-to-point at Rundells in 1881 to Sir Henry's "Multum in Parvo," carrying 11 stone 7 lbs. On the same day he occupied a similar position for the Lightweight Cup, and finished up by winning the Consolation Stakes. At the following meeting at Rundells he was first in the red-coat point-to-point race, nine starters, owner up.



Major John Frederick Foster

Alas! that he too should have been called upon to "cross the bar" in the prime of life. Eldest son of the late Rev. Sir Cavendish Hervey Foster, of Theydon Garnon Rectory, though not so devoted to hunting as his brother Hervey, he was sufficiently fond of the pastime not to lose the opportunity of freely enjoying it in a land where it could be enjoyed *par excellence*, to wit, in the Emerald Isle, where the family seat is situated. He paid frequent visits to Essex, where he had double ties, having married a daughter of the late T. Chishale Marsh, Esq., of Gaynes Park, and rode to hounds in as quiet and neat a way as he dressed for parade, a ball, or a dinner.



I believe the last gallop Hervey Foster ever had with stag hounds in Essex before he left the county for Ireland was on Tuesday, February 28, 1882, when they met at High Easter Bury. How well I remember this my first gallop with stag hounds! My impression that hunting with them was a very formidable undertaking made me feel uncommonly nervous, very much the same sort of sensation a good many not unnaturally feel at their first steeplechase. A large field assembled to meet the Master, Mr. Henry Petre, including most of the regular followers of the stag hounds, few of whom were at that time known to me, but Mr. James Christy was there, Mr. Percy Tippler on his celebrated horse "Katafelto," while the fox-hunters were represented by Mr. Hervey Foster on "Satanella," the ill-fated black mare that shortly afterwards in a steeplechase in Ireland turned a complete somersault over a stone wall, crushing him and injuring his spine: injuries from which he never recovered; Mr. William Symes on "Miss Templar," and Mr. H. J. Miller on his famous grey mare; Mr. Jimmie Walmsley, who said, "Now, Miller, to-day for the honour of the Essex Hounds," while I was riding my favourite "Bosphorus."

There was a rare scent, and at the very start it became a steeplechase, as the field, rapidly thinning out, we ran by Good Easter, Mashbury, Chignall, and over Mr. J. Christy's farm at Writtle, where we turned left-handed and crossed the river below Chelmsford, the Broomfield side of the town, fifty minutes from the start, by which time there were very few with hounds. Mr. Christy, riding his black horse "Hawks-eye," got bogged just in front of me on the Chelmsford Sewage Farm at Springfield (he has since told me that this horse, a noted puller, went through several hands afterwards, amongst them Edward Lawrence of the Cock Hotel, Epping, but none could ever steady him with hounds; finally, going for a London cabber, he went steadily enough). But the hero of the run, Hervey Foster, had not come off unscathed; as he rode his blood mare as straight as a dart, he took a regular crumpler over one ditch and lost his hat at another fence; while equally well placed with him rode Percy Tippler, ever and anon twisting his whip in his hand as the deer-like "Katafelto" fenced on superbly, taking just in front of Mr. Miller one unfastened gate that only wanted a push to open it, while far behind was the Master tooting his horn like mad to bring on the tail hounds, as we had only a couple or two in the front, and we had been riding at the stag for a mile or two. Clattering into Chelmsford, Messrs. Hervey Foster, Tippler and Miller went straight through the churchyard. Whether they jumped the wall or not I cannot say. Running down to the Maldon and Chelmsford Navigation at Little Baddow, we took our deer close to a foot-bridge that spanned it. The only survivors of this rattling one hour and thirty minutes being the Master, Messrs. Hervey Foster, Tippler, H. J. Miller, Mr. W. Symes and "Bosphorus," and the Fox-hunters were naturally rather elated with the sport, and their success. Unluckily, Mr. Miller had lost a fore shoe, and sustained a bad over-reach. Getting to Chelmsford, Mr. Hervey Foster went to seek a blacksmith and returned laden with horse-shoes from wrist to shoulder, to ensure a fit, (the smith following behind), and then shared with Mr. Symes and Mr. Miller in the pleasure of two horses between three from Chelmsford to Ongar, for the mare was very lame. Hervey Foster was always ready to help a fellow-sportsman.

Never has there been known a more successful season with the above pack than that which has just passed away. The wheel of fortune has indeed gone round in one continuous circle in sportsmen's favour, although



a gloom has been cast on the proceedings of the last few weeks by the loss of a true friend to this hunt in Mr. Perry Watlington, who was universally esteemed. A very large field had mustered to meet the hounds at Brook House on Saturday, March 25, 1882, among whom I noticed the following:—Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson on "Stockbridge," Sir Charles Smith, Mr. Hervey Foster, Major and Mrs. Tait, Lieut.-Col. Lockwood, Mr. R. and Miss Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Waters and Miss Fane, Mr. and Mrs. Elder, Rev. L. Capel-Cure and Mr. A. Capel-Cure, Mr. Vigne, Mr. Bury, Mr. G. Dawson, Messrs. F. and C. Green, Mr. R. Bevan, Mr. Lawrence, V.S., Mr. J. V. Walmsley, Mr. J. Longbourne, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Wyllie, Messrs. E. and R. Ball, Mr. P. Hargreaves, Mr. H. E. Jones, Messrs. J. and L. Pelly, Mr. W. Sewell, Mr. Allsopp and Mr. Roffey. I was sorry to see so many farmers absent. That hard-riding septuagenarian, Mr. Sworder, of Tawney Hall, had not sufficiently recovered his recent accident, when hounds last met at Brook House, to put in an appearance, although, fortunately, he was soon well again. Mr. Hart and Mr. G. Brown were also absentees; but I noticed Mr. Sworder's sons, Mr. Mills, of Garnish Hall, Mr. Seward, of Patch Park, Mr. Green, of Parndon, Mr. W. Symes, and Mr. B. Dickinson, of Rundells. There were several Essex Union men out, and a large London contingent, who rode hard and fell freely.

The day's proceedings were slightly delayed by a meeting, which was held at the Secretary's house, to arrange about the steeplechases, which, owing to their success last year, are to come off again at Harlow Bush, on Tuesday, April 11th. Two point-to-point races, over three-and-a-half miles of country unknown till the start, one for members of the hunt, the other for farmers, being the great attraction.

A fox having been viewed in the morning in the neighbourhood of Theydon Garnon Rectory, the surrounding fields and coverts were drawn, but without success, so we adjourned to Loughton Shaws, a few intervening fences being productive of grief to at least one individual. Hearing him call out, "Hold up, old man!" I turned my head just in time to see him come a buster over his horse's head, though why everyone laughed I don't know, as it was entirely the horse's fault. Taking the right side of a blind fence which leads down to Loughton Shaws, I had the satisfaction of seeing how cleverly some horses could jump, as they had to come over the fence I have alluded to. If I had wanted to choose two confidential hunters, I should certainly have picked out the Messrs. Ball's, a bay and a grey, as they came over one after the other as clever as cats. Scarcely had I observed this dual leap before a welcome whimper was heard. Mr. Hervey Foster's face was a study when he remembered he was on a pony.

Luckily for him, Mr. C. Green's second horse was at hand; he did not require much solicitation from its owner to exchange mounts. Reynard, not liking his quarters, soon came out of the forest side, but seeing a horseman at the corner of the covert he doubled back, and broke the other. Bailey soon had his hounds on the line, and by the way they first settled down it looked as if they meant running; but the fox had taken a sharp turn, and hounds flashed over it; a holloa to the right was heard, and hounds were soon running towards the river Roden, which, unfortunately, the fox did not cross. There was a beautiful open country beyond, and we should probably have had a good run; turning to the right, hounds ran very well over the meadows by the side of the river, which, in a wet season, would probably have been under water, but that day rode quite springy.

A brook soon presented itself, which was safer to ford than jump, as a good many discovered when they found themselves in it. The hounds soon crossed the line near Chigwell Lane Station, some enthusiastic navvies



lifting two convenient gates off their hinges to let us through. The chase now bore towards Loughton Rectory, when a false alarm of "ware wire" was raised. The fence, an insignificant one, supposed to contain it, was too much, however, for a mouse-coloured pony, and brought him and his rider well on to their heads. Leaving Loughton Rectory on the left, and crossing the road, scent began to fail; hounds hunted slowly towards Goldings, before reaching which a trappy double presented itself, and was productive of grief to nearly all who tried it; one man, I am told, had the misfortune to break his horse's leg. Hounds were baffled as usual when they got in the Forest. Bailey made a cast round Colonel Howard's house, thinking the fox might have got into some drain, but not a trace of him could be found. Time, about 40 minutes. Two hundred odd up, all of whom seemed to have enjoyed their gallop. In preceding years the last day of the season has generally commenced at Col. Howard's, who this year was in India, but apparently the hounds could not let the day pass without paying a visit to the place where they have formerly been so well entertained. The whole length of the Forest from here to Epping (four miles) was drawn without result, also the lower Forest, the Ongar side of Epping, where a fox managed to give hounds the slip, being viewed away after they had gone to Gaynes Park and Ongar Park Wood, from which so many good runs have taken place this season. To-day they were tenantless—a matter of no surprise at this time of year.

With Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson holding the reins of office, Bailey acting as his huntsman, Firr, Littleworth, and Crawley as whips (I hope the rumour of Littleworth's leaving is not true), the prospects of sport for the next season are very good. I therefore cannot conclude better than by quoting "Brooksby's" advice, that sportsmen had better see to the early conditioning of their horses, as cubs will be unusually forward next October.

September 9th.—Ned Ball will probably have forgotten, until he sees this note, that at the raising of the curtain of the season 1882 he and his brother Bob had to start from my house at 3.15 to be in time for the first act at 5 a.m. at Down Hall. A good show of cubs, a brace to hand and a fair number of people out, completes the entry in the journal.

A fortnight later at Brick Kilns still, 5 a.m. Who now remembers that terrier, smoke and water, failed to evict a cub which went to ground opposite Captain Meyer's house? And Dawson I'll wager it has slipped your memory that on Monday, October 2nd, you started with me at 4.15 a.m. to a six o'clock meet at Row Wood, that we followed not the old fox from thence, but gave some cubs from Poplars a merry hustling, killing a venturesome member who came away to Row Wood. And Bailey coming down at the first fence would be puzzled now to tell who caught his horse.

How many times have we met at Epping Bury at 6.30 a.m. for cub hunting since that memorable Saturday morning, October 7th, 1882, when Mr. Trimmer, the "Australian," made his first essay in the hunting fields of England and all but cut down and hung up to dry a large contingent of men to the manner born, and men who knew a trick or two about fox hunting, eh! and cub hunting too, in leafy October.

How many times has such a litter of cubs been found in Orange Wood as were routed from its inmost recesses on that occasion—one, two, three, out they came, but not until number four was stealing away down the hill over the fallow, towards the boundary fence did Bailey blow his horn. The hedge had been cut, the fence trimmed, through which the sound of hounds running could be heard, if only a glimpse of their fast vanishing forms could be seen.



But trimmed or not, in or over, a good many would have followed the bold "Trimmer" and Mr. C. E. Green had they guessed at the fun beyond, as up hill and down dale, over fair fences, hounds pressed on, across the grass without a check, leaving Ball Hill on the right to Deer Park, where the huntsman, who had been in difficulties, managed to come up, not another soul in sight. Leaving Deer Park the scent was so hot that even a field liberally dressed with gas-line did not put them off, and there was no check before reaching Galley Hills, where the field got up. Working round by Monkham's and Warlies, we killed in Deer Park, but I question if the hunted fox were the owner of the "In Memoriam" mask which now adorns my walls, for Mr. Carr, who was then farming and still farms near Deer Park, viewed a customer with his brush down stealing back to Orange Wood. Sir Henry, Bobby Wood, F. Green, and a host of others, will remember this cheery morning. Didn't you buy Sir Henry's "Madrid" that day, Mr. Green, after having given him as his first little jump a five-barred gate? I know you never regretted his purchase.



Orange Wood

Mr. Vigne's Harriers were at the same fixture two Saturdays later. The day was uncommonly wet, so few turned up to meet them, Messrs. W. Sewell, Pelly, Ketts, Miller and G. Willis pretty well comprising the field. My only note of the day is that, having to leave after the first gallop, which was brought to a sudden termination by the hare found on Mr. Symes' land being drowned as she essayed to cross the Cobbin's Brook, on returning to look for them I met Mr. Pelly, who had spent most of his morning getting out of a ditch and the rest of the day in looking for hounds—which Mr. Pelly it was my readers must find out for themselves.

Sir Henry always liked even a cub to have a chance, so we may fairly surmise that the animal which was found and chopped at Moor Hall on Monday, October 23, when the hounds met at High House, Harlow, did



not receive fair play, otherwise the entry would not have been made at this result, "The Master was very indignant."

Of the following, including Major, Mrs. and Miss Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Keppel, Mrs. Waters, Mr. R. Wood riding "Stockbridge," Messrs. Brown, Trimmer, Dickinson (2), H. J. Miller, Swarder (2), R. Ball, T. J. Mills, who were present on that particular morning, how many have passed away!

And to see cubs routed out at 9 a.m. on Thursday, October 26th, came old Mr. Fane, Mr. F. Green on "Gamester," Mr. A. Suart, Mr. H. Philby, Mr. E. Pelly and many others, to Loughton Shaws. Mr. R. Wood, who in the absence of the Master had charge of the field, kept us back so long that hounds slipped away over the line and reached the forest before we could overtake them, Mrs. Tait getting a fall *en route* without any serious damage.

It is more than doubtful whether we have found cubs in Bushwood, in Hill Hall Park, since that Monday, October 30th, when we met at Thornwood Common and by easy transition reached the Gaynes Park Coverts with a fox from the Lower Forest. Messrs. Longbourne and Bevan, names not already mentioned, I extract from notes as being present at the nice little hunting-run that finished off at Tawney Hall.

Every one out at Matching Green, but few left at the finish of the afternoon run, which, beginning at 2.30 at Man Wood, ended about an hour later at Canfield Hart, having taken us past Ross Grove's House. Among the few I find the names of Messrs. C. E. Green, R. Ball, C. Meek, A. Suart, R. Bevan and G. Capel Cure. Mr. R. Lockwood was riding a horse of Mr. Jones's, and Colonel Lockwood Sir Henry's "Dreadnought," which put him down, the Master being mounted on "Zata" and "Nell Gwynne."

On Monday, Nov. 13th, 1882, they met at Abridge: a cold easterly wind with sharp rain at commencement of day. *A fox jumped up* near General Wood's and crossing the road at the back of his house, &c. Mr. R. Lockwood's version is different and certainly fuller; you shall have it: "*Found no foxes* but bolted one from Alder Wood, ran by Conduit Wood to Forest through without a check to Foxboroughs, turned to the left by S— Farm to Havering by the mill to Tom Surridges' back into the Big Wood through Goodwin's Gardens to Apes, where I viewed him out the other side through Alder and Soapleys to Clarks, and ran to ground in my orchard. Bolted him, ran through Conduit to Apes Grove, through that and round by Adlams up to the kitchen garden and lost him in the Fagots. Time up to my house, 1 hour 10 minutes; 40 minutes after that we lost him. Grief was numerous; Amy amongst them. I rode a clever one of Tait's 'Orangeman,' 'Slow but Sure.' Chinty, Dolly and children, saw the whole thing in the carriage. Ball, Suart, a Gunner and Miller went well."

On Wednesday, Nov. 15th, the hounds met at Tylers Cross, and in spite of the wind being, as in the famous Billesden Coplow run, north-east, forbiddingly keen, there was a good muster. Tattle Bushes, Pinnacles, and surrounding coverts, were drawn blank, when, about two o'clock, we found ourselves at Barnsleys. Hounds were thrown in, not a whimper. We were just beginning to despair when a holloa was heard. Away went most of the field to the other side of the covert without knowing where the holloa came from; but the Master, who was on his favourite "Multum," with a quiet smile on his face, and a few others, stood perfectly still. They were right, for in a few moments—they seemed very long ones—Bailey was seen galloping at the top end of the covert blowing his hounds out. Getting them together they quickly proved that other conditions besides a southerly



wind and cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning; for settling on to the line at once, by the way they raced there was evidently a scent. It was not good enough, as events proved, to enable them to kill the three-year-old fox they were after, a well known customer of a light sandy colour. Near the end of the run I heard a sportsman say to his friend, "We must have his head, but it is no use reckoning the chickens before they are hatched." But I am digressing too much. There was no check but a sharp turn to the left taking us over a stiff line at a rattling pace to Belgium Springs, half way to which an unjumpable ditch threw most of the field out, with the exception of Mr. Bambridge and Mr. Sworder. A welcome check, however, allowed most of them to get up, and a holloa on the right from Mr. Edwards, of Magdalen Laver Hall—who, I am sorry to say, is



William Bambridge

giving up his farm, which will be regretted by all sportsmen, as, although he does not hunt himself, he likes to see others enjoy the sport—showed that our friend had not stayed in covert. Crossing the road by the Rectory, we bore past Mr. Miller's farm, leaving it on the left, a gate at this spot proving no obstacle to Mr. Fowler, of cricketing renown. Several uncommonly blind fences, and we found ourselves in the road to the left of Weald Bridge, crossing it in close order. It looked as if our fox meant Ongar Park Woods; but no, he evidently knew a better line. Some nice galloping over pasture, and we went in and out of another road below High Ongar Farm; the going out necessitated fording a brook in single file and cramming through a thick fence. Hounds ran at a good pace to Blake



Hall Coverts, skirting which, they crossed the Moreton Road and the river Roden, and hunted slowly up to Forest Hall, from which point they never again got on terms with their fox, the sleet which began to come down in sharp showers entirely obliterating all trace of scent.

However, it was a capital hunting run. Those that like pace had it to Belgium Springs: and from there to Forest Hall the distance as hounds ran was at least 7 miles as the crow flies, a good performance so early in November. Of those who went well it would perhaps be invidious to select any, though no exception will be taken to Mr. Hart on a five-year old, and Mr. Sworder on one of his own making. A boy on a cob deserves mention for the plucky way in which he rammed him along, no doubt finding it better sport, if not quite so exciting as bombarding Alexandria. Of course there were numerous disasters, a cart rope and spade being wanted in at least one case, and six croppers equally divided between two others, who seemed rather pleased than otherwise. Mr. Trimmer, a hard riding Australian, came to grief, I am afraid, as he did not show up at the end of the run.

Met in the rain at Claybury on Monday, Nov. 20th, where the huge asylum now rears its head, not only met but found immediately. But scent was not holding if the cherry brandy was acceptable on the top of a fall near Mr. Alfred Suart's. A sharp fifteen minutes ring from Loughton Shaws, and another cropper, is all I can extract from the diary notes of that day.

Starting from home at midday on Monday, Nov. 27th, I came across hounds running hard from Brick Kilns to Man Wood, taking us close to Down Hall; our fox turned back and led us along at a good pace by Abbess Roothing, close to High Easter, beating us near Lords.

It was in this run that Major Tait had the misfortune to stake a valuable horse, which with the fatality that has been known to attend an engine driver taking his final journey before retiring on his pension, he rode for the last time, having sold him to Sir Henry for £80 a few days previously. Another man broke his horse's back, and there were several other disasters. Old Mr. Sworder and Mr. Chisenhale Marsh were going very strong in this run.

I can see the quiet smile on the great Colonel Anstruther Thompson's face now, as he stood watching one or two of us have a cut at the Dagenham Brook on Monday, December 4th, and fancy that smile broadened out into a pretty considerable grin when Firr, though running his horse at it (he was riding "Desdichado") with energy and determination, dropped short. The Waterloo veteran, however, stood stock still, for the brook was not an easy one, and there being no ford handy, hounds had it all to themselves for half-an-hour on the other side. I am afraid he could not have stayed out with us till the evening, for in the rattling gallop from Curtis Mill Green at 3 p.m. (a big ring to Passingford Bridge and over the river to Hill Hall) I find no mention of his name, but only Bobby Wood's, Bevan's and Hargreaves' as being right to the front. Bobby Wood was riding his grey horse "Glenmore," and I have a distinct recollection of his giving us a lead over a very nasty foot-bridge.

FROM MR. R. LOCKWOOD'S DIARY.

Saturday, December 23rd, 1882.—A lovely morning. Rode "Glenmore" to High Ongar. A large meet. Mark on "Transit," Green, D. Smith, A. Waters, Tufnell, &c. Found a brace in Witney Wood, and ran by Spains Wood to Norton Heath up to Blackmore Woods, and lost 55 minutes.



Had first fall from the Grey, "Not our Faults," Mark also came down. Found a brace in Screens and ran by Newton Hall, Chalk End, leaving Good Easter on the left, and turned by Mashbury Mill up to Boyton Hall, had two rings there and killed at Chignal. One hour 20 minutes, at times fast, and land awfully heavy. Plenty of grief; Sir Henry down on the new Brown from Roxwell. Grey went splendidly, never making a mistake, but sun puzzled him at times. Went to gruel at Screens and rode home with Hargreaves, 22 miles. [My journal credits me with 16 miles home and a hack on afterwards to Loughton.—Ed.]



General Mark Wood

New Year's day, 1883, saw a large field, including Mr. R. Wood, riding "Glenmore;" Colonel Lockwood, "Gehazi;" Mr. Hargreaves, "Ugly Boy," &c., turn up at Harlow Common, also, *mirabile dictu*, the following coverts drawn blank: Harlow Park, Latton Park, Barnsleys, Vicarage Wood, Mark Hall, and several others. An outlying fox near Pinnacles afforded an outlet for our energies in the Parndon and Marles Wood direction and brought several down, not omitting Messrs Borwick and Chisenhale Marsh. Two days afterwards we ran from Church Wood, Doddinghurst, to Hutton Railway Arch, and, I suppose, to work the

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\* My Diary says in the open near Boyton Hall.—Ed.



stiffness off after the long hack home accounts for my going out after luncheon the following day to have a gallop with Mr. Vigne's Harriers. In the middle of a good run near Laxtons, when Mrs. Arkwright was going very well to the front, I had a very near shave of losing an eye. Jumping under a tree, I tore a piece out of the eyelid, which required the surgeon's scissors to make it presentable, and over-reached my horse directly afterwards. We did not whip off till 4.30. George Sewell and Charlie McKee having seen most of the fun on foot. Miss Wood on "Luckpenny," and her brother on "Glenmore," were out all day.

A day of accidents for horses was Monday, January 8th, when we met at Passingford Bridge, and after a morning in the Pyrge country with a bad fox, in a run from Apes Grove Mrs. Thomas killed her horse, Miss Wood put "Luckpenny's" shoulder out, and I lamed my horse badly.

The grey pony, however, suited the Mate better on the good day we had, Saturday, January 13th, with the wind due east, when we met opposite Coopersale Lodge; a large muster including Colonel Howard (Mr. W. Sewell escorting Miss Nelly Starbuck who obtained the brush, and who subsequently became Mrs. Willie Sewell), Messrs. F. and C. Green, J. Pelly, E. Ball, A. Capel Cure, Major, Mrs. and Miss Tait, &c., &c. From Gaynes Park over the cricket ground, by Jordans, through Willis's stack yard, hounds never checked until they ran to ground at Theydon Grove. Bolted by Fitch's terrier, he crossed and recrossed the line, seeking refuge in Baxter's farm buildings not before he had upset a pretty servant maid and ruined her clean print dress. The gallant Bailey was off his horse in a jiffy, but became so blown running in and out of the out-houses, that when he tried to reach the hounds, who had dispatched their fox in front of the house, he went flat on his face amongst the laurels.

Mr. Green has the head of that fox should you wish to see it.

On the same day, in a rattling good gallop from Bush Wood in Hill Hall Park to Loughton Shaws, Bailey, who was riding "The Quaker," made an extraordinary good jump over the brook on the right of Barbers where it was guarded by a rail on the far side, clearing some 24 (?) feet, while Mr. Hargreaves and several more of us were trying to scramble in and out; and further on, near Loughton Shaws, Mr. C. E. Green was seen doing a little exploring on his own account up a brook into which his horse had swerved. What an enormous field we should now have, if we met on a Saturday at Coopersale Lodge!

Of the meet at Fyfield, on Wednesday, Jan. 31st, Mr. Courtenay Warner, M.P., has probably a better recollection than most of us, for it was in a run from Leaden Wood, in the afternoon, that he had the bad luck to put his ankle out. The morning had been wiled away in a hunting run from Witney Wood to Blackmore. A sharp burst up wind from Screens, finishing off with some slow hunting near Mashbury Mill, had given most of the horses enough before the afternoon run came off.

A fine but gusty day when we met at Pleshey, on Saturday, Feb. 3rd. Green gave me a lift to the King William and Tait performed the same kind office for W. Sewell. After drawing Langley's, and all the neighbouring coverts without finding, we arrived at Wilson's Springs about 3 p.m., and had a capital 25 minutes from that covert, the first fence on the left of it, if I remember rightly, a broad water ditch out of which, on a former occasion, I saw Hervey Foster emerge as black as a tinker. Running up towards Leaden Roothing, saddles emptied fast, and at the finish of the gallop, near the banks of the river Roden in flood, "Nell Gwynn," the horse the Master was riding, went head over heels into a covered up ditch, giving him a thorough soaking. He had crossed the river to see if the fox had taken refuge in an old pollard tree.



We men of Essex ought to be grateful to the memory of this erstwhile distinguished member of the Jockey Club, a brilliant ornament of the racing and social world in his day, that he left behind him two such worthy representatives of his name as "The Colonel" and "Bobbie," and that he inculcated in them that love for fox-hunting from which we who now live in the county derive so much benefit.

For with Bishop's Hall closed against fox-hunting, you might wipe the country on the south of the river from Passing-

The walk over in 1895 (very good on the flat)



Col. Lockwood	Miss Lowndes	Alan Lowndes	
		H. B. Y.	
		Mrs. Lockwood	"Jim"

ford Bridge to Woodford off the map for all the benefit you would get from it. "A very good cross country rider, though very partial to the Shires," writes one who shared many a gallop in his company.

Col. Lockwood is one of the strongest pillars of the Essex Hunt, one of its most influential members, and is certainly one of the most popular men in the county of Essex, the Western Division of which he has represented in the Conservative interest since 1892, when he was returned by an overwhelming majority. No one was bold enough to challenge his possession



of the seat in the election of 1895, when he had a walk over. His love for politics (for he assures me that he loves the game) robs us to a great extent of his welcome and cheery presence in the hunting field, but he is always ready at any personal sacrifice to take the chair at the numerous social functions organised by friendly societies, cricket and football clubs within his division, and I am not quite sure that he draws the line at mothers' meetings. So we never quite lose sight of him. But 'tis of hunting, not politics, that I would write. Long may it be before the Colonel shall give up this pastime,

Very good over iron railings

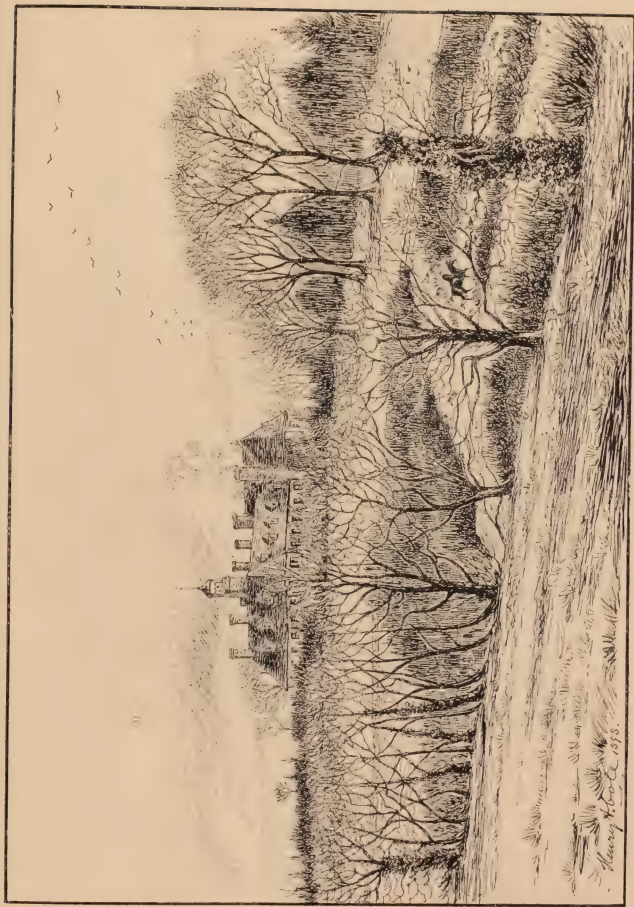


Col. Lockwood, M.P., returning thanks for his unopposed election in 1895

which keeps him in health, and to which in the seventies and early eighties he was so devoted, when he shared with his brother and Hervey Foster the reputation of being the three best men with the Essex Hounds. No one can touch him now *on the flat or over iron railings* (*vide illustrations*).

Robert Lockwood, second son of the late General Mark Wood, of Bishop's Hall, Lambourne, better known as "Bobbie Wood" when I first met him, was blooded over forty years ago with the Essex Hounds. Probably there is no member of the Hunt who has been more closely associated with its ups and





Drawing the Gorse below Bishops Hall



downs since that period than Mr. R. Lockwood—certainly no one has taken keener interest in its welfare. A contemporary of the late Hervey Foster, he vied with him in his ardour for the chase, and helped him with his secretarial duties when he was laid up by his bad accident, taking over the work altogether when he resigned the post, and giving, during the several



Robert Lockwood

years he held the office, general satisfaction. It was a cause of deep regret to one and all when on the score of ill-health (rheumatism, I believe) Bobbie Lockwood had to leave the damp clays of Essex—for there were many of us who had hoped one day to have seen him at the head of affairs as Master; and had he elected to have hunted the Hounds himself, no one could have done it better, for he was a born huntsman,



and in many a run on coming to check have I seen him quietly *padding* out the missing link, while nearly everyone else was talking or gaping about.

I should only have had one doubt about him coming up to one's expectations as a Master, and that would have been on the side of slowness—which might have resolved itself into a case of all hunt and no ride, so fond was he of hound work. But when hounds ran who could go better? And who was there—or who is there you would more readily mount upon a favourite hunter than the subject of this memoir?



Friar

A splendid horseman, with grand nerve, he never jumped an unnecessary fence, but he was *always with hounds*, no matter what horse he was riding. That he has had some good ones in his time the accompanying portrait of one, and short account of the other, will amply prove.

*Friar*.—Light iron grey, 16.1, by "Outfit," dam by "Lovett," g. d. by "Irish Thunderbolt." Bought, Mr. Lockwood writes, of—

"Thomas Forrest, 11th Hussars, in 1883—a very fast hunter, and one of the finest hunter jumpers I ever saw, and certainly unequalled over stone walls and timber. He cleared a five-foot (as measured) wall with me, the celebrated Bob



Chapman and Hugh Owen being the only others out of a field of 200 who managed it. I ran him at Oaksey in the Open Race, and he was beaten by a horse of Hugh Owen's called 'Cadean,' out of a training stable, I believe, giving him a stone. He also won at Punchestown two years running when belonging to Forrest. Rather a difficult horse to ride, being hot behind other horses, but taking a line of his own in a good run, it was a pleasure to sit on him. Even in the fastest run over walls, when I have known hounds to go a four-mile point in less than eighteen minutes, he never left their sides, about half a field from them, where I consider a man who rides to hounds ought to be."

Mr. Lockwood subsequently sold "The Friar" to Mr. Edward Ball, but the latter was never quite at home on him, as he found him such a raking great jumper.

*Bull's Eye*.—"I ought to remember this good chestnut horse, seeing that I rode him in the Light-weight Point-to-Point at Good Easter in 1887, and had the bad luck to kill him at Thaxted in the Point-to-Point races the following year. He certainly was a bold, generous horse, and an extraordinary fencer, with a good turn of speed, and when he fell dead with me, and Mr. Lockwood subsequently came up, I did not wonder that he shed tears at the loss of so gallant a hunter, which no money could replace. I felt pretty queer myself, and for a long time was very shy of riding other people's favourites. So when, nine years afterwards, I was riding a horse belonging to Col. Lockwood (Mr. Lockwood's brother), in a Point-to-Point race, I was not sorry when it was over, especially as the horse had found a purchaser before I started on him."

The following notes, dated May 28, '96, are by Mr. W. E. Oakley, late Master of the Atherstone Hounds, and the breeder of "Bull's Eye":—

"'Bull's Eye' was by 'Watchman,' by 'Rattle,' out of 'Gonalstone,' 'Rattle' by 'Fallow Buck' by 'Venison,' dam a bay mare that I bought of Whitfield the book-maker, supposed to be thoroughbred, and winner of steeplechases. She carried all my Hunt servants in turn, and bred me about five clinking good animals. 'Watchman' Captain Machell bought for me. He was the property of the late George Bryan, and won many races (see Calendar). This horse I used until his death, and I may safely say never got a bad one, and out of all sorts of mares. In fact, at one time I had over forty horses in condition sired by him, and over 150 went through my hands altogether.



"I sold my hunt horses every third year, and was Master of Hounds for twenty years. I give the names of some of his progeny, many of which were sold for very high prices at Tattersall's. 'Bird Tenter,' who carried Mrs. Oakley brilliantly for many seasons, was shot. 'A 1.' carried myself and Mrs. Oakley for several years, was up to 15 stone. He went to the stud. 'Smuggler,' 'Watch-dog,' 'Signalman,' all carried me until their death, and were shot. 'Watcher,' 'Charley,' bought by the Duke of Westminster; 'Coastguard,' bought by Chandos Pole and re-bought. 'Protector' carried Mrs. Oakley; also 'Watchfire,' who was the dam of 'Centurion,' winner of many races. 'Legion,' another winner, and 'Promotion,' now at the stud, and others too numerous to mention (Mr. Oakley had just come to the end of his sheet of note-paper—ED.) 'Bull's Eye' carried Sam Hayes, my first whip, and was sold at one of my sales. He was a gallant good horse, but no better than any mentioned above."

I offer no apology for giving the following extracts from Mr. R. Lockwood's Hunting Journal, for they are quite to the point, and very interesting, showing as they do who were the first flighters in 1873-74. Some of the entries in the Journal signed "Mark Wood," are particularly piquant and pithy.

Starting well at Matching Green, on November 3, '73, with a decent run and a kill from Brick-kilns, the Colonel riding "Luckpenny" and his brother "The Frog," we find the following were among those who enjoyed good sport following a Hunt breakfast at Down Hall five days afterwards—Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson, Mr. Hervey Foster, Colonel Somerset, and Mr. Speed from Blake Hall.

The Monday country appears to have been well stocked with foxes at this period, and Messrs. Tufnell, Brace and Hervey Foster well to the fore in the run from Curtis Mill Green on November 10, with the Colonel out of luck, as his horse "Luckpenny" downed him. Colonel Howard's grey, however, gave his brother a pleasant ride. Four days after, in the Colonel's own country, "Luckpenny" gave him another nasty fall, and in a run from the Osiers his friend Captain Willis appears to have distinguished himself on a horse called "Blue Posts." Who was the customer who had a neat fall over the double near Parndon Woods, when Hounds met at Thornwood Gate on November 17? The diary sayeth not, only that Captain Willis came down from town and was mounted again upon "Blue Posts," the Colonel riding "Badger" and his brother "Comical." No great sport recorded, but quite a nice run



on Saturday, November 22, after meeting at Waples Mill on a very frosty and windy day. Finding at Leaden, they ran to Park Wood, completing a slow hunting run and a big ring in 1 hour and 40 minutes. Finding again at Garnett's, the fox made straight for Old Park, turned to the left by Beachetts and Harveys, to ground at Olive's Farm near Dunmow, the last thirty minutes of the run being very fast. The Colonel\* having got a very bad start was able to obtain a good bird's-eye view of the proceedings, and notes that his brother, on "Comical," and Howard† had about the best of it. Hervey Foster was well to the front on "Acrobat," until he lost his hat and most of his bridle at a brook. Mr. Deacon went well at first, but came down a mucker at the same stream. Walmsley also came to grief, and staked his horse. Mr. Usborne came on his back heavily, following the Colonel on the grey. Miss Caton went well, in spite of a bad start. Dobson, on "Speculation," was never headed for long. Messrs. Francis Grubbe, Chetwode, Ridley, Petre, Walmsley *frères* and some farmers went well. P.S.—F. Astley and Mr. Price also quitted the plate.

Over-reaching his horse, "Luckpenny," badly at a Nasing Common meet on November 24, the Colonel was fortunate enough to be mounted by Mr. Arkwright on the "Shah," Allen's second horse, which appears to have been soon pumped.‡ Hervey Foster, riding "Lady Godiva," was going well, while among those out the following names occur:—Messrs. Foster, Crocker, Odell, Howard, Bury, Sir C. Smith and Sir Fowell Buxton. And to share a bad day's sport in the Norton Heath country, on Wednesday, November 26, came Mr. and the two Miss Pryors, Mrs. Arkwright, Messrs. Foster, Howard, Chetwode, Westhorpe (on a new horse, "Royal Horn," by "Trumpeter"), Royds, and Cunliffe. A brace of foxes in Mr. Fane's coverts on Friday, November 28. Through the Menagerie and up to Stanford Rivers Hall was sufficiently far and fast to bring out the riding qualities of Messrs. Brace and Hervey Foster, the latter on "Acrobat," and to land a gentleman on a roan horse in a fearful ditch, over which Miss Caton had flown like a bird.

From Lancaster Springs, near Down Hall, on Saturday, December 6, a lovely hunting day, they had a clinking good

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\* He had not, of course, attained that rank then, but we all know him in our part of Essex by that title now.—ED.

† Colonel S. Howard.

‡ The Colonel did not spare them much in those days.—ED.



run to Latton Park, and on to Parndon Woods, Messrs. Walmsley and Maguire being well in it.

Mrs. R. Lockwood never posed as one of the hard riders of a hard-riding field, but was sufficiently enamoured of the sport to enjoy the social side of it, and was probably never bored by her husband's description of a good run or the shortcomings of particular hounds.



Mrs. R. Lockwood

On 8th December, "Blackmore," there is a note that Sir Arundel Neave came out for the first time. A week later, the first day since the frost (not a very long one—Ed.) the hounds were at Bentley Mill, and to meet them came the Misses Tower, Handbury, and others. The following extract will please a huntsman :—Wednesday, December 17: Rose at 6.30.



Started at eight in the gig, picked up Hervey Foster on my way to Ongar. A lovely *non-hunting* day. Rode from Ongar to Axe and Compasses. Found at Leaden, ran to Lords, by Dobb's Wood to High Easter, Good Easter, Margaret Roding, Leaden brook, and killed at Pleshey after 2 hrs. and 20 min.—Two good runs are noted from Screens on Saturday, December 20 (a glorious, warm, sunny day), and further that young Caton was nearly killed by a fall from his pony, and that Messrs. Walmsley, Deacon, Royds, Maguire, Usborne, Pryor, Mrs. Arkwright, and Miss Caton were out.

Bitterly cold at Nasing Common on Monday, December 22, and a capital scent. Found in Parndon Woods, and ran to Parndon very fast and very straight. The two Miss Palmers went well. Found again in Mark Hall, and ran a tremendous pace to Latton, where they checked for 20 minutes,\* eventually running by Marles to the Lower Forest and Ongar Park in 15 minutes. Sir C. Smith, Deacon, Caldecotts, Bury, Riddell, Pomeroy, Howard, and many others out. Saturday, December 27th, 1873: "I say, what a day we did 'ave." Bob and I left B. Hall in a perfect storm of rain and sleet at 8.45, securely packed in the gig with "Chambord" in the shafts. We halted at Sir Cavendish's, where we breakfasted, and then, with Hervey as charioteer, driving Tweed's white horse in Sir C.'s dog cart, we drove to Harlow, changed horses at the "George," and galloped to Hatfield Town, doing the last seven miles in eighteen minutes. Largish meet. Day now cold, but fine. Found at once and ran very fast to Barrington Park to ground; time, 10 minutes. Tufnell and Riddell both down. Drew Row Wood blank, found in Down Hall, and ran across the river to Matching Green, and on to Matching Park, Lancaster Springs, Moor Hall, across to Sheering Street, through Kennel Wood, where he was viewed by Allen making for the Kennels, crossed the Harlow road, but was too done to get any further, and was pulled down close to the Turnpike after 1 hr. 10 min. Bob and I then came home, walking all the way, as the mare was lame. Grief copious all day. Usborne opened the ball when he came on his head; Bob left "Comical's" back, and Hervey Foster had a heavy roll close to Matching Park; he also refreshed himself a second time close to Lancaster Springs; rolling into a pond with his horse on him, he was nearly drowned, but was extricated by Howard and Chetwode. Many out, including Sir Henry,

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\* A pretty long check this.—ED.



Deacon, Hill, Caldecotts (two), Bury, Quares (two), Mrs. Arkwright, four Riddleys, Taylor of Stortford.

Monday, January 5, 1874. A Stanford Rivers meet, and plenty of sport. One run, from the Beachetts, through Ongar Park by Greensted, to ground at Stanford Hall, was particularly good. Sir C. Smith, Miss Howard, Bury, Newall (who had two falls), Caldecotts, Miss Caton, Ashley, &c., were out. Hervey Foster's horse again went into a pond. January 14: A lovely morning. Started at 10.30 on Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson's drag, Lady Fitzgerald on the box, and had a charming drive to Forest Hall, where Mr. Newall entertained all comers at breakfast. Sport of quite average character followed, but the ground was very heavy, and grief terrible. "Luckpenny" down; "The Frog" showed temper and fell three times; Saunders was out, and rode so hard that he came in for some censure.

A Long Barns Day, Wednesday, January 21, and a good big fox was the one they found in a stubble field, and ran through Screens and Berners, and straight to Willingale, where they pulled him down, after a very fast 55 min., young Marsh and Wigram taking the head and brush. A few Artillerymen out.

And so with varying luck the diary runs on through February and March, and no stoppages for frost. The fact strikes one on looking through these '73-74 notes that foxes made no better points then than now.

A three-year-old customer, they tell me (his mask grins down upon me as I pen these lines), was the Warren fox that for 43 minutes stood up in front of hounds without a check, on Monday, Feb. 5th, one of the few Copped Hall, Warren or Forest foxes that Bailey has ever succeeded in killing. No wonder that Mr. H. J. Miller keeps his brush as a valuable trophy! Out at the bottom of the Warren and round the big house he swung, and entering the Forest beyond Copped Hall Green, came out near the Wake Corner, straight through without a falter by Debden Green to Loughton Shaws; hounds nailing him on the return journey at the back of Golding's Hill.

Another of the wet days of the season was Saturday, Feb. 10th, when I rode on with Mr. and Mrs. Waters to the meet at High Laver, and an indifferent day's sport. Owing to the continued downpour our hounds only went to Radwinter on Friday, in the following week, and thereby hangs a tale—for several of us, including George Dawson, who drove with me, but never got further than Ware, as his hunter pulled out dead lame, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Messrs. H. Fowler, J. and E. Pelly, C. E. Green, A. Stuart, W. Sewell, Ball, Hart, Steele, Green, of Parndon, made a raid on the Hertfordshire country, on Saturday, Feb. 17th; our advent fortunately not frightening the Master, who, if scent had been better, would doubtless have shown good sport, for we found plenty of foxes.

The farmers attending Waltham market on Tuesday, Feb. 20th, were



To finish the season we met at Rolls Park on Monday, April 2nd. Mr. Trimmer, the Australian, was still hunting with us, for I find he gave me a mount on this occasion, and had not, as some had first prognosticated, broken his neck by his reckless style of riding; certainly if there was a big blind place he always went for it 40 miles an hour. The Rolls Park coverts appear to have been drawn blank and no fox found before the Copped Hall preserves were reached, when we had a nice gallop over Copped Hall Green, nearly up to High Beech, losing our fox, although he was viewed almost in the jaws of the pack. However, we found some substantial refreshments at Colonel Howard's, and another fox and no scent in the Lower Forest Whoop!



Col. S. L. Howard

Then out spake Colonel Howard,  
Grandfather of the Hunt;  
To all a word of counsel  
He spake as is his wont—  
"Gentlemen and fellow-sportsmen  
Do give the hounds fair play;  
How can they hit the line, with all  
These horses in the way?"

—("Lay of Matching Green, 1883." By R. Y. BEVAN.)

Colonel Sam Howard was one of the most prominent and conspicuous riders with the Essex Hounds when I first came into Essex. A bold, dashing horseman, riding great, powerful horses that had to go the shortest way, how he loved the game,



and how excited he used to be as his hat went to the back of his head and he screamed the "who-whoop!" over some fox he had handled! On one occasion, late in the season—perhaps I ought not to tell it, but the Colonel will forgive me—he screamed too soon, when, after running a fox to ground in Weald Coppice, it was decided to dig without the precaution of taking hounds away; the moment the fox was dug down to, out came the Colonel's holloa, when the hounds rushed in and killed two vixens.

The Hunt breakfast at Goldings to finish the season was not the only good thing we missed when the Colonel, on the score of health, had to give up hunting, for the Hunt lost the personality of one of its staunchest and most powerful friends, and the Master an *aide-de-camp* in checking forward young thrusters that could ill be dispensed with.

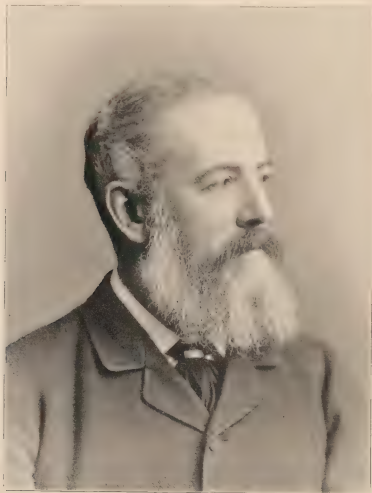


The Druid

"The Druid." A perfect specimen of the *multum in parvo* was one of the four best hunters ever owned by that well-known thruster to hounds, Colonel Samuel Howard, C.B., of Goldings, Loughton. After making his mark in Essex during the season 1872 and 1873 never once putting a foot wrong—and those who knew the Colonel in those halcyon days will appreciate what this means, for his horses were always asked to go the shortest way—he went into Surrey, and became in the hands of a cousin of the Colonel's one of the leading horses with the Surrey Stag and the Old Surrey Fox-hounds, frequently hopping over timber which no one else could tackle. That the Colonel parted with him with great reluctance is as certainly true as that most of us would give our ears to possess one like him.



on guard at the entrance to his hall. A large field on Thursday, October 25th, at the Brook House, including, the Master on "Katinka," Messrs. C. and F. Green, Hargreaves, Bagot, Sewells, W. and G. A. Suart, Sworder, Mills, Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Major and Mrs. Tait, Bob Ball, C. Meek and Hervey Foster on wheels. A fine fox was put out of a tree in Rolls Park, and with hounds close at his brush, gave us a capital thirty-one minutes over a very pewy country; Lord Rookwood, in his diary, which he kindly lent me, says, "over a beastly country," nearly up to Buckhurst Hill. Mr. H. J. Miller, tackling a very green fence down hill at the commencement of the run, secured a place which no one could wrest from him, and in a subsequent burst of thirty-five minutes with a fox from the Warren hounds, ran clean away from everyone.



Edward Gibson

Edward Gibson hunted with the Essex Hounds long before I knew him, but I always recall as one of the happiest days of my life that morning when he entertained us all so royally. An enthusiastic fox-hunter, it was a bad day for the country when he left Screens. He generally, however, pays a visit to our part of the country at the Rundells Races, and his cheery greeting and hearty grip of the hand is something that does you good.





Screens



Yes; Matching Green has come and gone once more, leaving us all a year older; and perchance, if we have hunted with the hounds that meet there, a little wiser, not only in regard to taking our fences in a more sober fashion, but also what is of vastly greater importance—in our care for the farmer's interests, and thereby our own, in not riding recklessly over seeds. A great deal of good was done last year by our Master's timely circular, and I do not think we shall forget it. Fortunately, farmers' prospects are brighter this season than last. Not only has the harvest been better than any of late years, but the seed-time, so far, has been very favourable; wheat already shows, a good plant in places, and can easily be seen even by those not given to notice such things as farmers' crops and farmers' fences, and think they can ride anyhow and go anywhere with a pack of hounds, in many cases not subscribing a penny piece towards the damage they cause. Thank goodness! our country is not one for cockney riders on galloping cabhorses; for the fields have only one gate and four ditches which are as safe to catch a cockney as a trap is to catch a mouse who is fond of toasted cheese.

Matching Green of 1883, like Matching Greens that have gone before, was welcomed by us all as the commencement of the real business of hunting, and the happy *réunion* of friends. No doubt there are many who welcome it simply for the sake of seeing themselves in a pink coat once more; but the majority go there with one object, to ride to hounds with one of the best packs over the best plough country in England. Yes, the sandy Roothing ploughs when hounds run are something out of the common, and are no more to be compared with the sticky pastures in Leicestershire than a fine Kent golden hop is to be compared to a coarse Bavarian. We had Queen's weather this year, and slipping along to covert behind a pair of good horses is very conducive to a contented frame of mind.

Arriving at the meet in good time, our contentment increased and reached its highest point as we swung leg over the saddle, and exchanged greetings with our friends, and noted the arrivals. Certainly, there were no pink coats visible when we first arrived; but one soon blossomed forth on the person of Mr. Calverly riding "Phantom." Sir Henry arrived punctually, mounted on "Multum in Parvo," who beat all the feather-weights in the red-coat race of 1880, and seemed in his usual good spirits, and had a cheerful smile and word for everyone. Lady Ibbetson graced the meet with her presence, and many of England's fair sportswomen and brave sportsmen, both mounted and on wheels, half of whose names, even if there were space to record, memory could not recall. Mr. F. Green's drag had its usual load of good sportsmen, Miss Maitland occupying the box seat, and fifty other names take only about as many seconds to write. Mrs. Arkwright, whom we were very pleased to see out again after her severe illness; Major and Mrs. Tait, Mr. H. Bagot and Miss Bagot, Mr. O. E. Coope, Mr. A. Deacon and Miss Deacon, Mr. Chisenhale Marsh, Capt. Meyer, Mr. Capel-Cure, Mr. A. Capel-Cure, Mr. A. Caldecott, Mr. G. Hart, Mr. Porter Mathews, Messrs. Swarder (2), Mr. Miller, Mr. Mills, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Bevan, Col. Sir Lumley Graham, Lieut.-Col. Lockwood, Mr. E. Gibson, Mr. Todhunter, Mr. Sands, Mr. Walmsley, Mr. Roffey, Mr. H. E. Jones, Major Tower, Mr. R. Ball, Mr. E. Ball, Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. Keppel, Mr. Tufnell, Mr. T. H. Ridley, Mr. C. E. Ridley, Mr. Pemberton Barnes, Mr. Foster, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Horner, Mr. Tudor Quare and son, Mr. Sewell, Mr. Melles, Mr. H. Stevenson, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. G. Dawson, Mr. Hervey-Foster, the two latter on wheels, both showing how their hearts are in it to be there. Let us hope before the end of the season they will be showing us the way, as they used to when hounds really ran.



A glance at the hounds which had trotted up showed them to be in capital condition; Bailey and the whips in their new pink coats looked uncommonly smart, and none the worse for their early hours during the cubhunting; that there is nothing like them is borne out by the number of cubs which have been killed this year, more than in any previous season in this country. Yet there are plenty of foxes left, for hounds had scarcely been thrown into Brick-kilns before they found a brace, and bustled them merrily about. Bailey got them away on the line of a fox, who led us to Man Wood over several extra blind ditches, each of which took toll of the eager thrusters. Our fox found plenty of friends in Man Wood, and the pack divided and left half of us in the lurch, and if there had been a scent and a straight-going fox, we should not have seen hounds again. With what hounds he had Bailey very cleverly hunted his fox over a delightful line of country, and ran him to ground near Hatfield. We do not reckon ourselves to be timber-jumpers in Essex, but Messrs. Miller, Waters, and Bagot kept popping over the gates as if they were hurdles; but, for the benefit of those who do not know Essex gates, let me at once say they are not Leicestershire, nor even Lincolnshire gates, but very low; however, the top bar is always strong enough to turn anyone turtle.

We next went back to look for our friends whom we had disturbed in Man Wood and Brick-kilns, but they had slipped away. Most of us here seized the opportunity of partaking of Capt. Meyer's hospitality, when, at about 3 p.m., some bread and cheese, washed down by a glass of the best home-brewed in the county, was most acceptable. There was a nip of frost in the air as we jogged homewards on horses fit to go again the next day.







The Lower Forest

### CHAPTER III.

*Major Tait—West Essex Polo Club—Qui Vive—Kitty—Meets not Advertised—St. George—Duke and Duchess of Albany at Easton Lodge—Xmas Eve, 1883—Chasseur—Beau Walmsley—Harlequin—Kingston—Bob Chapman—Abigail—E. A. Ball—Dynamite and Waterford—Lost in the Fog—Chance—The Lord Mayor has a Day—F. Green—Blue Beard—Grafton—Cub Hunting in 1884—Hounds Staked—Mr. R. Parkes Breaks his Arm—Bob Ball—Boycott—The Abridge Policeman—Thornwood Gate—The Run of the Season—A Broken Back—A Regular Trap.*

I MAKE no apology for introducing here a short biographical notice of the "dear old Major," as he is called in Essex. It was written in anticipation of the inclusion with these hunting notes of a short account of the History of the West Essex Polo Club, with which the Major's name was so closely associated.

Taking over the duties of Hon. Sec. to the West Essex Polo Club in 1880, when he settled at Theydon Place, Epping, he ever afterwards, until the break-up of the Club in 1898, took an active interest in its management, and set an example in polo enthusiasm which the rising generation may do well to emulate. In spite of the great impetus given to polo in West Essex by the advent of Mr. S. Chisenhale Marsh as a playing member, in 1882, when he placed his splendid ground at Gaynes Park at the disposal of the Club free of charge, it may safely be asserted that on more than one occasion the West Essex Polo Club would have died of inanition long before '98 had it not been for the Major's unflagging zeal; a zeal that was so thoroughly appreciated by his fellow members that



it led to their presenting him, on the 26th August, 1894 with a beautiful silver goblet, upon which was inscribed:—

“Presented by the West Essex Polo Club to Major Tait as a mark of their sincere regard and high appreciation of his long services as Secretary, and his valuable support as the most determined and consistent player.”

In the matter of polo ponies, the Major was perhaps exceptionally fortunate, “Qui Vive” and “Kitty” both having a good turn of speed, and being remarkably handy. On the



Major John Crawford Tait

former he won the Club Hurdle Race in 1887, and at the same meeting drove the pair to victory in a grand tandem race, for which there were ten entries. Always a keen player, anyone looking on at a match could see that the Major's heart was thoroughly in the game, and that he played with the tactics of a good soldier, always taking his bumps and knocks, of which he had his share (breaking his leg on one occasion) with perfect good humour and *sang froid*, his only fear in an important match being lest he should break his eye-glass, which had to be fixed to any cap he played in. None of his friends will



ever forget the halcyon days when he and Mrs. Tait dwelt at Theydon Place, and dispensed princely hospitality ; it was a case of open house, and we heave a deep sigh of regret when we reflect that the old place no longer exists, and that the well-known Ball and Billiard rooms where we spent so many happy hours have been pulled down and replaced by a modern structure.



Major John Crawford Tait on Qui Vive

That a picture of it is left, with a portrait of the Major and his daughter's favourite pony "Kitty," is a matter of congratulation to his numerous friends. In the hunting field with the Essex, Major and Mrs. Tait for many years held a prominent place, riding as straight as it was possible to do. Perhaps one of the best tales I ever heard about the Major's Essex experiences was in connection with a Polo Gymkhana. During a tandem or hurdle race, I forget which, six or seven competitors were down together, inextricably mixed up, the





Theydon Place and Major J. C. Tait's Polo Pony Kitty



Major at the bottom of the lot quite hidden from view, just opposite the spectators' carriages, in one of which Mrs. Tait was seated. Naturally very much alarmed at first, she soon recovered, and said, "Johnnie's all right, I can hear him swearing;" but as Charlie McKee once remarked to me, the Major's swearing was like poetry, so harmless that we all liked it.



Miss Hattie Tait

Miss Hattie Tait has inherited all her father's and mother's popularity, and one of her best mounts with the Essex Hounds was "Kitty" the favourite polo pony already alluded to on page 68. "Kitty" was a fine fencer and good stayer.

Omitting to advertise Meets must have come into favour about this time, for I find this entry: "The Saturday meet at Nasing Common on November 10th, though not advertised, was pretty generally known"; also that in those days people were very fond of hanging about Nasing Coppice to save the ride over the common. No harm appears to have been done on this occasion, for a coppice fox was found at



once and fairly run into, but not before Mr. H. Sworder had gone head over heels into a very blind ditch. A very quick burst afterwards from Spratts Hedgerow to ground near the Warren, while causing a good many coppers, gave general satisfaction. The fences, with one exception, were very easy, and that exception, a rotten bank, brought man after man to grief. Mr. Daniel Gingell, who was jumped on, luckily escaped with nothing worse than having the wind knocked out of him, and Mr. Pelly had to thank an extra strong neck that he escaped so easily. How beautifully "St. George" flew a high gate I can vividly recall. He was always a good timber jumper, and with his owner, Mr. Alfred Suart, up, those powers were frequently put to a severe test. With what a capital twenty minutes from the Warren we finished up the day at Orange Wood. What a duster Bailey went over a rail in the first fence when hounds came away. How beautifully a bold bay faced the stiff fence below New Farm. What a pace hounds went over the grass down to Cobbins Brook, where they gained a field on most of us, thanks to Mr. B. Colvin blocking up the next fence, on his black horse, after Bailey had found a way over the brook. How the huntsman was too wide awake to go after a fresh fox from Orange Wood. Is it not all written in my journal and here condensed? But I heave a sigh of regret at not identifying the two heavy weights who shone so prominently in the van.

Possibly they were the same two who, in company with Major Tait young Evans and the Mate, rode home across country from Parndon after galloping and jumping all day in that country on Monday, November 12th. Note the Monday; we don't meet that side of the country now so early in the week. What a lot of falls there were, too; Suart three, the Mate on "Ajax" a couple, Chisenhale Marsh one, &c. Cording's waterproof apron came in very handy even if it excited the friendly sarcasm of that tough warrior, Colonel Howard, when after killing two foxes in the Pleshey country on Saturday, November 17th (the second a very brilliant fifteen minutes from Sparrowhawks, killing in the open near Israel's), a tremendous storm of rain and wind settled hunting for the day.

It is a long cry from Thornwood Common to Dudbrook, but how we arrived there on Saturday, December 1st, is readily accounted for by the following notes. Several coverts being closed against hounds owing to shooting arrangements, Sir Henry was very much exercised where to go, the hounds having been whipped off twice from the line of foxes that had made for the Beachetts, one an Ongar Park, the other a Knightsland tenant. At 3 o'clock we found ourselves at Sir Charles Smith's Osiers. Miss Fane, for one, is never likely to forget the run we had from there; has she not in consequence been immortalised by our bard?—

"Miss Fane, whom rivers cannot stop;"

but she nearly paid the full penalty for her rashness. Mr. Bazley White, who was staying with his brother, Mr. Tyndale White, for the day, seeing her dilemma, (her head was held under water by her habit which had caught in the pummel) jumped off his horse and *swam* to her rescue. Luckily, beyond a thorough drenching, neither rescued nor rescuer were any the worse, but Mr. Bazley White deserved the Albert Medal if not the V.C. I am afraid, however, he lost the run, which was a clinker.

When hounds first came away from the Osiers, running hard for Shonk's Mill, they kept to the left bank of the river. The majority of us doing the same, clattered in hot haste down the parallel lane; as luck would have it, the fox came across to our side, and it was in vainly endeavouring to ford the Roden after hounds that Miss Fane nearly met with a watery grave.



A stiff line of country at the best of times from the Osiers to Dudbrook, Messrs. C. and F. Green, with Bob Ball close up, rode across it in the most reckless and dare-devil style. There was a momentary waver as they crossed the first road. Swinging on again, a nasty gully and brook, followed by a drop in and out of another road, did not deter the leaders a second, though they were checked a moment near Dudbrook. A single hound, however, never left the line, and we had a quick in and out over the Ha-Ha in the Park, and then down to a flight of rails. How well I remember twenty of us riding abreast coming at them together! The huntsman, Messrs. C. Green and R. Ball, landed over neck and neck, while Mr. F. Green cleared the lot in front of us all, his horse, though a "Highflyer," having stopped dead short; the next fence, a real blind hole, brought his cousin, Mr. C. Green, to grief in the field, where the "whoop" over the drain witnessed the finish of this rattling twenty-five minutes.

Wednesday, December 5th, will be remembered as the day the Duke and Duchess of Albany graced the meet at Easton Lodge. One of the three foxes found in the High Woods took a line by Hylands and over to Olives before being lost near Garnetts.

Ten days later, December 15th, our hounds not being out owing to the serious illness of Lady Selwin Ibbetson, several of us, including Messrs. C. E. Green, Waters, Miller, Bagot and R. Ball, rode to Hutton Hall to meet the Essex Union. I cannot say that I was fascinated with Mr. Carnegie's style of hunting, for he wouldn't lift hounds a yard, consequently a run from a covert near Shenfield in the afternoon, which commenced briskly enough, resolved itself into a very slow procession across country, and an airy nothing before we reached Galley Wood Common at 4 p.m.

This sport, however, was considerably better than fell to our lot two days later, for driving out with Major Tait to Little Hadham to meet the Puckeridge we had our journey in vain, a sprinkling of snow on the ground having kept hounds in kennel. Nothing, however, would satisfy the Major's ardour but a gallop with staghounds, so to meet Mr. Henry Petre at Chalk End he drove me to Willingale the next day. The following among others turned up: Messrs. A. Suart, Tyndale White, R. Ball, Bagot, C. Pelly, A. R. Steele, H. E. Jones, Teddy Tufnell, H. Stevenson, Tippler, Harrison and Henry Lawrence, V.S. There was a capital scent, but considerable difficulty in getting out of a green lane which hounds had suddenly left at an early stage of the gallop. After twenty minutes at best pace they were stopped, but starting again they soon got a view, and fairly raced for the next thirty-five minutes through Willingale, capturing their deer in a pond near the King William. Some half dozen, viz., Messrs. Jones, Lawrence, Tufnell, R. Ball and Harrison were in the first flight, and unless a man were well mounted he had no chance whatever.

Almost a week's rest before going out again, and then hounds met at the Axe and Compasses, December 22nd. After finding a fox in Screens which hounds could not force out of covert, Mr. Gibson refreshed the whole field at his house, and under his persuasion hounds were thrown into Screens again. This time they fairly hustled their fox out, and we were rewarded by a capital fifty-three minutes *via* Spains Wood, Willingale and Berners Wood.

Those who were out on Monday, December 24th, 1883, with the Essex Hounds and saw the runs, must have spent a very happy Christmas Eve. There was a good deal of fog in the early part of the morning, but it gradually lifted as we jogged towards the meet at Nasing Common, the glistering drops on the hedgerows causing misgivings about scent to some of us. But who can account for scent? Some very ingenious theories



about it have been propounded lately, but I do not think any of them pretend to be infallible. Best to take your day when you can get it. Often the most unpopular meets, and, to all appearances, the worst scenting days afford the runs of the season.

Nasing Coppice was first called upon, and rarely is it called on in vain; but its foxes are getting cunning, and do not wait to be found. Hounds were hardly in before one was viewed away by a gallant colonel,\* who with a few of the right sort was feeling his way to hounds in a determined manner over some blindish thorn fences and the delightful grass fields which slope down to Ball Hill, whither our fox was evidently making. Few knew, and none heeded the covered drain open here and there in the last grass field before reaching the wood. Mr. Lawrence's horse was galloping loose as we surged up to the gate into the road bisecting Ball Hill, on the far side of which the dog pack were already giving tongue. Some twenty got through; then one refractory horse closed it, causing delay to many, which they have hard work to make up again. Hounds were out and ran down the grass field towards Orange Wood; the next fence, a widish brook, with a staked hedge on the far side, would have taken some doing; but hounds swung round before reaching it, as the fox had been headed. A holloa in the direction of Ball Hill. What lovely music as they got on the line again! Some went to the right of the wood, but, strange to say, in going right went wrong; the majority followed Bailey to the left down a steep grass field. Intuitively they all turned away from an ugly gully that presented itself at the bottom; only here and there could it be flown. Hounds were over it, and so was a well-known heavy weight on a grey; one or two others got over, but the rest made for a gate and struck the bridge to the right over the Cobbins Brook into Spratt's hedgerow. That was a critical time in the run, as a holloa back was given at that very instant, and half the field went for it; evidently some other fox had been disturbed; foxes seemed to be strangely on the alert that day. Do they know when there is a scent? Taking it through the keeper's plantation, hounds pressed up the grass field leading to Epping Bury farm, and hunted slowly over some beans, which the field avoided with one consent, and reached hounds again, by skirting the beans either to the left or right; those going to the right towards the forest-side had a decided advantage at the next two fences. A drop into a grass field over a very blind ditch and fence, and an up-jump out, a high razor bank with hedge on top and ditch the far side, must have choked off a good many, as there were very few with hounds as they ran across the next plough towards the Bury road.

Skirting it to the right they ran over a very nice country, rather cramped certainly, as fence succeeded fence towards the forest. "'Ware wire," but Bailey and Mr. Walmsley swept over it, where there was luckily a rail to make horses rise in and out of a lane sharp. A chestnut,† which had been going remarkably well, obstinately refused to jump out. Within a field of the Forest, Bailey had a view of the hunted fox and clapped hounds on, and they ran him into Griffin's Wood, a wood near New Farm, the last fence being a forbidding looking drop. Hounds rattled their fox through here back again full cry, and then were suddenly silent. He had evidently laid up or gone to ground—luckily not the latter. Once more they were on his track, and this time ran into him close to Col. Howard, who at once jumped off his horse and took him from them, while Bailey was galloping up the ride to them. Time, just forty-five minutes. No exception

\* Col. Howard. † Mr. A. Suart's "St. George."



will be taken to the six pioneers of this run, the heavy weights having the advantage in numbers, Col. S. Howard, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. F. Green on "Madrid," and Mr. Hargreaves on "Ugly Boy." Mr. H. E. Jones, Mr. Walmsley, Mr. Colvin, *sans* hat, were close to them.

Ought the scribe to tell what happened as we went off to draw again? Yes, if only as a warning to others not to come late to a meet. There was no mistaking those two forms we saw approaching us, one in black on a good-looking bay, and who has an eye to hounds which few equal, none surpass: the other in pink on a well-bred grey. It is the Colonel and Bobby,\* and they are done, clean done, by coming late. They cannot stem



H. E. Jones on The Colonel (See page 77.)

the current of smiling faces and chaff very long, but turn round and jog on with us to Deer Park, sadder, if wiser men. Another quick find, for a fox was being bustled round in a style that made us feel pretty certain that he would soon face the open. Unluckily headed in his first attempt towards Warlies, he doubled back and ran through Galley Hills, which is, so to speak, a reservoir of foxes as it feeds the surrounding country, where he found many allies. Bailey was lucky enough, however, to get away with one in the direction of Nasing Gate. Foxes seldom break on that side, so it was

\* Colonel Lockwood and his brother.



quite a new line of country to most of us, rather a twisting but nice hunting run almost down to the river Lea, which runs through Waltham Marshes. Hounds very nearly lost their fox, as he had taken refuge in a hollow tree, but, being discovered by a man who climbed it, he was soon dislodged; he only ran about six fields before hounds had him. During the run, Capt. White, ex-Master of the Essex Union, was nearly jumped on; and Miss Deacon, who rides very pluckily, had two falls, fortunately not serious ones. One man had a peculiar fall, certainly a most ludicrous one. A., feeling hungry, took out some biscuits. B. and C. (two brothers from Woodford



The late J. V. Walmsley

way) ranged up alongside him, and expressed a desire to share them. So did D., whose pony, while he was stretching out his hand, moved in the opposite direction, depositing D. on the ground. Sad to relate, D. lost his biscuit.

On Wednesday, December 26th, 1883, the fog was too thick to permit of hunting. I cannot conclude without saying how thankful we all feel that Lady Ibbetson is making such steady progress towards recovery.

J. V. Walmsley, known by his friends, and they were legion, as "Jimmie Walmsley;" a cloud of sorrow seemed to descend on the county when he was cut off, in the prime of life, by



typhoid fever. I have made many friends in the hunting field, and met scores of kind, good-hearted fellows, but never one I liked better than Jimmie Walmsley. Free from any trace of jealousy in his riding, yet always in the front rank, and always ready to catch a loose horse or help a comrade in distress, it was an honour to ride anywhere near him. Possessing perfect hands and firm seat, he was the type of a finished horseman,



Harlequin

and it was a treat to see him come over a big drop or steer a horse over the steeplechase course at Harlow. "Beau Walmsley" he might well have been called, for he was as neat in his get-up as he was courteous in manner.

"Harlequin," a whole-colour bay gelding, standing 15.3, by "Outfit" out of "Constance," a blood-like mare up to 15 stone, and formerly a favourite hunter of the late Mr. N. Parry, Master of the Puckeridge Hounds. "Harlequin" was bred by Mr. C. J. Phelps, of Briggin's Park, in Hertfordshire. The



only colt his dam ever threw, he turned out a clipper, and when six years old the late Mr. J. Walmsley purchased him on the recommendation of Mr. G. H. Harris, V.S., who had to remain in the room while Mr. Walmsley wrote the cheque for £100, as he declared that he should change his mind if he didn't, for he doubted if he could ride him. Three weeks afterwards he would not have sold him for £300. "Harlequin" proved to be a most brilliant hunter and won the following hunt chases :—Essex Light Weight Cup, 1889, and the Welter Cup on the same day ; the Open Hunters' Steeplechase Plate in 1890 and the Rundells Hunt Cup at the same meeting, being ridden on each occasion by Mr. Alfred Kemp. Curiously enough, on the first occasion "Harlequin" made his appearance on the Rundells Race Course in 1888 he was beaten by Mr. Alfred Kemp's horse "Kingston," steered by his owner : what would have happened if "Harlequin" hadn't fallen, breaking Bailey's leg, 'tis hard to say, for "Kingston" finished in front of Sir Henry's "Misunderstood," who ran third to "Harlequin" the next year. Alas, that dear old Jimmy Walmsley was not spared to repeat his triumphs with this famous horse ! On his owner's death he was purchased by the late Bob Chapman for £400 on the very day that Mr. Harris was commissioned by me to give £350 for him for a friend in the Shires. He was subsequently sold for £800 to a soldier.

Mr. Jones (*see p. 74*) would rather have been photographed on "Chasseur," the horse that would have faced a hedge on fire, and that the Essex Bard immortalised in the lines :—

"But hark ! the cry is 'Forrard,'  
 And with hat cocked aside,  
 See Jones pick out the biggest fence,  
 And take it in his stride ;  
 Thinks he, 'Those craning duffers  
 Will keep us here all day ;  
 Will no one dare to follow  
 When "Chasseur" shows the way ?'"

The run from the Osiers, Roxwell, on Saturday, December 29th, was written out at some length in my diary notes, with the intention, which was not carried out, of sending it to *The Field*. "Talk about the drip on the hedgerows and no scent, you should have seen hounds run last Saturday, when they met at the Hare and Hounds, Roxwell ; a big gathering, but all who meant to be there had not arrived by the time hounds moved off at ten minutes past eleven, to draw the first covert. By the leisurely way the field approached it, they did not appear very sanguine of finding, but they had made a mistake. The Osiers, be it known, is a very small strip of covert commanded at one end by the high road, conveniently bridging the brook which bounds it on the south side, and on



this coign of vantage a good many took their stand. Following Bailey and a few others down the green ride which runs parallel with the brook, we could tell at once by the waving sterns and eagerness of the hounds that there was a fox on foot; not half a minute before there was a whimper; it was a treat to see Bailey's face as he cheered the trusty hound, 'Yoi, Abigail!'

"'Must be the same old fox,' remarked a farmer. 'No sir, can't be, perhaps it's his ghost.' By which time all the hounds were giving tongue, and the side he would break was the burning question. After one turn round he was away at the bottom, and with a couple of hounds close at his brush.

"'Give them time, sirs,' came the eager entreaty of the huntsman to half-a-dozen thrusters. Bearing slightly to the left, by the time they had crossed two fields and threaded a narrow belt of trees, they had fairly settled down, and for the next ten minutes they simply flew in a perfectly straight line



The Osiers, Roxwell

over a delightful country, the hounds tailing out as they jealously strove for the lead; we had the bitch pack, and they could make any fox feel very uncomfortable in ten minutes, on a good scenting morning. Had he held on straight, they would soon have coursed him down, for Bailey viewed the varmint doubling back up a furrow like a hare, while the hounds running down another, overshot the mark, going the whole length of the field before they swung round, only three or four of them answering the huntsman's cry. 'The last shall be first,' they soon put into practice, and these tail hounds went off at score and met the rear-guard of the horse brigade who with a bad start had been having a very stern chase. After going three or four fields their prey was viewed, into and away from Boyton Hall Springs. Hunting slowly through a cabbage field, we were pulled up by a very stiff obstacle, a wide blind ditch with a strong bullfinch on the far side (what Dick Christian would have called a stitcher). It was most edifying to see



the way a heavy-weight negotiated it, for he calmly walked his horse into the ditch and scrambled over it, but his quad was too blown to attempt the bullfinch until he fetched his wind, when he struggled over all right; the rest preferred to follow Bailey where a gate-post stuck in the fence was the only alternative.

"Hounds were now running as eager as ever, and were not a field behind their hunted fox when Bailey viewed him into Berners. Turning sharp to the left, they gave us no breathing time as they raced for Screens. 'Must have changed,' the huntsman muttered, 'the hunted fox could never have got through so quickly in front of hounds.' He was right, as the sequel will show, for although hounds ran straight through Screens, and on over the Park, nearly up to Blackmore High Woods, they could not account for him. It was then decided to go back and look for the



Edward Ash Ball on Harcourt

hunted fox. Viewed away from some rough grass near Berners, he was too stiff, poor beggar, to stand up for many minutes, and soon yielded up his brush. Every one voted it a capital day's sport, with the exception of the too-late division, who never caught us, one hard riding sportsman, Mr. Ned Ball, in his energetic endeavours to do so, getting two rattling falls."

Edward Ash Ball on "Harcourt," a bay gelding by "Derby." A good horse from a good country, for he was bred in Meath, but not so good as his owner, who when I first knew him was



living at Rolls Park. He commenced to hunt with the Essex Hounds, if I am not mistaken, in the season '78-79, and now takes a leading part in the affairs of the Essex Hunt, whether in subscribing liberally, organising with his brother Frank the Hunt balls, or acting as starter at the Rundells races. Mr. Ball is a busy man; he generally catches the 8 o'clock train, and like all busy men, enjoys his hunting as much as anyone, although he generally limits himself to three days a fortnight. A good judge of a horse, he never has a bad one in his stable, though "Burke," upon which he won the light-weight Point-to-Point at Rundells in 1883, was always my favourite. He has a wonderful eye to hounds, just as his brother Bob had, and although rather fond of coffee-housing, he always goes to the front and remains to the finish.

Perhaps one of the most curious adventures that ever befell any sportsman in Essex happened to Mr. Ball when he was riding "Harcourt" on December 5th, 1894. The horse, always a bit headstrong, got out of the track in Man Wood, and Mr. Ball was brushed off by some boughs; half dazed, he staggered to his feet, and seeing no sign of his quad, set off in search of him. After walking, as he affirms, some miles, exploring this big wood, he eventually returned to the spot where he had fallen, but COULD SEE NOTHING. Luckily he heard a slight rustling in a thicket close by, and making his way to it, there sure enough, faster than ever Samson lay bound in the green withes of Delilah, was "Harcourt" held fast by the clinging brambles, which had to be cut away before he could be released.

One of the best runs Mr. Vigne's Harriers had this season followed a meet at Canes, by the kind invitation of Mr. George Hart, who, with his usual hospitality, entertained all comers on Saturday, January 5th. Of the run with the first hare, there is little to be said, except that in a very fast burst up to Weald Church, and on to Weald Hall, Mr. H. Hine was not quite so successful in negotiating the brook on the return journey, over which Mr. E. Lawrence had shown him the way, as he was at the first essay. Running at a rattling pace to Forest Hall, they had to whip off, for it was forbidden ground. After killing a hare in a good ring round Mr. Hart's, they found again near Thornwood Gate, crossed the turnpike, and leaving Nathan's on the right, entered the lower Forest, below Mr. Smyes' fortunately to leave it directly, as the hare doubled back on the road away for the open country, when unfortunately a good many relinquished pursuit. Scent improving, it was all horses could do to live with hounds the best part of the run as she ran right across the common, leaving Mark Bushes on the right, and so reached Harlow Common by the Bush House, and on through Mr. Fred Brown's farm, leaving the Sun and Whalebone on the left, crossed the main road, and through Harlow Park from end to end without a check. Dwelling a moment on some fresh turned plough, she passed on by Shonks, Sewalds Hall, and those in pursuit thought



this hare would run for ever, when suddenly up she got in view, and two hours from the start they ran into her, at the farm building near Sewalds Hall; Hurrell remarking that in the many years he had served Mr. Vigne as huntsman he could recall no better run. He, with Mr. Cunliffe Smith, Mr. George Brown, Mr. Winder and Mr. Gingell, were about the only riders who reached the finish.

The two hunters represented in this picture were the property of Colonel Alan Gardner, V.C., and were both ridden by him when he had the Rectory Stables at Dalby in poor "Chicken" Hartopp's time, and subsequently in Essex from 1880 to 1890. "Dynamite," purchased at Melton from Mrs.



Dynamite and Waterford

Sloane Stanley, was a chestnut gelding, very nearly, if not quite, thorough-bred. He was a very powerful, fast horse, and although over 16.2, wonderfully active on his legs, changing them like a pony on a bank, and rarely fell.

"Waterford," a bay gelding just over 16 hands, came out of the Vale of White Horse country, in which he had won a point-to-point. He was a wonderful timber-jumper. If he could not clear the rails, he always got his hind legs on the top one, and never came down.



We could hunt Monday, January 7th, and after running a fox from Pinnacles over the railway and up to Briggins, hounds pulled him down at Parndon, close to Hervey Foster's carriage. This was the day on which Col. Lockwood, writing to the *County Gentleman* under the *nom de plume* of "Black Cap," wanted to know how the few who saw the finish of a good fifty-five minutes from Latton Park to Moreton got over the brook at twenty minutes to five without a candle; but I ken the Colonel, his brother, Messrs. W. and G. Sewell, C. E. Green, and a stranger from Loughton, were among the little band who wanted the light. The Colonel, who in the continued absence of Sir Henry, was acting as Field Master, was very undecided about putting hounds into covert in the fog, on Wednesday, January 16th. To make matters worse, the huntsman was laid up, and Brooker carried the horn. The result was foreseen. Getting on to a fox at once in Apes Grove, they ran a cracker through the mist up to Hainault Forest, where the pack divided; the half that went on through the forest were lost, and many hounds did not reach the kennels before the following Friday; the other half, coming back on the line of a fox to Bishops Hall, were recovered, but a run in the fog was not attempted again.

Orange Wood was a pretty sure find in these days, and the line from there to Nasing Coppice, Deer Park, Shatter Bushes, and up to the Forest, was the one selected in a very fast gallop the afternoon of Monday, January 28th. Messrs. Colvin, R. Ball, C. E. Green, Hargreaves Tait, and a stranger on a chestnut horse, alone being up with hounds as they crossed the lane by Shatter Bushes, the rest of the field being dispersed all over the country, and few succeeded in catching hounds e'er they reached the Forest.

On February 4th, in summer-like weather, we met at Down Hall at 10.30 a.m. Mr. F. Green, overtaking me near Rundells, gave me a lift to Harlow, the cob leading well behind his trap; falling in there with MacEvans and Matthews, we appear to have jogged on together and done ample justice to the good breakfast which had been provided by the Master. There were foxes galore, but no scent, so the sport was indifferent. In the remarkable run on February 8th, of which such a capital account is given by Lord Rookwood elsewhere, I find that even Mr. R. Ball's famous "Boycott" had more than enough, and was left at Dunmow; his owner not reaching home before 1.30 a.m., voted it almost too much of a good thing. On Monday, February 11th, we had two of the heaviest hailstorms it has ever been my luck to be out in; the first accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. I mention this, these storms being peculiar to the season of 1884. That it is not the biggest fence that causes the worst accidents in the hunting field, Charlie Green's roll over on the way home after hunting near Tawney Hall, two days previously, resulting in a broken collar bone, proves.

A day with the Puckeridge, February 13th, when Wells, who used to whip-in to the Belvoir, was huntsman, is the next entry in the journal; Hargreaves giving me a mount on an animal he wanted to sell to Colonel Gardner. Whether the Colonel ever bought him deponent knoweth not. The meet was at Perrils, some 5 or 6 miles from Saffron Walden, and young (*sic*) Chisenhale Marsh, who was staying at Stansted, came out. Wells, in reply to the question, did he remember the parson brother who used to ride a well-known chestnut horse, called the "Scout,"\* with the Belvoir Hounds, after I left that country? "I should think I do, Sir; Mr. Oswald he gave me a photograph of himself and a copy of 'Jorrocks,' so I am not likely to forget him and the way that horse of his used to jump high timber, if he did drop a bit short in the fen dykes occasionally." Before

\* See Appendix.



the day was over we had two quick things, first, a fifteen minutes to ground, when I distinctly recollect the smart manner Wells got his hounds away, and his bold and rapid style of charging fences, winding up with another fast gallop of about an hour over what I wrote down at the time, a very indifferent country, very large fields with scrambling fences, and further, Wells' remark that the hounds were too quick for the country, which was such a bad scenting one.



• Rev. Frederick Fane

Meeting at Abridge on Saturday, February 16th, 1884, with the wind south-east, it was no day for standing about. We found at once in the covert adjoining Apes Grove, ran nearly the length of it, and came out in the direction of Rolls Park—the same line that he led us such a dance over in the fog on January 16th up to Hainault Forest, when a good many of the hounds were lost, and did not turn up for several days. This time the fox was headed, and doubled back to Apes Grove, Brooker turning the hounds very smartly. It did one good to see the Rev. F. Fane, who has seen over seventy winters, negotiate a hurdle with foothbridge to him, while the rest of us crowded through a gap to follow the hounds, who ran very nicely after crossing the road below the Rectory up to Big Wood, where Jack viewed him slipping back. This fox evidently did not like leaving home, as, after running past the Rectory again parallel with the road for some distance (where Mr. Hervey Foster in his carriage did good service by



holding up his hand and keeping the road drivers from crossing the scent), he took us back at a good pace to Apes Grove, as there was someone hollaloing like anything you please near Bishop's Hall. Bailey lifted his hounds on, but they hit off the line of their hunted fox—mark, hunted fox, for the man screaming at Bishop's Hall was hollaloing a fresh fox. Consequently a great many lost the run, as from this point hounds ran like smoke through the same plantations we had threaded in the morning. An up-jump into it, a blind ditch out, a couple more banks peculiar to this country, in and out of the Abridge Road, and it was at once evident, as hounds swung down a steep hill and bore away to the right, that he did not mean Hainault Forest. This was a second unlucky turn for those who had made for Bishop's Hall. There were some dozen with hounds, piloted by Mr. Stuart on "St. George." As they crossed the brook near Gravel Lane they all closed up together in their eager endeavours to find a way over. Its width, with rotten banks and rails on the far side, forbade any idea of flying it. Mr. Hargreaves, on "Ugly Boy," and a man on a grey cob, were the first to essay fording it, where there was a foothold on the other side just wide enough for a standing jump at the rails.

"Go slowly at timber" is a maxim that may be obeyed too well, as it was in this case. Mr. Hargreaves' horse failed to clear the rails, smashed the top one, and came down; luckily his owner fell clear of him. The grey got safely over, and a stranger on a bay, who had been well to the fore all the time, smashed another rail a little to the right, and made a way for others to follow. The grey was evidently a timber-jumper, as he disappeared like a bird over a post-and-rails in the corner of the next fence. Hounds turned to the right here, and checked as they got into the Abridge Road. Bailey came up and cast them down the road, and they soon hit it off through a plantation into the meadows fringing the river. Down they went to it, and kept down its banks for a short distance. Alas! our fate was only deferred, for over they went. No one knew of a ford, and the river Roden, though narrow, is probably one of the boggiest in the kingdom. Mr. F. Green, however, made no bones about it, but coolly walked in, and by scrambling and swimming got over. Bailey, who couldn't swim a yard, followed him; so did three others—Messrs. Fowler, Colvin, and Barclay. The two first plunged under the railway near Chigwell Lane, only to find that the fox had not crossed it, but had gone into Loughton Shaws, which the railway bisects, and had the mortification to find the railway gates locked when they tried to get back, and saw the pack gradually fleeing away in the distance. Some ten minutes were lost in getting the gates off their hinges, as they had been nailed down, and by that time a panting crowd was up, who, more prudently, had gone lower down and found a ford over the river. Messrs. Colvin, Barclay, and Fowler, more lucky, kept to the right of the railway, and joined the pack as they issued from Loughton Shaws with what proved to be a fresh fox, and ran him to ground at Theydon Hall, within a mile of the Shaws. A most extraordinary thing occurred after going over three fields. Bailey got a view of the hunted fox in the middle of a ploughed field, with a single hound trying to tackle him. Although I believe a grand-daughter of the celebrated dog Stanley, who could kill a fox single-handed, she was unequal to the task, but kept a careful watch on him. The poor beggar was too done to get away, and lay down. After expending a good deal of vocal power Bailey got the hounds back; one feeble effort and his doom was sealed.

Altogether this was a good hunting run of about an hour, most of it very fast—no point to speak of, but over quite a new line. Unfortunately



we did not find again, but only encountered a strange figure, which, on closer inspection, turned out to be our best feather-weight, arrayed in the garments and only change of clothes at Abridge of a well-known heavy-weight. Lucky that they both did not get into the river. The feather-weight had successfully swum it, but unfortunately, in his effort to get out, lost a lot of time and both his stirrup irons, so made for Abridge. One day, no doubt, some peaceful angler will wonder what strange fish he has caught till he lands one of Roly's\* stirrup irons.

After killing an old fox in Miss Archer Houblon's garden on Monday, February 18th, we found ourselves late in the day at Barber's Wood. For a long time no sign of a find, and we were just thinking of turning our steps homewards when Mr. Hervey Foster caught a glimpse of Jack waving his hat, and called out, "They are away!" So they were too, and by the time we had galloped round the wood were two fields to the good. Two banks and a brook had to be negotiated before reaching hounds, who had come to a check; a couple of hounds showing a line by the side of the brook, the rest ran heel for about a hundred yards, but Brooker was there to turn them, and they were away full swing again. There was just time to note a black horse jump short at the brook, the rider hanging on to the reins like grim death to keep him from slipping back; but no use—back he went, and seemed very content to remain there. A light-weight† on a roan fared rather better, as his horse landed in the field with a fall, but they got up together. This proceeding damped the ardour of a good many, and they most resignedly viewed hounds turning further and further away from them as they bore away towards Gaynes Park. It was an up-hill piece getting there, but some nice hunting when we did. Mr. C. Green (who, owing to his unfortunate accident on Saturday week, when he broke his collar-bone, was on wheels) viewed him as he crossed the ride. Hounds now ran very fast through Gaynes Park woods, nearly into Ongar Park, and crossed the road near Messrs. Miller's farm, and hunted very prettily through Beachetts, carried it out and lost near Hill Hall palings.

This made the fifth day running on which hounds had killed, a record that speaks volumes for pack and huntsman, as scent had not been good owing to the dry east winds.

We reposed a good deal of confidence in each other's horsemanship in those early days of 1884, I am thinking, for if Charlie McKee, on Monday, 25th, when we met at Nasing Common, was having a "liker" on a new purchase of mine from Edward Lawrence, I was equally well, or better, off on Mr. C. Green's "Chance," which subsequently, with Mr. R. Bevan up (I foolishly refused the mount for the sake of riding my own nag), won the 1884 Point-to-Point in a canter. Sir Henry viewing a vixen away from Nasing Coppice, had the hounds stopped, but the dog that remained behind gave us a capital run. Going out the bottom end of the coppice, hounds soon swept up the hill, some high timber in the corner of a field near Harold's Park being the only way to them, as, with Mr. E. Ball on "Burke," the winner of the 1883 Red Coat Race, carrying a strong lead, they raced to Shatter Bushes by Obelisk Wood, when Charlie McKee, jumping some rails, found himself like a rat in a trap. He could not get out until hounds had gone clean away, nor catch them before they reached the Waltham Road, out of which Mr. Fred Green took a toss off "Madrid."

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\* The Poet Laureate of the Hunt.

† Mr. Kenneth Gibbs.



Running past Symondson's (Upshire Hall) they entered the Forest near Honey Lane, and hunting very prettily through, brought a capital spin to a finish by running to ground near Theydon. (It was a lovely day to be out.)

Saturday, March 1st, 1884 was, I may safely assert, a red-letter day for the Essex Hounds. It began auspiciously. At the annual meeting, held at the Green Man Inn, Harlow, previous to throwing off, Sir Henry Selwin Ibbetson consented to retain the Mastership. Barnsley's, a snug little covert lying close to the kennels, was reached about twelve o'clock, but a fox away from Harlow Park, over the road to Latton, and to ground in covert was the first incident; the second took a little longer to enact. Bailey must have had some hint of another fox being on the move, or he would hardly have slipped away so quickly to the top end of Latton Park. Quickly as we threaded our way through the crowd, we were not in time to see him get away; but he was, and, luckily for most of us, the hounds did not settle at once; when they did, they lost no time over the grass enclosures up to the Harlow Road, which our friend did not cross; his point being in a very different direction. A momentary check in a large wheat field, a lot of crowding and pushing at two gaps into a lane, and the hounds were a couple of fields away, running well in the direction of Marles.

Our fox, a bold one, probably relying on the tactics he had practised with such success when he last led us over this line, disdained to go into the covert, and crossed a muddy lane which runs up to Little Marles Farm. Some cramped thorny fences came in quick succession, and over these Mr. Roffey led the way. There was a slight check before reaching Mr. Arthur Brown's farm: Mr. Brown is the right sort, for, though not a hunting man, he never grumbles when the chase passes over his land. Hitting off the line again, they crossed the Epping Green road and bore away over Mr. Palmer's land towards Nasing Common. The gates were all locked on this farm, but Charlie Littleworth, who had chosen a good day for coming to have a look at his old friends the Essex, was handy, and whipped a gate off its hinges, which let us through on to the common, where there was ample scope for a good display of hard riding. Hounds turned to the right over Nasing Common—an entirely new line, as Nasing Coppice has been the usual point. It was a case of "bellows to mend" for a good many, and a welcome check of two minutes to all when they reached the top of the Park. Crossing the road near Nasing Church, we still ran over quite a fresh line of country. Fortunately the fences were easy, and the large field charged merrily and lustily at them. It was a lovely day, near the end of the season, and "make the best of it" seemed the motto that each had adopted for himself. Past the road near Tyler's Cross the fences began to grow larger, just the sort for such thrusters as Messrs. E. R. Ball, Bevan, Green, Barclay, Fowler, Colvin, Walmsley, Suart, Swarder, Jones, & Co.; but when an extra blind one wanted boring, Mr. F. Green was the man called upon to do it. After one of this description we came down to a brook at the bottom of a grass field, a most inviting jump. Not a mistake was made by the first dozen, among whom Miss Scott, mounted on Mr. C. Green's well-known cob, charged it as well as any, and went brilliantly to the finish. Certainly she and Miss Glyn showed us how well ladies can ride to hounds even in such a difficult country for their sex as Essex.

Hounds had fairly settled down to their work, and ran well up to Mr. Todhunter's. Crossed the road below his house, and leaving Brockle's Farm on the right, they ran into a small spinney near the large Parndon Woods, where our friend succeeded in disturbing another of his kind, although it did not avail him, for he was viewed, dead-beat, doubling back; Bailey was on his track at once, and the hounds drove along as hard as



ever. Making a wide sweep, the fox was viewed going over the pastures by Latton Street, and was a very short distance in front of hounds as they raced across Harlow Bush Common into Latton, where he was pulled down after one hour and forty minutes. There was probably never a larger field in at the finish of so sharp an hour and forty minutes; the run was a circle, and the fox died in the covert from which he had gone so boldly away in the morning. The Lord Mayor was with us, and enjoyed the run as much as anyone.

O, give me that man to whom nought comes amiss,  
One horse or another, that country or this;  
Through falls and bad starts who undauntedly still  
Rides up to this motto: "Be with 'em I will."

—EGERTON WARBURTON.



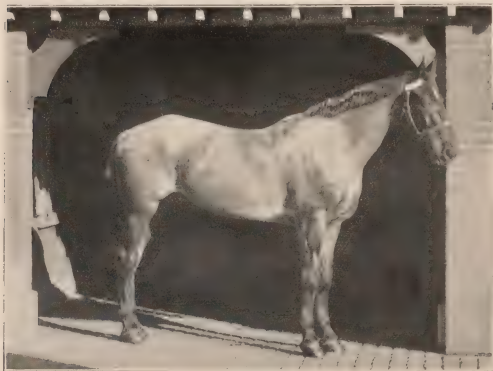
Frederick Green

I cannot say more about Mr. F. Green, I cannot say less. Suffice it that he is the "*Prince of Good Fellows*," the epitome of a keen, hard-riding sportsman; but a word or two, if you will, about his horses, whose photos. appear herewith, taken evidently at the end of the season.



This blue roan horse was formerly the property of his cousin, Mr. C. E. Green, who never much fancied him as a fencer, the animal having a rooted objection to going slow at his fences.

"Won't he be astonished the first time he carries you!" said poor Jimmie Walmsley to Mr. Green; and, *sine dubio*, he was when he found that he was being sent at his fences in the quick manner which Mr. F. Green had learnt over the high timber in Australia, and which he carried into such successful practice in Essex. A rare good horse for a long day, he was the only animal that could keep near hounds on the Netteswell day when Roly Bevan killed his horse.



"Bluebeard"

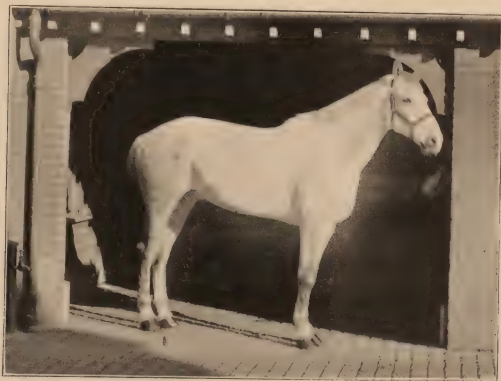
The first time Mr. F. Green rode the roan was in the Copped Hall country, when he was carried like a bird. Jumping the brook that runs up to the keeper's house with such ease (he was being run away with at the time) he tempted Major Green and another, who saw the broad of his back, to have a fling at it, but with result disastrous to the Major and his friend, for they both went in.

One of the worst falls that Mr. Green ever experienced was off "Grafton." In a run with the staghounds just after a snowstorm, "Grafton" put his foot in a hole and turned clean over. Mr. Green relates:—"I fell over his head in a little



hollow, and he came right on the top of me, and there we both lay, the horse with his legs up in the air, quite unable to move, and I in the same predicament, doubled up underneath him, and neither able to see nor hear; and I recall how devoutly I hoped that someone had seen the spill, for unaided I could never have got out. My suspense did not last long, and when rescued, beyond being rather severely squeezed, I was none the worse for my adventure."

Mr. Green said "you must come over to dinner if you want any more stories about these horses." Unfortunately, opportunity has not waited upon inclination, and the tales have yet to be told.



"Grafton"

The cubbing season of 1884-1885 opened in very dry weather at Down Hall, on September 8th at 5 a.m., but most of us reserved our energies for Netteswell Hill, on the card two days later at 5.30 a.m. At that time the Mate was a rare hand at cooking an early breakfast, and, better still, at demolishing it afterwards, and could sleep like a top on a sofa; nevertheless 3.30 a.m. saw the coffee and eggs disappearing like magic, and 4.30 a.m. two men hacking on to the meet and returning a few hours later with MacEvans and others after seeing three cubs handsomely killed. Found plenty of cubs in Colonel Lockwood's coverts a week later and killed a couple; the ground, however, was getting so hard that it was given out that without rain bounds would not go out again, notwithstanding which they did on Wednesday, September 20th, at Harlow Common, but had no sport—the ground like a brick—and again under the same atmospheric conditions, met at Passing-



ford Bridge. Tuesday, September 30th, found a good show of cubs in the Osiers, but had to whip the hounds off the line of an old fox who had led them from Hill Hall to Barber's; a good many out, including the Master, who was riding "Lottery," Messrs. C. and F. Green, R. Bevan, H. Philby, H. E. Jones and A. Capel-Cure on wheels. Went down into Devonshire about this time, which accounts for the absence of notes in October.

However, on Monday, November 10th, I find that we had a very good day at Passingford Bridge. We commenced with a fox from a pond hole near the Osiers, that swam the river and running parallel with it for some time, suddenly went off to Howe fields, leaving us all in the lurch. After a ringing round we got up to him at Tawney Hall, and when making for the river again beyond Shalesmore, a good many forded it, but were not so well off as those who rode on in the direction of Brook House, and at the end of twenty-five minutes from the find came up to the hounds, at fault. No wonder! for the fox was at the bottom of the deep blue sea. Mr. Leonard Pelly, however, gallantly fetched him out (I cannot say whether he took a header or not), and handed him to a farmer on the bank; the hounds were however, a bit too quick for him, and in the fox went again to be finally secured with a rake and thrown across the river (not quite so wide as the Trent) to the huntsman on the opposite bank. Going back to the Osiers they found again at once, and it was in the gallop to Curtis Mill Green that one or two of the hounds were badly spiked on the "Albys" park palings.

With foxes from the Green (how they swarmed in the Monday country in Sir Henry's time!) we were enabled before the day was over to visit Havering, Hainault, Dagenham and Pyrgo. With a capital scent on Wednesday, November 12th, we had four or five good spins, the first and last briefly stated. A burst from Parndon Hall gorse to Pinnacles, a wide ring and a kill in fifteen minutes, Messrs. Arkwright and Jones hitting off Todd's Brook at the right place, though Messrs. Walmsley, Bevan and Green were not far out. The lower forest echoing to the whoop in the evening over a fox from Weald Coppice (the pace had not given us time to wait for lost hats in a bullfinch) is worth noting, for it was then as of rare occurrence as it is now to kill a fox in the forest. Sir Charles Smith was one of the very few who hit off the right ford over the river in the afternoon run from the Navestock coverts following an Abridge meet on the 17th, when hounds ran at a great pace up wind nearly to C. Fitch's, and after passing close to Kettlebury Springs recrossed the river, going through Kelvedon Hall Wood and on to the Menagerie when (two or three fresh foxes being on foot) the Master, who was riding "Stockbridge," had them stopped. The following facetious telegram was the result of a certain item in a day's sport on Wednesday, November 26th, when hounds met at Thrushes Bush.

From

C. J. Fox, Pishobury, Harlow.

And not a moment will he bide  
Till squire or groom before him ride;  
Foremost of all he stems the tide  
And stems it gallantly.

To ———

The Doctor's invitation to swim it back on the polo cob when the fox recrossed was not jumped at, if shortly afterwards his further offer of a change of clothes and some hot whiskey at Harlow was gratefully accepted. The individual in question found that the water was decidedly chilly, for owing to frost the betting on the previous night at a dinner at Theydon Grove had been 10 to 1 against hunting at all. It was in a run from Shalesmore on Saturday, November 29th, that Mr. R. C. Parkes'



horse bolted with him across Hill Hall Park, and broke his arm. It was the irony of fate that the man who sold the horse (Honest Robin) to him should come across Mr. Parkes lying helpless, and have the only consolation under the circumstances of fetching a cart to take him home.

FROM MR. R. LOCKWOOD'S DIARY.

"Wednesday, December 3rd, 1884.—Mark and I drove to Ongar. Then rode 'Friar' to High Ongar, Drew Forest Hall blank, but found a brace in Spains Wood, chopped one and lost the other at Forest Hall. Found again Screens, but scent very bad: we could only walk after him across the park and round the estate. Found the same usual field all glad to see me, and I jolly glad to get back to them. Loftus Arkwright, Old Fane, Caldecott, Deacon and Sir Henry. Poor George Dawson, Hervey Foster and old Quare missing."—R. L.



Henry John Miller (See page 92.)

'Twas on this day that I introduced a horse, not my own, with a big name, the "Baron," and still greater reputation for Devonshire banks, to some of the Roothing ditches, with a view to selling him to Sir Henry, but although he did the ditches all right he was too small to catch the Master's eye, so went back to his old pastures, and his little journey up and down must have made a hole in a fiver.

"Friday, December 5th.—Went down to Ashdon Mill, slept at G.E.R. Hotel with Mark, rode 'Bulls Eye.' Had a nice twenty minutes over a beastly country into the East Essex preserves, losing near Toppersfield,

\* N.B.—Mr. G. Dawson is now as jolly as a sandboy, and gets more fun out of his grey pony than most of us do with our larger quads.—ED.



some seventeen miles from rail. Had a fall, and poor 'Bully' had to be dug out, but wasn't hurt. Sir Henry down on 'Phantom.'—*R.L.*

Over the steeplechase course, on Monday, December 22nd, was the run from Latton, Harlow Park by Potter's Lane and the Cross Keys, and a pretty run it was and a pretty line of country up to Marles as one could wish for, so says the diary. With Mr. Charles Green (how he will hate the sight of his own name if he wades through all these scraps) cutting the work out, ably seconded by his *fidus Achates*, Roly Bevan and Messrs. Ball and Miller.\* The last named—on one of his own cab horses—was making light of gates, taking every thing as it came, showing that after all it's not so much the money that makes the mare to go as the heart in the right place. Unluckily for us, another fox broke towards Parndon, causing the loss of a valuable five minutes, which doubtless saved his comrade, as he beat us near Orange Wood. The Mate riding a hireling of Kett's failed to appreciate the hack seat for which he had paid.

Mr. Miller (*see p.* 91) deserves a book to himself, but he is mentioned so often in these pages that I will add little. A thoroughly good-hearted fellow and keen sportsman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, I only wish that he farmed 2,000 instead of 200 acres, and that men of his kidney were as easy to meet with as a fall in the Roothings when the sun shines bright and the autumn is late. Mr. Miller has hunted so long and ridden so straight with stag and fox hounds that there are few fences that he has not been into or over in the Essex country, and no part of it that is not as familiar to him as his own farm. He has two sons, chips of the *young block*, and one of them, "Jack," has the hands of an Archer, and the neatest seat I ever clapped eyes on.

A real good day too was Monday, December 15th, 1884. For had those who did not see the first run, not the chance of a second and third run almost as good? By no means so large a field as we usually get at this popular fixture moved off from Abridge, where all had the opportunity of partaking of the hospitality of Mr. Hargreaves. Hardly had Bailey left the road leading from Abridge to the Bishop's Hall coverts before he received intelligence that sent him galloping down towards the belt of trees that runs almost up from Ape's Grove to Bishop's Hall; he capped his hounds on the line, which they took up at once. With hardly a whimper they settled to it. The field, or rather the few who grasped the situation, divided, Mr. Sworder going off to the left with one party, while others followed one who ought to have known his way about those parts—Col. Lockwood—and were fortunate; but they had to go at something a good deal quicker than a hand gallop to keep hounds in view, as they streaked through the plantation on a burning scent. The dogs did not hesitate a moment as they reached Bishop's Hall, but, leaving it on the right, drove their fox at a clipping pace over a decidedly cramped country; but the day was balmy, horses were fresh, and there was little disaster, but a lengthening line by the time they reached the Forest. Here a good many, including the whips, went the Havering side, and needless to add, did not see any more of the run.

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\* Mr. H. J. Miller, in addition to his farm, had a livery stable at that time.



Hounds very rarely run through the Forest—own to a line is about as much as they can do; but that day they were close to their fox, and, bearing away first of all to the left as if for Havering, turned suddenly back to the right till they came out on the Chigwell Row road between the Beehive and Whitehall, where Sir Kenneth Kemp, who used to hunt with us, had winter quarters one or two seasons; across this and straight down over the meadows, then sharp to the left across Gravel Lane, nearly up to Pudding Lane, then swung right, with never a check, and straight on between the two lanes till they came opposite Marchings, through the grounds of which they ran, over the brook, and up the hill to the lower coverts of Bishop's Hall over the boundary fence, up to and across Hoe Lane, and to ground in the next field but one: as good a forty minutes as they have had or will have this season. It is sad to relate, but nevertheless quite true, that, out of a large field, only one, Mr. R. Ball, was with hounds from start to finish. Bailey, who cut the work out in his old style in the first part of the run, in spite of not having been in the saddle for some time, owing to severe illness, was never very far from them, Mr. C. E. Green and Miss Wood being well placed from the Forest, and about the first up. The remainder kept dropping in by twos and threes, and most of them arrived on the scene, including the first whip, to witness the final act. This fox had made no great point, but was supposed to have been one of the most successful robbers of hen-roosts in the neighbourhood, so had to be sacrificed to the popular opinion. Spade and terrier were soon at work, and our first whip proved that he could handle a fox as well as he can ride a rough horse, for he soon had him by his brush, and coolly asked the Colonel—Sir Henry was not out—whether he would like them both out together, for the terrier had him by the head; so out they came, the fox shook himself clear, but was bowled over before he could get the length of a grass field. It ought perhaps to be recorded that the Abridge policeman rendered valuable assistance in keeping the excited foot-people from crowding round the drain while the digging-out process was going on—no doubt the heart of a sportsman beat under that blue coat.

The second run was a better point, but lacked the dash of the first. Found again directly in one of the Bishop's Hall coverts, but our friend, evidently a traveller, would have left unobserved, if some people driving had not viewed him crossing the Abridge and Ongar road some three hundred yards from the covert. The river here would have been an awkward obstacle had there not been a convenient ford, but hounds ran down its banks some distance before crossing—luckily for those on the right—close to a ford, and held a line into Shalesmore. False intelligence reached Bailey that the fox had gone back; but the mistake was soon rectified, and when hounds were in again, they took up the running at once, and Jack viewed him away towards Hill Hall. They ran fast up to the road and nicely over the park, the palings of which proved more disastrous than any fences we had come across in the run, for two or three of the most stalwart men in the hunt had upheaved part of them or taken a heavy gate off its hinges—I am not certain which—when down it fell, flop! on the top of them, and covered them with mud if not with glory. Hounds hunted very prettily and slowly through the Hill Hall spinneys, and gave us plenty of time to catch them before they reached Barbers, from which wood Bailey viewed the fox going away towards Gaynes Park. They ran very nicely down the brook towards Coopersale, where a decided check took place. Bailey could not hit it off again, and as they were now in the country which they intended drawing at an early meet, it was decided to go back to the Osiers, so a good many one-horse men, including your humble servant, left them. Of course,



they always have a good run when you do, but I have only learnt very scanty particulars of it. Found at once at Sir Charles Smith's Osiers—what runs these osiers afford, may they never be cut down!—went away as if glued to their fox, over Albyns, right through the top of Curtis Mill Green to ground just behind Knowles Hill Farm; a very pretty hunt, I am told. N.B.—Mr. R. Lockwood in his diary writes:

"A most capital day, the best I have seen for many days from these coverts."



"Boycott" (held by his owner, R. C. Ball)

This photograph was taken by Mr. Alfred Money Wigram about the end of March, 1889, at which time this well-known horse was about sixteen years old. The first season Mr. Ball rode him in Essex he made his mark as a hunter, and won his owner the coveted distinction of having the hunt button presented to him by the Master, Sir Henry Selwin Ibbetson, in the great run of March 12th, 1881, described in Messrs. Ball & Gilbey's book, "The Essex Foxhounds." (For in those days the Hunt Club had not been established, and the hunt button was only obtainable at the hands of the Master.) It was to the undoubted staying powers "Boycott" possessed that Mr. Ball owed this triumph, for he was a rare horse for a long day.



and although by no means fast, was a splendid fencer, and would go galloping on when others had had enough. For many seasons, right up to the year '90, when, to the deep sorrow of all who knew him, his bold owner passed away, the grey was a conspicuous beacon in every run, and he and his rider were never to my knowledge thrown out or left behind.

Driving over to Loughton with W. Sewell, after a bitterly cold day at Pyrro Park on January 5th, we were caught in a dense fog near the Wake Arms, which came down like a thick black veil; you could not see your hand before your face, and until the worst of it blew over the animal we were driving would not budge an inch. Hunting was stopped by one night's frost; the next day the country was white with snow, which looked like remaining. It did not, however, for we had only a week later the run of the season.



Thornwood Gate

Among the 140 to 150 who turned up at the meet at Thornwood Common on Monday, January 19th, 1885,—I am accurate in giving the numbers, for one of our sportsmen,\* who, I am sorry to say, was leaving us that evening to go into another country, took the trouble to count them, I suppose for the sake of comparing notes—I noticed the following: Sir Charles Cunliffe Smith, Mr. Drummond Smith, Mr. R. Smith, Rev. F. Fane and Miss Fane, Col. Lockwood, Mr. R. Wood, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. F. Green and his two sons on very sporting-looking ponies, Major and Mrs. Tait, Mr. Arkwright, Mr. T. J. Mills, Mr. Loftus Arkwright, jun., Mr. Tyndale White, Mr. Courtenay Warner, Mr. Sewell, Mr. George Hart, Mr.

\* R. Lockwood.



J. Harris, Mr. C. Bury, Mr. Green (of Parndon), Mr. E. Ball, Mr. R. Y. Bevan, Mr. Sworder, Mr. H. J. Miller, Messrs. Kemp (2), Mr. W. S. Horner, Mr. R. Fletcher, Mr. L. Pelly, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Pemberton-Barnes, Major Foster, Mr. Keppel, Mr. A. Capel-Cure, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. E. Lawrence, Mr. G. Willis, Mr. Hine, Mr. H. Lawrence, V.S., Mr. W. Tweed, Mr. Olney and Mr. Dickinson.

All but the foot-people were probably thankful when hounds, instead of being thrown into the Lower Forest, were taken in the opposite direction towards a more open country. Little Marles Wood being the first point of attack—from here to Latton Park is no great distance—for the first time this season was drawn blank; but the neighbouring covert, just over the Harlow Road, held a brace, and hounds opened at once. Most of the field had made for the ride which runs through it at right angles to the Harlow Road, and very soon got a view of him as he crossed over. "Tally ho! over!"



Coming away from Parndon Woods across Epping Long Green

and then directly afterwards, "Tally ho! back"; another fox away over the grass at the bottom end, and Bailey blowing his hounds out followed almost as quickly as it takes to write it. Mr. E. Lawrence, who, with about two dozen others, was standing at the right-hand corner, quickly made up his mind, and put about half a field between himself and them before they knew what they were about. Hounds bore to the right, and crossed the Hastingwood Common Road, leaving Mr. Bawtree's house on the left—lucky that white gate in front of us was open, the only practicable place in the fence, or you would have wanted a timber jumper like the one Col. Lockwood was riding when he showed us the way over four or five seasons ago.

Hounds streamed over the grass as if for Weald Coppice, but, bearing sharp to the right, took us over a rapid succession of fences, in and out of



the lane, over a couple more obstacles—the last one being the steeplechase fence at the bottom of the Rundells course; and, just as hounds had nicely settled to it, Bailey had the mortification of finding his fox had got into a drain, from which it would have taken about a week to dislodge him. This was just sufficient to whet our appetites, and make us doubly keen, for it was quite evident that there was a *scent*. Back we went to Latton, where the hounds touched on the line of a fox that had been viewed going back, and Sir Henry lost no time in having his hounds taken on to Parndon Woods.

I have often noticed on a good scenting day—I do not care what size the coverts—foxes do not care to dwell in them. Parndon Woods are not small, and you must keep your eyes and ears open and trust to your luck if you do not wish to be left behind. The little spinney on the opposite side of the road, which frequently holds a fox, was first tried, and then the long narrow piece bordering the road to Rye Hill without finding; half of the next piece was got through, and not a whimper at first; but still there was plenty more covert to draw, when the first whip rode up to Bailey with the intelligence that there was a fox on the move at the top end towards Epping Green, and almost at the same instant "Forrard Away!" was heard. Hounds required no urging as they raced over the first field, where very few took heed of a sportsman's warning cry, "'Ware tares," in the excitement and eagerness to get a good start. Crossing the lane you were lucky if you hit a weak place out of it, and luckier still not to get blocked in at the same place waiting for your turn with an obstinate refuser in front of you, for hounds were going their best pace over the grass, which rode like velvet, a few easy flying fences—a bad case for you if you fell, for all took them in their stride—led us down the slope towards Shingle Hall, up one more field, the first ploughed one, and some as they landed in the road very nearly jumped on the very tools, I would wager, that had ploughed it.

A couple of strides, and they were on the grass again, leaving Mr. Kemsley's farm on the right; a weedy-looking chesnut was taking his rider well to the front, and you wondered how on earth he had kept on his legs so long, as he looked more fit for racing on the flat than cross-country work; but good hunters go in all shapes. I am sorry to have to add that early in the second part of the run he came down and broke his back. A couple of fields from the road we had the Cobbins Brook in front of us. I have likened this brook to a good many things, but never, I think, to a Derbyshire dingle or dumble, which, I think, it resembles more than anything else. We had barely time to find a fordable place and scramble out before hounds were racing away again over the next grass field, Mr. Tyndale White and Bailey cutting the work out on the left, and Messrs. Bevan and Wood on the right. No picking and choosing of fences; the pace was too good, as Bailey evidently thought, as he swung over the rail by the side of the gate leading into Mr. Symes's lane, whither the chase had now brought us.

A very decent ditch and bank, out of the lane, a couple of wheat fields, and we jumped into the Epping and Harlow Road, but as the hounds crashed into the forest on the far side, you knew the run was not over yet. The three miles to there, as the crow flies, was very pretty, but there was better to come. The lower forest is a most abominable place to get into when there is a good scent. Through a succession of beastly bogs and briary bushes we at last emerged on an open glade, when we turned sharp to the right, and were soon on the North Weald Road. Here a good many, including the Master, who had been well up with them to this point, had the bad luck to be thrown out, for, instead of turning sharp back towards Epping, they kept straight on towards Gaynes Park, certainly the



most likely point. Some, including Mr. Mills, had the good luck not to go in the forest at all, but kept round to the right, and met hounds as they came out on the plain, over which the going was excellent, and gave us a capital chance of catching them. I rather think that two or three couple were a considerable way ahead of the body of the pack just here, but by the time we got into the fields at the back of the Epping Brewery, they were all together again. Here the fox was viewed with his tongue out, and seemed rather inclined to cross the road, as he came down close to it (one hound, I am told, being so close up that if he had not run his head into a hurdle in the fence, which the fox jumped over, he would have had him). Fence succeeded fence, one man coming a buster over a rail, with a drop the far side, into Mr. Trim's field. Leaving his farm on the left they ran parallel with the road, which gave those humanitarians who do not like jumping their nags a capital chance of seeing the sport right over the large grass field known as Knockers, almost up to the Sewage Farm; across the road, through the narrow spinneys, which contained between them six ditches in the same number of yards; and they were on the grass again swinging down for the brook. The first dozen took it in their stride, and also took a pull at their horses as they rose the hill, on Mr. Pegram's land.

There was an awkward jump or two to be taken here before crossing the Bury Road, and hounds more than held their own as they raced over the next fields. Two fields from the road Bailey's horse "Witchcraft" came to grief, but Mills, who was in a capital place, and had been from the very start, insisted on Bailey getting on his mare, an act which proved him a thoroughly unselfish sportsman, for he dearly loved a good thing such as we were then enjoying. The field was very attenuated as they come down to a very awkward-looking obstacle, a regular trap. [I extract from Mr. R. Lockwood's diary the following—ED.] :—

"C. Green had an awful fall and nearly killed me. I was jumping in and out of a narrow piece of wood in Copped Hall, and C. G., on pulling 'Chestnut,' jumped over the whole place and me too . . . ; but it was the best and fastest run I have seen for years."

Mr. C. E. Green's horse swerved into the ditch, and afterwards gave him a very nasty fall before he got over; but Roly was irresistible in Dawson's breeches, and he was first through what proved to be on closer acquaintance a very blind double; an open brook beyond caused him no trouble or delay. In and out of Spratts hedgerow hounds still sailed merrily along towards Copped Hall Green, crossed the road near Warlies Park, and bore away once more to the right, over the Cobbins Brook, near a very handy ford, without checking; ran through Shatter Bushes, where Bailey got up to them again. Never left the line, through Deer Park, and, leaving Galley Hills on the right, ran to ground at the bottom of it, on the Waltham and Nasing Road. Time, 60 minutes. Those who know the country will appreciate the points made and distance covered. A great many rode and saw the run, but none better than Mr. R. Bevan, Mr. R. Wood (in his usual quiet and workmanlike manner), and Mr. H. J. Miller on a most remarkable cob.





Hatfield Broad Oak

## CHAPTER IV.

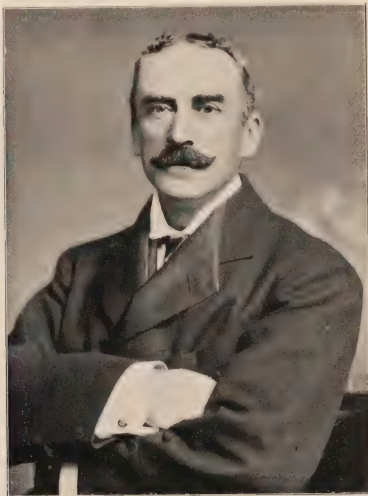
*Tyndale White—The Mahdi—Wesley Hunts the Hounds—Walking the Plank—J. Perry Watlington—Lord Onslow—Cub Hunting in 1885—A Wet Season—Early Hours—Miss—Sparrow Hawks—Israel's—Latchmore Banks—Takeley Forest—Dunmow High Woods—The Knights and Dames of Matching Green—A. Caldecott—Blind Fences—Hounds Staked—The Blue Peter—Unhorsing Sir Henry's Carriage—Blue Gates—Over the Saw Pit—Skating and Hunting—The Close of Sir Henry's Mastership—Bill Richmond—Lady Betty—A Broken Arm—Snow and Frost—White Roothing—The Friar Shuts Up—Bosphorus—Afternoon Runs—Red Tunics—The Great Run from Toot Hill—A Sly Trick.*

MR. TYNDALE WHITE has now acted as Hon. Secretary to the Essex Hunt, and also the Essex Hunt Club, since 1890, sharing the responsibilities of the former office with Mr. R. Y. Bevan at the present time, and in both responsible and onerous positions has given universal and unqualified satisfaction. Writing to me in March, '96, Mr. White says:—"I never had a good horse but, I think the nearest approach to one I ever had was a roan and the "Mahdi," both of which I brought into Essex. After this (you may smile, but it's a fact) I never had a decent horse until I bought the dun cob the other day that S. Caldwell rode in Leicestershire. He is lame in both hocks, but is the most reliable jumper I ever had. One reason why I have never had good horses is that, as I love comfort, I always ride small ones, *and you cannot get little horses to carry 11 stone long in this country* when there is a scent, and there is only a scent when the going is very deep ninety-nine times out of a hundred; of course, I mean if you really want to see the fun; anyone can nurse a pony all day. I bought a half-sister of



Hampton's, before he became fashionable, out of a baker's cart for £30, and she was the only exception I have ever known to what I say above. I sold her to poor Harry Brassey for a lot of money."

'Tis quite true that Mr. White favours little ones, but they can all gallop, otherwise they would be no use to one who loves the pace, and without any flattery, possessed of perfect hands and seat, is one of the smartest men to hounds in a quick thing I have ever seen in Essex.



• Tyndale White

You must take the rough with the smooth. Mr. Jones, I find that I chant your praises a good deal; so now for my notes of Wednesday, January 28th, when we met at Toot Hill and found in Mr. Christy's cabbages. Without any warning they were away, and Charley McKee on "Squealer" (a good harness cob, but bad hunter) found he could not go the pace. At starting the fences were very awkward and necessitated following the huntsman's lead. In the plantation near Greensted House he had to jump off and open a gate on a slippery bridge over the brook, and while holding his horse you came rushing up



for a lead, Mr. Jones; gaining the open before they reached the Ongar line, you had disappeared having taken a bad turn to the left. Mr. Bevan and the huntsman dived under the railway arch and joined hounds as they crossed the road below Blake Hall Station, and ran through the little wood beyond while you were flying frantically along in the rear as Bailey, cheering his hounds over the line again, made for the archway near Ongar Park Farm, reaching the big woods in seventeen minutes. Horses were blowing freely, for the going was very heavy and the huntsman thought the hounds must have killed and eaten their fox before we arrived, as they were covered with blood. We should have had a good thing in the evening from the Lower Forest to Marles if we had only got away on better terms.

A hunt breakfast is not always synonymous with good sport, and we only just saved the blank after meeting at Rochetts, Mr. Coope's place, for that ceremony on Monday, February 2nd. A day on the "Mahdi" (Mr. Tyndale White's favourite hunter) was a thing to be remembered, as was the good hour's run we had on Saturday, February 14th, from Poles Wood nearly up to Beachetts, when I had the good luck to be on him and never rode a better or bolder horse; he liked going fast at his fences, so put me down once when I tried to steady him\* out of a wood. On no other horse (this is one for the "Mahdi" and two for myself) should I care to have tackled the *bullfinch*\* out of Navestock Park some of the thorns of which remain in my head to this day, although the Doctor did his best to get them out. On a capital hunting day more like November, than February, a drip on the hedgerows and a slight fog with a nip of frost in the air (it snowed next morning), a small but very select company met the Master at Tyler's Cross Tuesday, February 17th, and they included Miss M. Glyn, Colonel Lockwood, Major Tait, Mr. A. Caldecott, Mr. C. J. Bury, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. Todhunter, Mr. L. Arkwright, Messrs. R. Bevan, Melles, H. E. Jones, H. Sworder, J. Scruby, G. Hart, Mr. Green of Parndon. From Pinnacles we had a very good twenty minutes with a curiously marked fox up to Parndon Woods. After some delay reaching Latton, we had to thank Mr. Todhunter for the good run which followed; for getting a view of our hunted fox just as the huntsman was on the point of giving him up, hounds forced him back through Parndon, and after a very fast and straight twenty minutes pulled him down on the Netteswell road in the presence of Mr. C. E. Green, on his grey mare, and Mr. Arkwright on his grey, Messrs. Sworder, Scruby and Hart, and others.

Quite February Fill Dyke this month, and in the pouring rain on Wednesday, February 25th at Thornwood Common, Captain Allsopp was about the only man who sported pink. Bailey was laid up, so Wesley hunted the hounds over a very unusual line, from the Lower Forest up to Moreton; but I find no mention of his helping Mr. Green out of that village brook into which he had slipped.

Commencing with Saturday, March 7—after the very unanimous and successful annual meeting of the members of the Hunt, held at the Green Man, Harlow, at which it was a matter of general congratulation that Sir Henry Selwin Ibbetson had consented to hunt the country next season—we had a capital run from Barnsleys, the wood close to the Kennels. The day was sunny, a day on which it was a pleasure to live, with hounds or without. They had barely been in covert ten minutes before "Forrard, away!" was heard, and as we followed Sir Henry up the right-hand side of the wood, and reached the top end, we viewed hounds racing to a scent, pursued by Bailey, blowing the tail hounds out. In and out of a lane, and

\* It is cut down now.—ED.



most of us were on terms with the hounds as they bore away towards the Roothings, but turning to the left they carried the line over the road, leaving Harlow on the left. A weight-carrying grey and a well-bred bay were the first out of the road as they swung towards Moor Hall and crossed another road, when there was a lot of pushing and squeezing, and let-me-coming at the one available gap out of it, which Bailey was the first over. Hounds were now going very quickly over the Moor Hall cricket ground, and you had to make up your mind at once whether to follow Bailey into the plantations with the hounds or Mr. H. Sworder to the right. You had to duck your head if you followed Bailey under two narrow gateways, push your way through some closely growing trees and bushes, over an awkward ditch, and land in a deep-ploughed field, over which a good many were sending their horses at a pace which they would have regretted if we had not had a welcome check or two before the run was over. In the next field hounds bore down towards the Down Hall Brook, where we had the first halt—not long enough to pick a good place over the rabbit-burrowed bank into the field beyond (about the roughest in Essex) before they were on the line again, and turning to the right, carried it into Heathen Wood.

Here they probably changed foxes, as a couple of hounds went on with one towards Down Hall, while the rest were driving another round the wood, which Essex men know is fringed by a very unfordable, and still more unjumpable, brook. We have known a sportsman attempt to swim it on a well-known grey—an animal which was going well to the front to-day—but have never seen it successfully jumped. Here was an opportunity for rash youth to distinguish or extinguish himself, and while we stood shuddering on its banks, we envied the light-weight on the grey, who was on the right side, as Bailey muttering, "They are over," immediately went for the nearest ford. A good honest mile of road work before we caught hounds as they crossed the Sheering road, near Durrington House, with the immediate prospect of the intricacies of the Cambridge line and River Stort before us. Only two or three more fields before we reached the line, where, luckily, a gate opened on to it; but it was still more fortunate that no train came rushing round the curve as we all crowded on the line. The gate on the far side would not open, nor lift off its hinges. Bailey hammered away at the lock with a stirrup-iron, and Colonel Gardner, with ready presence of mind, called out to check others from coming on to the line. A gentleman in mufti,\* on a black horse, who had been cutting out a good deal of the work, got us out of our difficulty by running his horse up the bank, and cramming him through a thick black-thorn. A lady,† who was one of the last to cross, had quite a narrow escape, as her pony refused, and kept backing towards the line, and only just made up his mind to face the bank and hedge out as a train rushed past.

Next, the river had to be crossed; a narrow bridge befriended us, which we crossed in Indian file. A small hand-gate at the further end shutting in front of Mr. Dickinson's horse, while his rider was stooping down to open it, he promptly got one of his legs over the side rail, and then another, when it looked very like a bath in the river; but fortunately he got back all right. We had another slight check here, as the hounds could not get out of some osiers on account of the surrounding fence, but being extricated, they went away again very merrily over Pishobury Park, and crossed the Harlow and Bishops-Stortford road, close to Mr. Rivers' nursery gardens at Sawbridgeworth. We were now in the

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\* C. Meek.

† Miss M. Glyn.



Puckeridge country, and hounds hunted well towards Rowney Wood, on to High Wych. An open country in front of us, it certainly looked even betting on Bailey killing his fox, but a check taking place, he took the hounds to a holloa on the left, and we lost a lot of time before getting over the canal and river, which here run parallel. A bridge over the first obstacle and a ford over the second could not be reached without jumping an open brook or beating a retreat. Never did such an insignificant piece of water stop so many sportsmen. It could not have been more than 8ft. or 9ft. of water, with another 3ft. for taking off and landing. One gentleman, on a well-bred horse, went gallantly at it, and his daughter



J. W. Perry Watlington

prepared to follow him, but the well-bred one refused. Three or four others tried leading over a stout plank, some 12in. wide, more adapted for a circus horse than a hunter. One only was partially successful at that game, as his horse got half way across, and then slipped in over his saddle in mud and water. Another horse was seen in like extremity, but Mr. Arkwright, on his bay, going lower down, successfully charged it, and the rest followed like sheep. After this entanglement it was very satisfactory that Bailey was able to account for his fox to ground in Weir Hatches, after a capital run, over a lot of country, of some hour and twenty minutes. Lord Onslow was going well in this run.

John Perry Watlington, of Moor Hall, Harlow, enjoyed an enviable reputation, for no more popular Master—no, not Sir



Henry himself—was ever associated with the Mastership of the Essex Hounds.

Mr. Hart remembers well how he came forward with Sir Henry in 1879 to supply a blank in the Mastership, and how, going nearer home, he made his rent audit, with the aid of his amiable wife, one of the pleasantest and most enjoyable gatherings of the year.

Wednesday, March 11th, 1885, Nasing Common, was productive of one of the best all-round day's sport that we have had during the season which has just slipped away. None but the very latest comers had any excuse if they did not get a good start when the hounds left Galley Hill on the Monk-hams side, as they did not come very readily to Bailey's horn, or fairly settle down to run until they had left Monkham on the left and crossed the Waltham and Nasing road near some brickworks, when for thirty minutes they led us over a delightful country at a good pace. The country was new to most of us, but one sportsman\* will have occasion to remember a brook which came in the early part of the run (for he came out of it as black as a tinker), over which Bailey was the first to fly like a bird, Mr. C. E. Green taking it a little to his right on "The Joke," followed by a gentleman on a chestnut.

Alas ! poor Joke, you gallant bay,  
No longer will you show the way ;  
For, broken down, you ne'er can stay,  
Or live with hounds that stream away.

Most of the others skirted off for a gate, but the brook appeared again. It was a case of have it or go home, and most of us had it. A rare stiff old hedge, with a jolly wide ditch the other side, into a lane soon faced us. The same trio had it; a gate was rapidly lifted off its hinges, and as they squeezed through and jumped out of the lane, hounds had gained considerably. Over a rail, which someone kindly broke, and still on the grass, they came down to another brook. A stranger who was out, and who had been going uncommonly well, showed us the way over. At the next fence the chestnut thought that he had had enough, and discreetly came down, depositing his rider well in the next field. As hounds turned down the hill before rising the big field leading to Galley Hills, Mr. George Hart was seen fanning along in the van, taking each fence as it came—thirty minutes to Galley Hills. Not much respite, as the chase led us towards the Waltham road, but the fox was viewed into Galley Hills, and away again over by Monkham, on to Obelisk Wood, where he crossed the brook.

Evidently a beaten fox, he soon recrossed, and hounds could hunt but slowly towards Shatter Bushes, which our fox kept on his left, also Deer Park, into Nasing Coppice, through which hounds showed a line; but if the fox that was viewed away at the top corner towards Parndon Woods was not a fresh one he was a rare customer. For he took a line over Nasing Common up to Mr. Todhunter's spinneys, then bearing away up to Pinnacles crossed the road by Merryweather's Farm into Tattle Bushes, running right across the grass vale to Deer Park, where he was lost after some two hours' hunting. If he had been killed, there can be no question who ought to have had the brush. Mr. Robin, who does not often hunt with us, went brilliantly from start to finish, but had to confess that the Essex country cannot be crossed with a broken stirrup-leather.

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\* Mr. Roffey



The cub-hunting season of 1885, owing to the wet, was a very good one—only a few out to meet the Master for the opening day at Down Hall on Thursday, September 10th, but that few included Mr. Jones. The following took advantage of the soft ground and a Meet at Moor Hall, on Saturday, September 12th, at 5.30, viz.: Miss M. Glyn, Messrs. Green, Walmesley, Capel-Cure and Mr. A. Caldecott. Plenty of cubs at Abridge at 5.30 September 14th (a rainy Monday). Messrs. Ball (3) Barclay, Waters, Suart, Jones and Bevan's names occur. Started at 4.15 a.m. on Saturday, September 19th, with Green and Bevan, for a meet at Priors, Jones, Waters, Bobby Wood, Tyndale White and others courting the rain. A very jolly morning's sport on Monday 21st,



Miss M. Glyn on "Mliss"

a very good show of cubs at Galley Hills and a litter of four in Obelisk Wood, one of which gave us a merry little gallop up to the Squire of Monkham's house, who with his brother was enjoying the gallop; Mr. Charrington having the bad luck to get his horse cast in a ditch. Capital sport too from the Copped Hall coverts on Monday, October 5th—old ones in the Warren, cubs in Spratt's Hedgerow and a run through the Forest to Theydon Road, seen at least by Mr. C. E. Green and his brother George, Major Tait, Mr. R. Wood, Messrs. E. Ball, R. B. Colvin, A. Suart, P. M. Evans and W. and G. Sewell.

A favourite hunter of Miss M. Glyn (bought from Miss Langworthy, Sir William Wiseman's sister-in-law) was "Mliss":



she carried her mistress safely for seven seasons: very quick and active, it would have taken a funny place to put her down or stop her fair owner when hounds were running. Miss Glyn has been very fortunate in her hunters, "Lady Bettie," another favourite, having carried her faithfully for seven years, giving her only one fall.

I believe that the Essex hounds have the reputation for meeting earlier in the morning than any other pack in England. This is, of course, due to the energy of their Master, Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson, who seems to be made of steel from the amount of work he gets through. Wet weather never deters him; so, of course, he was at his post on Saturday, October 10th, when they met at Roxwell at 6.30 a.m., in one of the most uncompromising



Israel's Wood

merciless downpours of rain it has ever been my lot to be out in. Roxwell, at 6.30 a.m., is very handy for the Chelmsford division; but nearer town you require the vivid recollection of an extraordinary good run from this very fixture two seasons ago, during the cub-hunting season, to nerve you for starting to the meet at about 4 a.m., when it is too dark to see more than your horse's ears. Steadily jogging along in the dark, you feel rather like a highwayman; but there is very little chance of a good haul between 4 and 5 a.m. By and-by the lights in the cottage windows look cheerful, and the sound of the horsekeepers' voices getting their charges in from the fields dispel at once any romantic illusions. The rain, which held off at first, came down in right earnest about five, and sensibly increased one's weight by the time Roxwell was reached; and another mile or two covered to where the hounds were already busy at work. Here I must apologise for my imperfect knowledge of this part of the county, but I can vouch that



within three miles of Roxwell a fine cub was chased, killed and eaten before 7 a.m., in the presence of a gallery of some thirty sportsmen. Two small spinneys *en route* to a larger stronghold is the next order; Fitz Johns, I think, is the name of the second one. It is not a minute before hounds proclaim a find, and the cub—they are all cubs at this time of year when they go away—came tumbling out of coverts within two yards of a horse-man's feet, a lovely bundle of brown, and, with ears pricked, went straight away. Hounds are close to him, and the first few fences look uncommonly blind. Bailey shows us the way, and bearing sharp to the right, some very convenient headlands lead us on for about a mile, by which time horses have warmed to their work, and a good scent is an ascertained fact.

Through a small covert, not dwelling an instant, hounds are pressing forward, reaching Israel Wood fifteen minutes from the start. Not a moment for breathing time; they are through and out on the far side, and running close up to Pleshey, which is passed on their left. At the end of



Sparrow Hawks

thirty minutes Bailey stops them, as it is too evident that they have no cub in front of them, and there are other coverts to be drawn. Sparrow Hawks, a pretty certain find, is equal to the occasion, and a fat well-to-do cub only saves his bacon by the hounds going away with what must certainly have been an old one, as for forty-five minutes they ran hard without checking, in a half circle nearly to Chelmsford: a line of country seldom run over, making about a four-mile point, and covering at least ten or eleven miles, as hounds ran back to the covert from which he went away. He still lives to run again; a rare good fox, but hounds deserved blood, as for forty-five minutes they hunted beautifully without any assistance, when, just as it seemed a moral certainty that they would kill, their fox suddenly disappeared beaten—foxes often do, most unaccountably. Unfortunately,



there were not more than a dozen, including the Master and hunt-servants, who stayed to enjoy this run, which would have been voted a good thing in the middle of a good season. Messrs. Marriage (3), E. Tufnell, and J. Christy were among the fortunate few.

To revel in a sunny morning at Coopersale, the hour 7.30, the date Saturday, Oct. 17th, quite St. Luke's summer, came Miss Glyn, Miss Colvin, Miss Tait, Messrs. Jones, Green, Ball (2), McKee, Stallibrass, Waters, Mills and Sworder (2). Cubs in Barber's, Beachett's and Gaynes Park.

Tuesday, Oct. 20th.—Went out with the Harriers. Charley McKee was mounted by Major Tait and was kicked off going to the meet, and afterwards had a fall. Found a fox at Miller's Farm and ran very fast to Hill Hall. Can this be true? Did Mr. Vigne's Harriers occasionally run foxes in those days?



Charles Frederick McKee

Charles McKee now hunts in Northamptonshire, where he has made his mark and finds no difficulty in getting any amount of riding, for his friends are only too glad to entrust any young one or new purchase that requires a *little* more schooling to his fine horsemanship. He does a little between the flags, and



is as modest about his performance in the pigskin as he is about his shooting. He can hit his birds in the right place, so is a very welcome gun ; and he could give most gamekeepers a wrinkle or two at their own game.

Saturday, October 24th, 1885. Another wet Saturday, and another good run. A fortnight had made the meets more get-at-able as regards the time, as it was now 8 a.m. instead of 6.30, and a nine-mile jog to covert was no hardship if you had accustomed yourself to it by regular attendance during the cub-hunting season, which was fast waning. A nine-mile jog, however, was not particularly pleasant in a pouring rain, but the unpleasantness was somewhat mitigated if you were well secured in Cording's waterproofs. Retiring to roost on Friday, one could hardly have anticipated requiring anything of the sort, for was not the rain then coming down in bucketfuls, and had it not been



Latchmore Banks

raining ever since 10 a.m.? No; nothing short of twenty-four hours' downfall would satisfy the clerk of the weather, and we certainly had it on this occasion, for by the time we reached Hatfield Heath it was still raining.

This probably accounted for the exceedingly select field which had assembled, composed only of Mr. and Mrs. Keppel, Mr. Howard Fowler, and the hunt servants. Sir Henry was not out, and Bailey moved off sharp at eight; but *en route* to Wallbury Dells we were joined by that keenest of keen sportsmen, Mr. C. E. Green, and three or four farmers; Mr. Kirkby and Mr. Swarder were also soon on the scene. After killing a Wallbury Dell cub, it looked like spending a morning in Takeley Forest. But there was a snug little covert *en route* on the Bishop Stortford road, Latchmore Banks by name. Bailey cheered his hounds and followed them in; a single hound gave tongue, and Bailey's "Yak! yak!" confirmed the trusty



note, for Wesley's screech of "Forrard away!" was heard as our fox crossed the road. By the time hounds were all out he had a minute start, and, bearing away over the Sewage Farm, we soon found that the rain had not improved the plough, as it was very heavy going. Hallingbury Park was soon reached, and across it hounds ran well up to the house and through the gardens, back over the park, and we were once more in the open as soon as hounds; but it might have been different if we had not had a trusty pilot who knew the intricacies of the two lines of iron fencing that we encountered before crossing the road. Up the hill they went, then, suddenly dipping down, crossed a brook, to which a very slippery bridge was the keynote; bearing to the right, down a long grassy mead, they appeared for the moment to show two lines, but Bailey relied on the forward one, which the body of the pack were holding up to a small plantation. Rounding it, they slipped through a most beastly fence, through which not a glimpse, but only a sound of the pack could be had.



Takeley Forest

Wesley solved the difficulty for us, and the next, under the railway, was solved by the united efforts of Mr. Green and Bailey, who unhinged a gate. Better not to have gone down that archway, for hounds very soon turned back across the line, and two more railway gates defied our exertions. The chestnut showed us the way over a most uncultivated bank and ditch, across two fields (nearly up to horses' hocks), and a friendly archway let us up to hounds again. Crawley here got a view of our fox as he crossed a narrow road; fences came rapidly as the pace quickened, and, before you knew where you were, Takeley Forest was reached. On through the rides, rather rough going, but not boggy. Was that a holloa at the far end? Yes, there was no mistaking it, as it came ringing up the glade. Hounds required no lifting as they struck the open, where Jack was already cap in air, with news of a nearly beaten fox. Over the park some deer crossed the



line, but a herd would not have turned the little beauties, who were now playing a sure game of the best wins. Not checking an instant, you had to keep galloping to keep them in view as they entered Canfield-Hart. Through its long ride Bailey disappeared like a will-o'-the-wisp, and by the time five of us reached the far side there was not a sign of anything. Mr. Fowler immediately plunged back, and found the route hounds had gone. Three remained to inquire the way, and the other, riding the outside, got put on the right path by one of the new voters. Forward, and getting into a wilder country, hounds ran better than ever. Here Mrs. Keppel, who had gone like a bird in the van all the time, had to stop or run the risk of killing her horse, which was done to a turn, and her husband, of course, had to stay to look after her. The field had now grown gradually and beautifully less. Hounds ran up to Canfield-Bury, within one field of the Thrift, the fox's point Dunmow High Woods, which he was fated never to see. The pace quickened, as hounds were now running for blood. The line again, confound it! But there was no occasion to cross it this time, for they had him. "Whoop!"—one hour and fifty minutes, and where were all the two hundred knights and dames of Matching Green?

Matching Green, 1885, was as balmy as May, and from the Journal the following extracts:—Out: Sir Henry on "Mermaid," Colonel Lockwood, Mr. R. Lockwood, Follett, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. R. Bevan, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Major and Mrs. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Keppel, Rev. F. Fane, Mrs. Arkwright, Mr. L. W. Arkwright, the Misses Glyn, Mr. and Mrs. Chisenhale Marsh, Colvins (3), Mr. Tyndale White, Riddleys (2), Messrs. Jones, Ball, McKee, Meek, Parrott, Horner, Parkes, the Admiral, Roffey, Walmesley, Tufnell, Bawtree, Todhunter, Wyllie, Vaughan, Melles. On our way to draw Norwood, from which we had a capital 20 minutes to ground near High Laver Rectory, Mrs. Tait had a very bad fall and Major Tait was kicked in the face going to her rescue, but nearly everyone got down, including Green, Bevan, Sworder, Miller, Ball, McKee, not forgetting Jones.

A real busy day Monday, Nov. 9th, you'll admit if you follow it out. Abridge the meet, in dull, foggy hunting weather, a fair number present:—Mrs. Waters, Major Tait, Messrs. C. and F. Green, W. and G. Sewell, Stallibrass, MacEvans, McKee, Chisenhale Marsh, R. Wood (Mr. R. Wood riding a horse of Mr. Hargreaves), &c. Found in Long Planting at once, and after a 30 minutes' ring killed behind the Hall. Found again in Cranes Wood, and had a very fast thing to ground at Albyn's. At the fence after the brook, do you remember the man you nearly jumped on, Mr. W—? Getting on to another fox at Albyn's they ran him to Crane's Wood and back, the same line to earth which was now closed, and killed about 2 p.m. Then orders for home, but put into Shalesmore on the way back at 2.30, and had a clinking 15 minutes over Hill Hall Park and back to ground—few remaining for it.

Wednesday, Nov. 11th.—Kelvedon Common, a very gentle misty rain falling, wind E., just a day for scent. Did not find until we reached Poles Wood, when hounds went over the hill to the Stondon Road, by Mr. Silvester's, straight to Fryerning Wood, in 20 minutes, over a very blind country; most of us down at least once. Ball, on his grey, twice; Keppel three times. No doubt the fox went on, but Bobby Wood would not halloo, thinking it was a fresh one, so we were done out of killing him. Evidently we must have thirsted for blood after the stirring gallop. On our way back a fresh fox jumped up, close to Mr. Tyndale White's house, and in 15 minutes they ran him to ground at Poles Wood, when Bailey lost his hounds.



Matching Green, 1885

Plate No. 1



Iack

J. K. Wyllie

Bailey

Sir Henry on Zata

E. Ind

W. Smith

R. Parkes

H. J. Müller

H. Swarder



On Saturday, Nov. 14th, an old Lincolnshire friend (Mr. Bertie Peake) came to have a look at the Roothings of Essex; the distance we rode to covert seeming to impress him more than anything else. A little jog of 14 miles to the Hare and Hounds, Roxwell, having to be done that particular morning—we arrived in time for a good 15 minutes from the Osiers—and afterwards from Sparrow Hawks, had a capital run of 1 hour and 40 minutes in the direction of Chelmsford, killing at Writtle, where Mr. T. Osborne, M.P., did the hospitable. In this run, Mr. R. Wood, who was riding "Bull's Eye," came to grief over a post and rails. Home with Waters and McKee. It did not seem at all propitious for hunting when hounds met at White Roothing, for white it looked, after three sharp rime frosts on Wednesday, Nov. 18th, so unpropitious, indeed, that I merely started out for a ride about 10.30, but as one jogged along it became apparent that the sun was rapidly getting the better of it. Falling in with Mr. H. Sworder and J. Gingell, at High Laver Hall, we went on together, arriving at White Roothing only to find that hounds had gone on. We luckily hit them off coming straight towards us in full cry, near Row Wood. Running through that covert and Man Wood, they ran up to Beauchamp Roothing Church, coming back through Man Wood and into Row Wood again. For some time they could not force him out. At last, when he broke, he led us a dance up to Hatfield town, and then ran fast to Down Hall. When changing, after some 2½ hours continuous hunting, they had to whip off. The country about Row Wood was particularly blind, and few escaped downers—Messrs. R. Wood, on "Bull's Eye,"<sup>1</sup> H. Philby, Tyndale White, H. Sworder, F. Colvin and Longbourne coming under my special notice. The Conservative colours were flying at Netteswell on Saturday, Nov. 21st, signals of the approaching election and the contemplated retirement of our much-loved Master—Miss M. Caldecott and her father both wearing blue rosettes. The country was swarming with foxes; the second that went away from Weir Hatches was pulled down just short of Moor Hall.

"Barnsleys and Latton, it mattered not where,  
For wherever we went the foxes were there!"

The Osiers at Passingford Bridge responded at the first call on Monday, Nov. 23rd; the fox, however, swimming the river (those Osier foxes were quite amphibious) and leaving Curtis Mill Green on the right, led us over a big country to Pyrgo. Unfortunately, coming back to Albyn's, two of the best hounds, Felix and Gambler, were staked on the palings. The fox going to ground near the Green, where a companion had taken refuge, they were both bolted and killed. The day wound up with a very good 45 minutes from the Navestock coverts to Poles Church Wood, and to ground at Blackmore Windmill; the last fence into a road, a ditch full of water, being plumed by at least one sportsman. Colonel Lockwood, on his new chestnut, was going very well, also Mr. R. Lockwood on "Bull's Eye," Mr. Philby and Mr. C. Green.

A very uninviting-looking morning, raining hard and blowing half a gale when Meek drove over with me to the meet at Hatfield Heath, on Saturday, November 28th. Few out, and most of them in mufti and flying the Blue Peter, a sign of the approaching election. Finding at once in Wall Wood the fox went straight through it, but coming back led us in a perfectly straight line for about 5 miles over Barrington Park up to Broomshaw Bury in 40 minutes, when, changing, we ran back to the Forest by Canfield

<sup>1</sup> N.B.—Note from Mr. R. Lockwood's Diary: "'Bull's Eye' don't like this country—falls every day."





Thurgood

Ed. Ind  
Jack

J. Sands  
W. Littler  
Bailey

Sir Henry

Major Tower  
W. Smith

R. Parkes

H. J. Miller



Hart, got on to another, and chopped him after running 1 hour and 20 minutes.

From Takeley Street Coppice to the Hart, Bullock's Wood, and over the line into Dunmow High Woods, we followed a traveller and pulled him down in the open within a mile of Blue Gates, at 4 p.m. Home with Meek by Four Ashes, a good 20 minutes' hack. Quite a blue-letter day, Pleshey, Dec. 5th, when the enthusiastic labourers unhorsed Sir Henry's carriage and dragged the most popular Member in Essex to the meet. Two runs of an hour each—the first from Israel's, the second from Boyton Springs—leaving off near Bush Wood, fitly marking the approaching close of Sir Henry's triumphant reign as M.F.H. Home with Ball<sup>1</sup> by Willingale.

Monday, December 7th, Myless Lodge. A perfect hunting day for Essex, a dull grey sky and easterly wind. Found at once in Courtfield Wood, crossed the road and tore down the hill to the brook at the bottom, R. Wood, Bailey and Wesley in single file over the next two or three fences. Rising the hill they jumped into the road out of a kitchen garden straight on, hounds going very fast; a *saw pit* was taken without warning, another steep drop into a lane, and hounds bore sharp to the left, running on at a great pace over Jericho Park, where Mr. R. Lockwood on "Friar" came to grief. Crossing a narrow lane without checking over a very cramped country, reached Horsfrith Park in 55 minutes. From the Menagerie to Curtis Mill Green, the fox swimming the river, brought a very good day to a close. A sharp frost setting in in the evening, skating was in full swing on Chingford Lake on Saturday, Dec. 12th, and in less than forty-eight hours the Essex Hounds were running a fox from Galley Hills to Barbers, having brought him by Spratts Hedgerow very fast through the Forest by Theydon Villas, where unluckily the huntsman got separated from the hounds. Slow hunting marked the rest of the run by Gardiner's Farm and Coopersale Hall up to Barber's, and a burst of 15 minutes, a ring from Orange Wood finishing off near Wintry Wood, the finish of the day.

Another breakfast at Down Hall on Saturday, December 19th, Sir Henry and Lady Selwin Ibbetson giving a hearty welcome to all comers, numerous as they were. The following names occur:—Colonel Lockwood, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, the Revs. F. A. S. Fane, S. Slocock, and L. Capel-Cure with Miss Cure, and Rev. P. H. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Follett, Mr. R. Bevan, Mr. Glyn, junr., Mrs. and the Misses Glyn, Mr. A. and the Misses Caldecott, Mr. and Mrs. A. and the Misses Deacon, Mrs. J. D. and the Misses Hill, Mr. J. Todhunter, Mr. S. Chisenhale-Marsh, Miss Chisenhale-Marsh, Major and Mrs. Tait, Major and the Misses Tower, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Arkwright, Mr. L. J. W. Arkwright, Mr. C. E. Green, Messrs. Charrington (2), Messrs. C. and J. Pelly, Mr. C. J. Bury, Mr. A. Capel-Cure, Mr. A. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. Walmsley, Mr. Roffey, Mr. A. K. Wyllie, Mr. Ball, Mr. H. Stevenson, Mr. Marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Keppel, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. W. and the Misses Harris, and Messrs. G. Poole, T. Howard, H. Rumney, Sidney Clements, T. W. Rowland, G. Hart, J. Ross, J. J. Green, G. Willis and Son, H. Hine, H. J. Lines, I. Kirkby, W. Kirkby, W. Smith (Bishop Stortford), F. G. Unwin, W. Bambridge, P. Tibbles, W. Milbank, F. Milbank (Garnish Hall), T. J. Mills, S. Neave, Meek, H. Sworder (Tawney Hall), J. Wilson (Enfield), Arnold W. Poole, junr.,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ned Ball flatters himself that leaving off anywhere in the Roothings within 20 miles of home, he can give the short cut of any road map, a stone and a beating.—ED.



In the Park at Down Hall



Sir Henry J. Turner J. Bailey  
on "Mulum in Parvo"



H. S. King, J. Eldred, F. Cooper, Elvin, W. H. Littler, J. H. Harris, and others.

Mr. R. Lockwood writes:—"Sir Henry tried to give us the slip and partially succeeded, for they found at once, and went away a rattling pace at the bottom across the river up to Gladwyns, turned to the right by Broke's House past Quick Wood to Hyde Hall Springs on to Wallbury Dell. Here we had our first check of ten minutes—horses wanted it and many of those left behind would never have caught us without it. A boy gave us the tip, and we ran to the Sewage Farm and Latchmore Banks back into Takeley, through the forest nearly up to Hatfield Heath into view, but," &c., &c.\*

After a capital run of an hour from Apes Grove on Monday, Dec. 21st, we finished up with a clinker from the Osiers at Passingford Bridge, running up to Havering through Mr. Pemberton Barnes' garden. They came back and pulled the fox down in the open, and very black he looked before they nailed him near Crane's Wood. Mr. C. F. McKee riding his well known horse "Bill Richmond," Mr. R. Lockwood on "Friar," had decidedly the best of it as they led nearly all the way, the former hopping over the parapet out of Pyrgo Park Garden with a big drop beyond as if it were a sheep hurdle.

Monday, January 4th, Hatfield Heath. For the third time this season this fixture was marked by a wet day; we killed a brace and ran two to ground. It was in the second run near Takeley Forest that Miss M. Glyn, riding "Lady Betty," had the misfortune to break her arm.

Having to go up to town on the morning of Monday, Jan. 18th, I missed a very fast run from Blake Hall to Fyfield. The fox funked crossing the river, which was very deep, and was killed. Mr. R. Lockwood said no one got away with the hounds except Bailey, but luckily I was in time to come across hounds in full cry in Ongar Park, and to come out with the huntsman and a dozen others, as running bang through Beachett's hounds struck the open below Mount Kiln brick fields. As we rode down the steep Mount hill they were on our right, but crossed the road between Jordan's Farm and Barber's Wood, and then swinging away towards the village took us over our favourite brook near Pegrams, into which the Major† went and where his horse remained for some time. Not a check until we had passed Mr. Blott's Farm (now Mr. Flux's), Coopersale Hall. Turning back over Stew Green, hounds crossed the railway below Mr. Fitch's by themselves and spoke to their fox in a drain at Theydon Grove. Another going away, a good deal of care had to be exercised by the huntsman to avoid the spiked palings.‡ Taking it over the road into Watson's, now Ginger's Wood, at the end of an hour he was lost in Ongar Park, by which time it was freezing hard. With snow on the ground and frost and fog in the air, they met at Willingale at 12 o'clock on Wednesday, January 27th, the following being out:—Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby, Mr. Sheffield Neave, Col. Lockwood and his brother, Mr. Edward Ind, Mr. Tyndale White, Mr. H. E. Jones, and Messrs. Kemp (2), R. Ball, A. Suart, J. Walmesley and Rofey. The sport was not so good as the company, and calls for no special mention. Saturday, Jan. 30th, Bay's Grove to Eastwick after 4 p.m. was a gallop above the average, though the river threw us out.

Wednesday, February 23rd. I remember well Mr. R. Lockwood telling me that one of the best days he ever had in his life (his diary says "quite the best day I have ever seen in my life") was the snowy Saturday,

\* The rest of this sentence must be looked for in the next edition. *Ed.*

† Major Tait.

‡ Subsequently Mr. Green had these all defended by boards.



February 3rd, at White Roothing. I cannot do better than give the particulars of it in Mr. Lockwood's own words:—

"Snowing hard, but no frost: I started on 'Friar' for White Roothing, and arrived rather late, but in time to see them find in Poplars and run with their heads up for ten minutes without a check in a ring to High Roothing, where we killed a fox, but the body went on with our hunted fox, and right up to Hatfield Grange, where he was headed and turned back through Row Wood, on across the Hatfield road over a lovely country up to Canfield Hart without a check. Here we must have changed (our hunted fox going on towards Bullock Springs). We, however, ran into the Forest and broke up our first fox. Miss North went uncommonly well on Keppel's 'Rat-tail.' 'Friar' carried me splendidly, and Bambridge went A 1 on a little chestnut; twenty men went very straight and hard in this run of one hour and ten minutes. Drew Row Wood *again*, and found at once. Going away for Broomshaw Bury a tremendous pace they, unluckily for me, turned bang away, and I never caught them till we crossed the Hatfield and Grange road. We then flew to Hatfield Heath to ground at Down Hall, thirty-five minutes without a check. Found again in Man Wood, ran nearly up to White Roothing, headed by Usborne, who was going home, back into Man Wood, through without a check to Brick Kilns on to Moreton by Little Laver, High Laver, nearly up to Tyler's Green. *Here*\* the honest old 'Friar' shut up, and I had to leave them with only four men still going—Loftus, Bailey, Charley, and Forester Colvin. They ran past Belgium Springs to Moor Hall, and whipped off, all dead beat, one hour ten minutes. I got home safely, and 'Grey' was all right next day."

Saturday, February 6th. Following a meet at Roxwell, when the frost was not out of the ground, we had a very fast run from the Spinney below Screen's Park over the Writtle road nearly to Blackmore, coming back much the same line, thirty-five minutes without a check. Col. Lockwood was going very well on "Birdcatcher" and had three couple of hounds all to himself for some way. It was the last ride on my favourite hunter, "Bosphorus," for he broke down, and it was only by borrowing a horse from Mr. Alger at Moreton that I was able to reach home that night; it was freezing hard at 8.30. Poor old chap, four and a half seasons had he carried me faithfully, and he went back to his former master's kennels.† Two weeks previously I had refused almost as much as I had given for him—it was perhaps as well, for he had about stood his time. The runs seem to be coming in the afternoon then, for we had a real A 1 thirty-five minutes with a kill in the open after mid-day on Monday, February 22nd. Taking our fox from Crane's Wood we ran through Hainault Forest and killed close to Claybury, a six-mile point, Mr. A. Darby going right to the front in the run, and when it was over several found their way to his house for refreshment for themselves and their steeds.

Monday, February 15th. Edney Common the meet. Lady Grove the find. The line, Parsons Springs, Fryerning, Thoby, Doddinghurst, Stondon, returning by Blackmore High Woods—two and a-half miles, always going. Have you forgotten this run, Mr. Neave? If so, I remember the wonderful grey polo pony you owned at that time and the way it carried you. Mr. Jones, too, will remember this run.

Saturday, February 20th. High Roothing. A large meet, and all in a desperate hurry (*vide* R. Lockwood's diary). Lady Brooke in a red tunic, Charlie Beresford and Onslow were our "d—d strangers," as Bailey called

\* I wonder he got as far. The other men must have had two horses apiece out.—ED.

† Mr. R. B. Colvin, who kept Beagles at Monkham's at that time.



'em. From Garnett's to Canfield Thrift, and back to ground in 35 min. Hounds shamefully pressed, &c.

Mr. Darby now hunts with the Union. One of the most sudden colds I ever caught came on from partaking of Mr. Darby's hospitality when he lived at Chigwell, after we had killed a fox in that country at the end of a rattling forty minutes' hunt. The sparkling ale from the cool cellar was delicious, but too chilling after the hot gallop. I understand now why Hunt servants like "Dog's nose."\* I wish that Mr. Darby was back in the old country, and that I could try it again under the same auspices.



Alfred Darby on "The Cat"

My diary notes that hounds had a very good run from Ongar Park on Wednesday, Feb. 24th. Owing to very sharp frost they did not turn up before twelve. Found at once in the big woods; owing to the hard state of the ground, I took things a bit too easy, and so was left behind. Mr. Lockwood, however, has another song to sing, another tale to tell, and you shall have it *verbatim*.

"Met at Toot Hill, found in Ongar Park, and ran to Gaynes across through the Beachetts to Shalesmore, across the Stanford brook to Free-

\* Ale with a dash of gin in it.



man's Farm; this was all slow hunting across the river to Navestock, Kelvedon Hall, Bois Hall, and Summer House, back to Shonks Mill, still slow, with some quick flashes along the river to Palmer's farm across nearly to Curtis Mill Green, but not into it, and over the Navestock road to Gilston up to the Dagenham Warren. Here we had a long check, owing to some gas lime, and nearly lost. Going to a holloa forward we heard that this wonderful fox was ten minutes ahead, so on through Dagenham Park down to the Romford road, and parallel with it almost up to Upminster and Havering road, but turned to the right over all that beautiful grass up to Bedfords and through Pyrigo Park, where we were gaining on him fast; crossing the road to Havering down to the Osier Beds, and here we saw our noble sportsman going like a drunken man straight for Hainault Forest. I here did rather a sly trick, but think I was right; seeing Bailey's horse was dead beat, and that he couldn't lift hounds, I rode wide towards the Forest and waited for our fox; he came gamely up to me, then turned and met his foes like a man, and died, I believe, before a hound touched him. I have never seen a fox more completely done. Time, three hours and five minutes; only one real check. Rode "Bull's Eye," who was as fresh at the end as the beginning.

The Essex Hounds have been able to resume operations to the satisfaction of all, for have not all farming operations been at a standstill for nearly a month owing to the frost? But alas, the season of 1885-86, the best on record, is within measurable distance of its end.

At Stebbing, Bran End, on Friday, March 19th, owing to lack of anything approaching scent, they had but an indifferent day's sport. On Saturday, at Passingford Bridge, they fared scarcely better. Before throwing off, a meeting of the members of the Essex Hunt Club was held at Passingford Bridge to elect members and to settle the conditions of the Point-to-point races which are to come off on the 27th, in the Roothings, when two events will be decided. Of these, one is the Red Coat Race to be ridden by the members of the Essex Hunt Club, two prizes being offered, one to the first not carrying less than 14 stone, and the other to the first not carrying less than 12 stone, over about four-and-a-half miles of fair hunting country, with rumours of a *pièce de résistance* in the shape of the High Easter Brook, but as Mr. Gladstone said: "we must not believe rumours." There are the same conditions for the Farmers' Race with the exception of weights 12 stone 7 lbs. being the dividing line. A luncheon to which all the farmers and occupiers of land in the hunt are invited is to be provided. These races are extremely popular with the farmers, whether hunting men or not; it will be a great pity if they are allowed to die out. But this is a wide digression from Saturday's work, almost as wide as the country we drew through before finding. But March is a funny time of the year to find a fox, and a still funnier one in which to kill him when found.

Hill Hall Coverts were reached with scarcely an incident to charm away the monotony of covert after covert being drawn blank, *unless a thick set cob* rolling over with its rider in the middle of a ploughed field and a *good looking-chestnut* showing its ignorance of an Essex bank might be deemed such; and the field had grown very lethargic when a view holloa near the Park paling sent the hounds racing forward, and all was bustle and excitement. "Hold your noise!" was a timely warning from the first whip, as half a score of foot people were ready to take up the cry, and the hounds were excited enough already. Bailey, followed by Messrs. Miller and Sworder, made for the hand-gate leading into the drive, a narrow outlet for the pent-up throng.



As we got through as best we could we found to our dismay that the lodge gate was locked, and the park railings scarcely jumpable. Hurrah! as luck would have it, up came a man with a key; what a time he seemed to take opening the gate, yet it was scarce a minute since our fox was viewed. Hounds had thrown up near the road opposite Mr. Macrae's Farm, but hitting it off again they swept along like a prairie fire and raced up the hill, leaving Beachetts on the left, through a small plantation at the corner of which Mr. Sworder on his young 'un carried away a hand-gate and a gentleman in mufti rattled the rails on the left into the plough beyond, on through another small spinney, over the large fields, and hounds threw up near Berwick lane. Bailey cast them forward, and once more getting on the line they run well up to Toot Hill and lost their fox at the top end of Ongar Park Woods. A few more coverts were drawn without result, but hunting's sweet memories were refreshed and horses conditioned.



Harry Sworder

Worthy son of a worthy father, the late William Sworder, of Tawney Hall. No name figures more frequently in these pages than Harry Sworder's. No better rider, no better sportsman, or more popular man shall you meet with in the Essex country. Thanks to his good judgment, fine horsemanship, and even temper, he is very successful with the young 'uns, upon whose backs he gets most of his sport. Any horse that has been in Harry Sworder's hands for one season with the E.H. is eagerly sought after. Shalesmore, a covert on his land, is almost as sure a find as Tawney Hall—



to the thirsty and hungry sportsman homeward bound—and that is saying a great deal, Mr. Sworder no more taking a “no” to his welcome hospitality than a refusal from a young horse. Long may he and his live and flourish at Tawney Hall.

On Wednesday, March 24th, we met at High House, Harlow. The meet was well attended, but one and all seemed to think it was much too hot for sport. This idea did not lose any of its force, when at the very start the hounds could not touch the line of a fox which was put up on the land of that staunch preserver of foxes and good sportsman, Mr. Matthews, of Harlow Bury.

I think also we were all depressed at the sad death of poor Miss Deacon. I say sad, for it is sad when one so bright, so young, so kind, should be snatched from the midst of us. Her parents have the sincerest sympathy, in their great trial, of all the members of the Essex Hunt.

After trying the Osiers near the canal we came back to Moor Hall, then on to the Mark Hall coverts, via Barnsleys, where there were a leash on foot, one of which they took past Barnsleys and ran to ground near Foster Street.

They then worked on to Harlow Park. While drawing it, a light sandy-coloured fox made his way over from Latton Park. The hounds were soon on his line and he made tracks back for Latton, where after a short interval he broke in the direction of Latton Street, taking us over Harlow Bush Common and away at a good pace to Vicarage Wood and over Mark Hall Park, Mr. Colvin leading the field over the haha into it; on very fast over the park, over the Harlow Road (and, curiously enough, over a field dressed with gas lime) hounds drove along over several pastures, a sunken post and rail at the end of the last one proving an effectual barrier to a *weight-carrying black* and a *light-weight grey*, to ground close to Harlow town, about half way between the George and Great Eastern Railway, time 40 minutes from finding. Mr. Rider, the hospitable host of the George, brought out refreshments, of which a good many availed themselves. Weir Hatches was tried without finding; *en route* to Parndon Woods a fox jumped up, and led us a dance by Parndon Hall through its shrubberies, from which time he was seldom out of view until the hounds ran him into Weir Hatches; but if Mr. R. Wood had not jumped off his horse and run to the earths he would have saved his brush.

Some men are born huntsmen, and it was a fine piece of finesse. Our friend had nothing left but to face the open, or the railway and canal. He chose the former, to his destruction, and was pulled down after a nice little gallop. A very satisfactory day's work for March. Two to ground and a third killed.

Managed to land “Badger,”\* a horse Mr. Walmesley had given me, in the first six in the Red Coat race at High Easter on March 27th, and afterwards rode him in a very good 20 minutes (which speaks well for his stamina) with a fox we put up in the open near Margaret Roothing, which after taking us through Berners and Screens was pulled down in a hop garden.

March 31st. Met in the High Street, Epping. A day so windy and rough that the whole of the Hunt, hounds, huntsman and all, were driven to seek shelter from a violent storm in Mr. Wederell's Farm. But the

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\* “Badger.” This horse, before Mr. Walmesley bough him, won a point-to-point in the Blackmore Vale.—ED.



gallop from below Spratts Hedgerow, by Ball Hill over the Bury land to the Warren, was worth staying out for.

Saturday, April 3rd.—Met at Harlow Common, the going very heavy and the leaf in the hedgerows.

Among those out on Saturday, April 3, at Harlow Common I noticed the Master riding "Phantom," Mrs. Arkwright, Major, Mrs., and Miss Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. and the Misses Caldecott (2), Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Keppel, the Rev. L. Capel-Cure and his daughter,



Sir Henry on "Multum in Parvo"

Mr. R. B. and Miss Colvin, Lady Brooke, the Misses Glyn (2), Miss Oliver, the Rev. F. Fane, Mr. Todhunter, Mr. G. Hart, Mr. Bury, Mr. H. Swarder, Mr. J. Gingell, Mr. Green, Mr. Harris, Mr. Elder, Mr. Suart, Mr. Horner, Mr. Jones, Mr. Follett, Capt. White, Mr. E. Barclay, Messrs. Pelly (2), Messrs. E. and R. Ball, Mr. Chisenhale Marsh, Mr. Byng, Mr. Sheffield Neave, Lord Charles Beresford, Messrs. Roffey, Charrington (2), Kemp (2), Dickinson (2), Crosse, Parrot, Blackborne, C. F., M'Kee, Dent, Bambridge, Harris, Hill, and Rowland.

After an indifferent morning's sport we arrived at Deer Park, where



they found a brace, one fox going away towards Copped Hall, the other towards Nasing Coppice. Hounds were laid on to the line of the latter, and they ran fairly fast towards Nasing Coppice, entering at the bottom end of it. By the time several of us found ourselves well in the middle of it and our horses up to their hocks in the boggy track we were traversing, we could hear a holloa away at the top end. Mr. C. E. Green extricated us out of the difficulty by turning sharp to the left down a narrow pathway and jumping over a boggy and trappy place on to Nasing Common; but there was no great hurry, for scent was never good, but hounds made the best of it, and the field revelled in the luxury while it lasted of some nice grass fields properly and judiciously fenced, with hounds just going fast enough to make craning a sin and gap-shoving immoral.



Andrew Caldecott

Ball Hill was reached, and "Bambridge" brushed over the rails in the corner without touching a bar; the showy-looking chesnut's education was rapidly improving in the hands of a workman. He was one of the first to cross the road with hounds as they ran full cry through the remainder of the wood. A couple of colts belonging to me which were turned out in a wood skirting Ball Hill for the *second time within a week* showed their partiality for hounds by joining in the chase, the consequence being that they were returned on my hands next day with a polite note from the farmer declining to keep them any longer; by the bye, they do not seem any the worse for their adventures.



Mr. Caldecott must have hunted with the Essex Hounds about 45 years, having been a regular follower of them in the time of Mr. Conyers. Until he came to Pishobury in 1865, he used to send his horses to Ongar or elsewhere over-night, and drive on from Woodford. Mr. Caldecott was a very good judge of a horse, and always rode a compact, well-bred animal about 15.3. He was noted for his geniality, whether in the hunting



Miss Maud M. Caldecott on "Mickey"

field or at home, and in his faultless get-up was the envy and admiration of all the dandies of the hunt. Better still, he always had foxes at Pishobury, and many a time have we run over the border in the good old days when he lived there. And if frost-bound, who ever gave a heartier welcome to the skaters, or who ever defeated more bandy teams that ventured to challenge them than Mr. Caldecott's family?



"Mickey" was Miss Maude Caldecott's favourite hunter, and no wonder, for when this portrait was taken he had carried her twelve seasons, and during that time had given her only five falls. Equally at home in Leicestershire or Essex, Miss Caldecott's father made a good purchase when he bought "Mickey," at six, off from Mr. John Darby in '85, fresh imported from Galway. It is only during the last few years, however, that Miss Caldecott has hunted in Leicestershire, and, alas! that I should have to record it, on one of the days that I met her at the covert side with the Pytchley Hounds, she confessed that the grass countries pleased her most; but I did not assent when she hazarded the opinion that she dare not face the Roothing ditches again, for I vividly recalled that there was no lady who, in a quick burst or hunting run, could cross them better than she did on her favourite hunter "Mickey."



A Meet at Copped Hall Lodge Gates

THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON, 1886, one of, if not the best on record, will remain green in the memories of those who partook of its pleasures when other things have faded and withered away. Indeed, hunting is something more than the sweet intoxication of the moment, and cold-blooded indeed must be the man who cannot recall with vivid joy the runs in which he has taken part when, with a good start and well mounted, hounds ran with a scent breast high. But few of our joys are unalloyed, and in this case the last day of the season that has just passed away will have its lustre dimmed when we remember that it witnessed the termination of the mastership of one who had endeared himself to all; yes, Sir Henry will carry away the heartfelt thanks and best wishes of all those—and their name is legion—who have enjoyed sport under his firm but gentle sway, and their sorrowing regret at losing him.

Among those who assembled at Copped Hall Lodge on Wednesday, the 14th April, to see the curtain fall on the final scene of the season 1886



were Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Major and Mrs. Tait, Mr. C. E. and Mrs. Green, Mr. R. B. Colvin and Mrs. Farnell Watson, Rev. F. Fane, Mrs. Waters, Mr. Sands, Mr. Sheffield Neave, Mr. Bury, Sir Lunley Graham, Mr. J. Harris, Mr. J. V. Walmsley, Mr. Stuart, Mr. G. Hart, Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Green (of Parndon), Mr. Pemberton Barnes, Messrs. J. and C. Pelly, Messrs. Frank Stallibrass and Charley M'Kee, on two good-looking polo ponies, Captain Campbell, Mr. H. Savill, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. T. Carr, Capt. White, Mr. S. Chisenhale Marsh, Mr. Parkes, Messrs. Ball (2), Ridley, Hargreaves, Kemp, Shorter, Sewell, Crosse, Bambridge, Shelly, Meek, Barnes and Rowland.

Those who had speculated on a morning in the Forest were not disappointed when Bailey trotted off with the hounds in the direction of Warlies. Reaching the Park, a hollow tree, which had afforded a sanctum



Obelisk Wood

to a hunted fox at the end of last season, was first made good, and in leisurely order we approached Obelisk Wood, a snug little covert, taking its name, no doubt, from the obelisk which stands within its shade. The keeper who looks after this (I believe it is one of Sir Fowell Buxton's coverts) deserves a gold medal, for did we not find one of the finest litters of cubs hounds ever dispersed on Monday, September 21st, one of which gave us a delightful gallop to Galley-hill? And here, on the last day of the season, a fine dog fox went away, much the same line.

A narrow handgate at the side of the wood let us through, quite fast enough, to feed the gap in the second fence, a widish ditch with hedge on far side. Mr. Colvin, on the Enfield chaser, disdained the gap and scored a lead. No second glance at hounds wanted to tell you they were running. Bearing sharp to the right, some half-dozen fields brought us down to the road, where there was a slight check. A cast from Bailey set them



all right, and for the next twenty-five minutes hounds required no further assistance as they ran, through Shatter Bushes, and turning sharp to the left favoured those who turned with them, for at the pace they were going, as a good many of us found out who went round the top end of Shatter Bushes, there was no catching them until they had reached Nasing Coppice in twenty minutes.

The day was close and moist, and horses had not time to get their wind before our fox was away again with hounds close to him, doing his best to reach Galley Hill, but being dead beat, he turned sharp to the left, out of the green ride, and in two fields found refuge in an earth in a narrow plantation, scarce his own length in front of hounds. Thirty-five minutes from the start. Two yapping little terriers were then brought on the



Spratts Hedgerow

scene, which their owner, in language more forcible than polite, declared would soon fetch him out, but their bark was worse than their bite, for they failed to accomplish it.

What a covert Galley Hill is! Scarce were hounds in before another dog fox was flying for his life. Headed in his first attempt to break toward Monkams, he bore up the hill and broke as if for Deer Park, but, turning sharp back, went at such a pace through the wood that all but a lucky few were left behind with such a deplorable start that they could never catch hounds again until they had pulled their fox down in Warlies Park. Taking the road under the brow of Galley Hill for about three hundred yards, they left it to turn up towards Monkams at a rattling pace. The ground was heavy and holding, so no wonder Bailey's horse whipped round at a high bank with hairy fence on top. A chesnut\* came at it,

\* Mr. Crosse's.



but—hang it!—was over, scarcely displacing a twig. Luckily the next comer, a bay, made a hole big enough to sink a decent sized ship and let us through safely. Crossing a lane near the Osiers, hounds checked on a plough, and a lot of people driving on the Waltham Road with commendable judgment stood still while Bailey made his cast over it. They were on again, and coming down to the Cobbin's brook ran its margin for a couple of fields, crossed and raced into their fox in the boundary fence of Warlies Park, seventeen minutes on the grass, "with only that one little check upon the plough boys."

Deer Park was another moral, but a fox away from it in the direction you wanted him was quite another thing. We were in luck, however, for he broke over the lane near Mr. Carr's and crossed into Shatter Bushes, and taking very much the same line as our first fox, brought us to Nasing Coppice at a clipping pace. But he had no friend there to help him, and, scarcely believing it could be true, hounds were out, that grand young hound "Banker" leading, and racing over the grass, the very same line, no doubt the very same fox, we ran on April 3.

The pace was a cracker, Bailey, Messrs. Hargreaves, R. Ball, and Capt. White were going in front, not a fall or refusal, and in the same order crossed the road which divides Ball Hill and runs up to Parvell's Farm.

"Bellman," that good hound, staunch and true, had the lead out of Ball Hill. Leaving Spratt's Hedgerow on the left, and Copped Hall on the right, they lead us very fast over this good scenting country, through the wood near New Farm and up the hill to the Forest, entering it at its nearest point to Epping; they skimmed along the Theydon side, leaving us all in the lurch.

The field galloped blindly, frantically down the hill through Theydon Bois. Turning to the right, up the Forest road, and reaching the outskirts of Theydon village, we heard that hounds had streamed past like a rocket five minutes to the good. Some of us, including Chisenhale Marsh rode on, staking all on hounds having gone to Loughton Shaws, but the further we rode the further we were left behind. Others more fortunate, with Bailey, hit off a ride to the right, which led straight up to the gorse near Luffman's, Golding's Hill, where they caught a glimpse of hounds running towards the Robin Hood. Getting up to them, the hunted fox was viewed over the road just in front of hounds, a fresh fox crossing at the same time, and going the same line, hounds got on the fresh one's track, but he had not stood up for an hour or more in front of hounds; a cool jacket and the bad scenting ground of the Forest baffled hounds, and scent died away. Near the Wake Arms Bailey reluctantly had to relinquish the joy of adding another scalp to his saddle bow and the long list of trophies which have made this season so famous. Ninety-four times have hounds been out, 27½ brace have they killed, and 17 brace run to ground.







Parndon Hall

## CHAPTER V.

*Loftus Arkwright—A Fatal Thunderstorm—Wet October—Matching Green, 1886—James Duke Hill—Canfield Hart—The Melton Doctor—Knight of Kars—T. Osborne—The Dunmow Clothier—A Cat and Mustard-pot Day—Harlow Bush Common—Dobbs Wood—The Skewbald Horse—St. Leonard's, Nasing—William Sworder—Shalesmore—Xmas Eve, 1886—A Long Frost—Matching Green, 1887—The Knight of the Black Cap—The Great Stag Run on Xmas Eve, 1887—Unrivalled Sport—George Brown—Suart's Caress—Bye Days—Bentley Mill—The Surrey Deer—F. Avila—Matching Green, 1888—The Kind Samaritan—Canfield Mount—The Kildare Flyer—The Stranger Scores—Canfield Thrift—The Wake Arms—Penned in the Warren—A Fence we don't get in Essex.*

LOFTUS W. ARKWRIGHT was a good deal better known to the older members of the Hunt than to me, for I only knew him even if I look back 20 years, when he was no longer able to ride, but he dearly liked to discuss hunting with anyone who was out, and had a wonderful knack of seeing a run from his carriage.

Well versed in all the difficulties that beset farming operations (for did he not, when living at Rundells, farm Marles Farm himself?), he was a man after the farmer's own heart; very little grumbling was heard when he held the reins of office, but very wide and sincere regret was expressed when he relinquished them.

Owing to a domestic bereavement, my hunting notes of the season '86-87, which saw Mr. C. E. Green in charge as Field Master, were not commenced before October, when I find that on the 16th of that month, after driving over with him to a 9 o'clock October meet at Good Easter, we had a capital morning's sport, killing a fine cub in the open, and getting caught in a tremendous storm afterwards. It was not so bad as the one by which we were overtaken four days later, when the Master drove Mrs. Waters and self over to a 10 o'clock meet at Hatfield Heath, when a poor fellow was



killed close to us by a flash of lightning, and we were exposed to the full fury of the storm for about an hour, and an effectual stop was put to all further proceedings. Wet October as the fourth time running, we were all soaked through at the Coopersale meet on the 23rd. Plenty of cubs, but no sport.

Among those present at Matching Green in 1886 were Sir Henry and Lady Selwin Ibbetson, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Arkwright and Mr. L. J. W.



Loftus W. Arkwright

Arkwright, Lord and Lady Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, Colonel Lockwood and Mr. Robert Wood, Major and Mrs. Tait, Colonel Wodehouse, Mr. Hervey Foster, Mr. W. S. Chisenhale Marsh, Miss Gosling, the Rev. F. Fane, the Rev. J. J. Baker, the Rev. P. H. Powell, the Rev. R. L. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Baillie Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. and the Misses Caldecott, Mr. E. Ethelston, Mrs. and the Misses Glyn, Mr. J. D. and Mr. Reginald Hill, Messrs. E. and R. Ball, R. Y. Bevan, Mr. and Mrs.



Tyndale White, Mr. Drummond Cunliffe Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Todhunter, Messrs. Ridley, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. F. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby, Mrs. S. C. Charrington, Mr. H. Charrington, Mr. Cecil Colvin, Mr. Arthur Capel Cure, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Walmsley, Mr. and Mrs. Keppell, Miss Fort, Mr. Melles, Mr. St. Maur, Mr. H. G. Heneage and Mr. Wilson (Hyde Park), Mr. and Mrs. J. and the Misses Harris, Mr. Crosse, Mr. Sedgewick, Mr. Longbourne, Mr. H. E. Jones, Mr. Tower, Mr. G. Hart, Messrs. Gingell, Mr. Wm. Swarder, Mr. Henry Swarder and Mr. F. Swarder (Great Hallingbury), Mr. B. Dickinson, Mr. Wyllie, Mr. S. S. Poole, Mr. W. and Miss Smith (Bishop Stortford), Mr. John Miller (Bishop Stortford), Mr. J. S. Brunskill, Messrs. G. and G. H. Harris, Messrs. Littler, Mr. P. Tippler and Mr. J. Webb.



James Duke Hill

Reggie Hill's father, James Duke Hill, hunted regularly with the Essex Foxhounds, of which he was a staunch supporter, from 1866 to 1886. He always rode a good horse, and always rode straight—on one occasion too straight, for he jumped slap into a pond, and got a very nasty ducking.

A brace to hand, one of which afforded a good run of forty-five minutes, is no mean performance on the opening day. Mr. Arkwright, our Master,



his huntsman, Bailey, and his aides-de-camp Cockayne and Champion, and last but not least, our field-master, Mr. C. E. Green, are to be congratulated on such a successful commencement. Someone else must relate particulars of this eventful day, where they went, how they went, how they fell, and how they felt after falling. I am alluding now, of course, to the mighty Nimrods and graceful Dianas who never miss the opening meet. I can only venture to take liberties with a few names of the fifty odd who mustered on the following Wednesday at the "Axe and Compasses," near High Roothing Street, on a day by no means inviting from a sporting point of view—a rising wind and a falling glass, with every appearance of a wet jacket before night.



Canfield Hart

High Roothing, Springs, and Canfield Thrift for once belied their reputation, but their near neighbour, Canfield Hart, held at least a leash, some said two brace, to make amends for the previous draw. Two stole away while hounds were busy with a third, who made but an ignoble struggle for his life; about two turns up and down the Hart, a short circle in the open, back to the Cottage near the Wood, finished him and lunched the hounds. By the bye, which do hounds prefer, to race into their fox in twenty-five minutes or cook him in one hour and fifty? Do you know Wilson's Springs? If not, let me tell you that it is not three miles from Takeley Forest, nor is it three miles from Canfield Hart, neither was it drawn blank this Wednesday. Breaking on the opposite side to the Forest, our fox crossed the road and led us a merry dance up wind, and circling round reached the Springs again, and disappeared. That fifteen minutes was very nice, very fast, and allowed very little time for looking at fences, though plenty for plumbing their depths.

Let me warn strangers that Mr. Balls's chesnut horse is as dangerous to follow as the celebrated Doctor of Melton renown—how after going three or four fields he swept over a blind yawner and how Mr. Arkwright,



following in his wake, got over after a struggle, which sent the rest of us right and left to pick an easier place ; how two fields further, the owner\* of the gallant " Knight of Kars " went " deeper than did e'er plummet sound " into a Roding ditch and lost his place ; how by the time a certain stile was reached, leapt, rapped and refused, and how some one else took a wrong turn, and how scattered the field had become by the time a brook was crossed, and Mr. Arkwright had viewed the fox over the road into Barrington Park—are now matters of history.



Thomas Usborne on "Basalt"

Thomas Usborne, here depicted on "Basalt" has never been quite so keen about hunting, since he undertook to represent the chief county town in Essex in the Conservative interest in 1892. But apart from politics, forty years in the hunting field will take the edge off any but the keenest appetite, just as the



pleasure of seeing a son taking that place in the van which one used to occupy must compensate for any loss of enthusiasm: more especially when the pleasure of enjoying the society of those who come out to ride about and not jump desperate places, is enhanced by the companionship of two charming daughters.

A fox from Row Wood at 2.30 in the teeth of a gale of wind was not to be sneezed at, but a yawning ditch with Mr. Usborne's horse in it required careful consideration, and a tail hound getting in your light just as you were hesitating about having a fling at a fence gave you a *bona fide* excuse for craning. The "Knight" made light work of a five-barred gate into a lane; the chesnut for once chanced a blind ditch, and brought the first man down, and the chase swept merrily on, until headed by some unseen cause our fox doubled back, which involved a lengthy cast and brought hounds to their noses, and spun out an hour's slow hunting with the loss of a beaten fox near Takeley Forest.

Oh! isn't the country blind?  
Of course it's awfully blind,

should be the burden of the next hunting song. It would be sung with gusto by followers of the Essex Hounds at the present time. A few more days such as last Friday and Saturday, followed by the necessary frost, will improve matters and make the country more rideable. Rain, rain, and plenty of it, formed the chief item of Friday's sport, when they met at Stebbing Bran-End, but led to the discovery of a shop in Dunmow where a change of raiment may be procured that will do for even a *welter weight*\* for the modest sum of 16s.

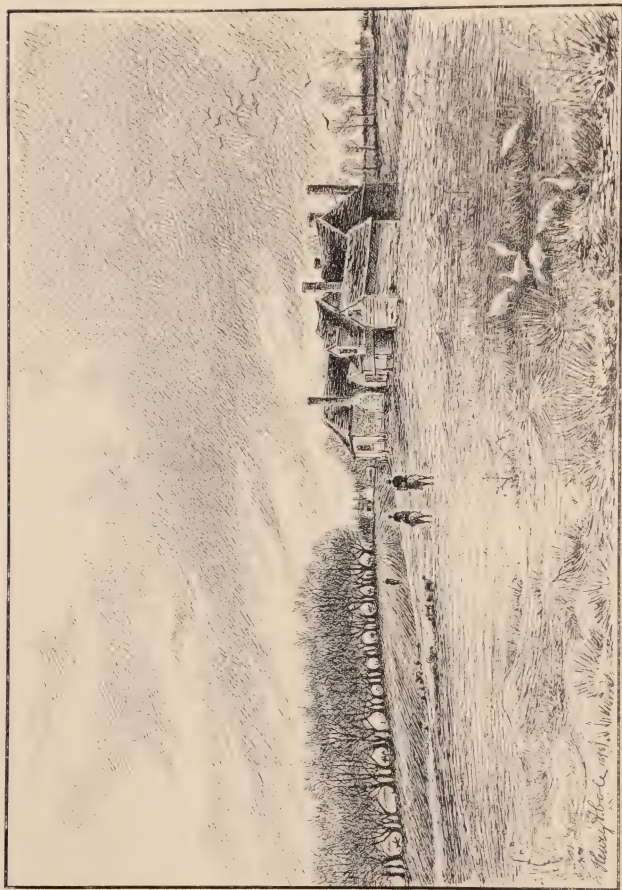
Saturday was a day on which nobody the wrong side of five-and-twenty ought to have been out. I devoutly wished myself in bed after starting for the dim and distant meet at Pleshey, on November 10, but nothing stops the Major,† and there was no backing out of a seat in his carriage if I wished to be asked again. Cat and mustard pot! Half a dozen cats and mustard pots will give you a faint idea of the day—violent squalls with drenching showers of rain; no wonder that there were only about fifty men out—among them our late M.F.H., Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson—he is another that nothing stops; we had some fairly wet and rough days last year, but he was always there)—Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. G. Sylvester, Mr. Back, Mr. L. J. Arkwright, and Mr. H. E. Jones. By the time we reached Israels, I should say that the wind had shifted a point or two nearer the N.E., for it was certainly colder and scent was certainly better, and for forty minutes hounds ran well, losing their fox near Hartford-end. Perhaps it was as well that they did so, for the East Essex Hounds turned up at the same place about the same time inquiring for a hunted fox, and there might have been some dispute as to whose fox it was had either pack killed. They found again at the Osiers near Roxwell, and 6 p.m. saw them still trying to dig out the varmint with aid of match and light of moon, but to no purpose.

They had a good run on Monday with a fox from the Osiers near Bourn Bridge, the last thirty minutes being the most interesting part over a good country, ending with a kill in Mr. Crane's plantation. Disasters were many, and excuses numerous from those who were thrown out and who

\* C. E. Green.

† Major Tait.





A Meet at Harlow Bush Common



were not where they ought to have been when the fox was run into. Being out for a little exercise in the afternoon, I came across one contingent of bewildered sportsmen near Bishops Hall, with blank despair on their faces, and wild entreaty in their tones as to where the hounds were—a thing I very much wished to know myself. However, a keeper helped to solve the knotty point by telling us that he had seen them pointing for Curtis-mill Green and that they were running hard.

Eventually we fell in with hounds on their way to draw again, but even on the faces of those with them there was not that happy and beaming expression one would like to have marked, after such a rattling gallop and splendid finish, and a little bird did whisper to me that only about a dozen besides Bailey had seen the fun. Another fox was viewed away from one of Col. Lockwood's coverts near Apes Grove, but hounds could not run a yard.

Pastime for princes ; prime sport of our nation  
Strength in their sinew and bloom on their cheek ;  
Health to the old, to the young recreation ;  
All for enjoyment the hunting field seek.

The "all" were decidedly in full force last Saturday. Harlow Bush has its attractions. In the summer the fairest of the fair meet there to pursue their favourite pastime, tennis, and as the days shorten they gather together again at Harlow Bush Rooms, which stand out in the middle of the common, to enjoy the stately waltz or the maddening galop, for are not the Hunt and other balls held there? But after all the greatest attraction is a meet of the Essex Hounds. May it long continue to be so. The secret of the popularity of the meet is the abundance of foxes in the neighbouring coverts. Contrary to precedent, but no doubt in order to shake off the numerous foot people, the hounds were taken off at a good pace to the further end of Parndon Wood, and within five minutes of being thrown in they had found.

It is all very well to make certain good resolves that in big woodlands you will keep within sight of the huntsman and never leave the beaten track; but how hard it is to carry them out. So it is no surprise when we lose the hounds in Parndon, Ongar Park, Blackmore, and such-like woods, and find oneself inquiring of every man on a stack, "Have you seen the hounds?" but thank your good luck, rather than commend your judgment, if you do get away from these woods on anything like terms with hounds.

Who got away when the fox tried to make his first point, but doubled back and ran the further wood, I cannot say, but when he crossed the road the Parndon side of the woods the second time, and another fox was holloed back at the same instant, there were very few near enough to see Bailey enter the field, and cheer his hounds on to the fox they were running. Mr. George Hart was one. It is a hard matter for hounds to leave him the wrong side or inside the biggest woodland, and I would wager that that bugbear of the shires, Owston Wood, would not hold him.

But they were away, and pointing as straight as an arrow for Parndon, but taking a sharp turn, luckily a favourable one for most, whether they had secured a good or a bad start, they left Mr. Coleman's Farm on the left and crossed the road near Mr. Todhunter's, and bore up the hill on the grass, ran the plantations in the park, in the furthest of which the body of the pack come to a check. But two or three couples of hounds quicker than the rest had gone on: a glimpse of their sterns as they disappeared through a fence two fields ahead and their merry music gave Bailey a clue, which he seized at once, and over the plough they went as fast as they had gone on the grass, and inclining a little to the right and through a narrow



belt of trees, entered on a more open country, and quite half a mile in front, breasting the hill towards Pinnacles, the pioneers of the pack could be seen; but there was no occasion to try to get to them quicker than hounds were taking us, in and out of Watery-lane as fast as one could make room for another, over a convenient gap of which someone seemed rather inclined to take a lease; a stiff piece of plough up to Pinnacles put the finishing touch on horses out of condition. The hounds were through the first of the two coverts known as Pinnacles, and as we galloped towards the second a locked gate barred further progress. Bailey turned his horse round and was over directly; Mr. Miller had a cut at it and incurred a carpenter's bill which would no doubt be willingly paid by those who got through so comfortably afterwards and reached hounds as, now a united pack, they ran the second half of Pinnacles.



Running for Pinnacles

Out they came, right among us, bearing away to the right towards Parndon Hall. Eighteen minutes to here from the time of finally leaving Parndon Woods. Away down hill, very little of Bailey except his cap could be seen as his horse safely and cleverly carried him over a regular Parndon Bank. Our fox, with a due regard to a dry skin and with a rare knowledge of the country, crossed the brook by a bridge; and close to the master's house (Parndon Hall) in Ram Gorse, this gallop came to an end, twenty-five minutes from the start.

You should have been at High Easter last Saturday, November 20, my dear friend—no headache should have kept you at home—ten minutes in the early morning as a *hors d'œuvre*, with twenty-five minutes as an *entrée*, to the grand *pièce de résistance* of fifty minutes and a kill in the open. Yes, a kill in the open! The "King William" is now in very good hands, and you can send your horse on overnight, with the satisfaction of knowing that



he will be well looked after, and that you will not be charged an exorbitant price for the accommodation. About 10.30 last Saturday traps from various points of the compass, but chiefly the south, discharged their loads; horses were brought out, and quite a cavalcade was soon *en route* for High Easter, last associated in the memories of most of us with the two point-to-point races which came off at the end of last season. Diverse, as usual, were the prognostications about the probabilities of a good or bad scent among those who ventured an opinion, but generally with the qualification that scent is a mysterious thing. And so it is, my dear friend. The first ten minutes' brush from Garnetts hardly settled the question, but demonstrated *that* gaps into a road are not to be trifled with, *that* the sun in your eyes lends additional complication to a Roothing ditch, *that* to work out the labyrinthine twists of a skirting fox hounds want occasionally turning to the huntsman, and that if a whip's horse won't jump it can't be done.



Dobbs Wood

A brace of foxes, at least, took advantage of this interval to make good their exit from Garnetts, and horses recovered their wind while Bailey ran his hounds through. No go! Ditto, Crows Wood. For Dobbs Wood in the future I shall always have a hearty affection. None of your large, overgrown woods, but as snug as a parlour, with a good start a certainty if a fox means going. One crash of music round the covert and the red rover had gone. Each for himself at the half-opened gate at the end of the wood. A pulling horse is sometimes useful on such occasions. "Very sorry! Beg your pardon! Could not hold him!" Away, and going like smoke upwind, into and down a muddy lane, which is willingly left. Grief to the left of you; grief to the right of you; hounds right in front of you: onward we thundered. Lord's was nearly touched, and at the end of an exhilarating twenty-five minutes Crows Wood was reached, and our fox lost. Pace favoured the light-weights, foremost of whom was Mr. Tyndale White.



Dobbs Wood again. Perhaps pick up our hunted fox. Hounds were soon through it, and on their way to Lord's, when (thanks to the keen sight of Mr. Osborne), a crafty old varmint, which had better have lain still another minute, was viewed stealing away. The twang of Mr. Green's horn brought Bailey and hounds back to the scene post-haste. What a pace they went to Garnetts!—too good, our premier feather-weight\* thought, to shirk a Roothing ditch guarded by iron sheep hurdles on the landing side. The rattle of hoof on iron, and both were safely over. Through Garnett's, not dwelling, they kept driving on, crossing the High Easter and Pleshey road, and taking us nearly fence for fence, over the Red Coat Point-to-Point course of last year. Good Easter was nearly reached when our fox took a sharp turn back almost the very same line he had come.

Hounds were now running, eager for blood, and close on his tracks, the many twists and turns he made, which huntsman and pack patiently unravelled, clearly indicating how the game was going. The conclusion on the High Easter and Pleshey road was witnessed by at least three ladies—Mrs. L. Pelley, Miss Horner, and a stranger—who, all credit to them, rode every yard of the run. Of the fifty odd of the sterner sex who witnessed the final scene, it would be invidious to select any as having borne more than his share of the burden and heat of the day; but certainly when hounds went fastest, and fences came thickest, *a certain skewbald horse† shot like a meteor to the front.*

It is not often that it falls to one's lot to chronicle two such good days' sport as last Saturday and Monday. My feeble pen fails entirely to do justice to them. Saturday's game took place on the plough. Monday's work was on the grass—about twenty miles as the crow flies, a fair stretch of country intervening between the two scenes. A fox from Nasing Park at 11.15, if hounds could have owned him (which they utterly failed to do), would have thrown late comers, Galley Hill skirthers, and Nasing Coppice expectants entirely out of it. In the preliminary excitement of a fox away, which left not a trace behind, Jim Cockayne's horse gave him a nasty cropper over an insignificant piece of timber.

Back to Nasing Coppice, and a fox was viewed away at once in the direction of Galley Hill. He obtained a good start, as hounds were some time before they came out of covert; but when once clear of it, hounds drove along at a good pace for Deer Park, straight through it, and on through Shatter Bushes, away down the hill for Obelisk Wood, which was not touched. From here to Waltham Abbey nothing but grass and easy fences to keep you from touch of hounds, who were travelling fast enough to leave you two fields to the bad if you stayed to open an obstinate gate or to catch a riderless horse, and to lose you your chance altogether if you courted a cropper or toyed with a fence. Within a field of the New Inn at Waltham Abbey the fox was running in view, and you would have given him another three fields at the outside for leading the dance; but he was as deceptive as a stout stag refreshed from a bathe in a stream.

A taste of the River Lea, or the smell of the gunpowder works, must have put new life into him. Running the banks of the river for about a mile and a half, he took a line to the right, through Monkham's. And no better compliment could he have paid to its owner, now Master of the East Essex, who, with his two brothers, had chosen this day for a peep at their old country. Would they were always with us is a wish that will find ready echo in the heart of every follower of the the E.H. Down to and

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\* Roly Bevan.

† Mr. J. Longbourne's.



crossing the Waltham and Nasing Road, hounds went straight over the opposite hill, entering a narrow plantation on its crest, where some think we changed. Hounds raced on as keen as ever. Over or into a rotten-banked brook, as your horse took you, and exactly fifty minutes from leaving Nasing Coppice, our fox was marked to ground in a drain in Mr. C. Bury's garden. Flasks and sandwich cases were brought out, and hearty congratulations exchanged, while a terrier was sent for, which quickly evicted the fox, who as quickly reached the sanctum of Galley Hill and baffled his pursuers.

No fox could have taken a better line—no, not if you had asked him—than the one we got away with from Deer Park about 2 p.m. Grass every yard of the way from there to the forest; the line through Shatter Bushes and Spratt's Hedgerow; well-gated fields, and what more did you want than a fair start? About three miles as the crow flies in seventeen minutes is average travelling. Some little time was spent in the forest, to which



St. Leonard's, Nasing

our fox was evidently a stranger, as he kept in one corner, but finding hounds rather too pressing in their attentions, he took to the open again, crossing the road below Copped Hall Green into Warlies Park. Hounds got on fresh terms with him at Obelisk Wood, running well up to Galley Hill, and after twenty minutes' patient hunting pulled down as crafty an old dog fox as ever dodged huntsman and hounds for one hour and forty minutes. Only twenty remained to hear the shrill—

"Who-whoop! they have him!—they're round him; how

They worry and tear when he's down,

"Twas a stout hill fox when they found him, now

"Tis a hundred tatters of brown!"

A very pretty thing the 35 minutes from Belgium Springs, following a



meet at High Laver, Wednesday, November 24th, which I am afraid Miss Maud Gellatly, driving "The Plum,"\* did not see, though she probably fared as well as some of the following, who got down, for hounds ran at a rare bat to Harlow Park, and the sun was right in their eyes:—The Huntsman, Messrs. C. and F. Green, Major Tait and his nephew, Mr. Sheffield Neave, Mrs. Waters, Captain George Capel-Cure, and many others. Nearly nabbed in Mr. Wilson's nursery garden, he came away over the Common, and running through Barnsley's, got to ground near the Kennels; afterwards a line we don't often run now, from Moor Hall to Pishobury.



William Sworder

William Sworder, of Stapleford-Tawney Hall, was not a young man when I first made his acquaintance, but he was what he always continued to be while he could throw his leg across a horse—a customer across country. With fine seat, iron nerve and great experience, whatever horse he rode he was always seen in the van. No truer friend to hunting ever lived. No more courteous gentleman have I ever met in the hunting field or elsewhere. He was a fine type of the yeoman farmer, a type, alas, which too surely is passing away, but which, while a Sworder lives at Tawney Hall, will never die

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\* "The Plum," formerly a favourite hunter of Mrs. Waters.



out. Such men have formed the pride of the country side, and he has left behind him several sons worthy successors, of a good father, as long as being a straight, God-fearing citizen counts for anything.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1886.—A day snatched from the frost by a few keen sportsmen. The frost was certainly not out of the ground at 11 a.m., but "fortune favours the brave," and my informant relates that there were no mishaps, and that the ground rode very well. Lucky dogs! how I envy them. My mouth waters now as I think of the sport they had; and others will have the same feeling who know the country and follow the line. Mind you, hounds had not been out for over a week, and when they will get out again remains a problem to which to-night (Tuesday, Dec. 28) has given no clue. To-morrow, ye gods! we may be sleighing, skating—hunting, alas, I am afraid not.



Running for Shalesmore

But I must cease this drivelling, and drop you at once into Beachetts; the hour about 1 p.m., I believe, as my friend rode into the middle ride in time to see Bailey laying hounds on to a fox that had gone away across Mr. Daniel Miller's farm towards Tawney Hall. A lovely line this; but, as good or bad luck would have it, for every minute the going was improving, this fox made good his escape. Bailey held the hounds all round the meadows to Well-eyes, but could not hit it off, so took them on to Shalesmore, and not finding there, went on to Bush-grove, a small covert at the top of Hill Hall Park.

They had not been in a minute before he was on foot; they rattled him round once, and out he went down the hill towards Brook House, bore to the right, across Mr. D. Rumball's fields, and straight across the park out by Mount Church, across the road down the hilly fields to Shalesmore,



across the meadow in front of Mr. Sworder's house—(how the sight must have thrilled that veteran's heart, and brought back glad memories of other days when he himself was always in the van ; but he lives again in his son, and to-day is in the van once more ; that neat black coat follows no guide, needs no lead, and covers a heart that never beat with a jealous throb)—hounds drove on, crossing the road, and over Mr. Sworder's ploughed land towards Sir Charles Smith's house.

The pace up to here had been very fast, and a slight check came as a welcome respite to horses, on whose condition a week's frost had already begun to tell tales. A man at plough had turned the fox, and hounds were soon on terms again, straight to Stanford Rivers Rectory, where they got a bit too much to the right (30 minutes to this point). A holloa back a little on the left—(it was here that about six more who had been riding to find hounds all day nicked in)—Bailey took hounds to holloa, and got them on the trail, but the fox must have been headed, as hounds ran straight back to right.

One hound had strayed behind puzzling out the forward line herself, to her Bailey soon came back with the pack, and they ran on through Kettlebury Springs, down to the bottom, along the brook, until they came to the lane that runs to Toot Hill, up which they ran for some distance, as if they were going straight to Ongar Park, but he had turned sharp to the left across some meadows, and Northlands now seemed his point. However, he took a right-handed turn, and set his head straight for Ongar Park, and led them right up to the Toot-hill road, but was probably headed by a boy clamping mangels.

Once more he took to the open in the direction of the Mole Trap, across the big ploughed fields on Tawney Common, nearly up to Beachetts, and turning sharp to the right across the road, at the end of an hour and a quarter reached what proved to be the sanctuary of Mr. Chisenhale Marsh's Woods. He was seen by a woodman in covert dead beat, and he was hunted on and off for another three-quarters of an hour, during which he was actually rolled over by a single hound, but out of the very jaws of death, in spite of the determined efforts and patient perseverance of Bailey, he managed to get away.

My informant further adds : " I never saw hounds and huntsman work better all through ; it was a rich treat ; nobody to ride over them ; no cramming and jamming for places ; you can just imagine what an opportunity it was for seeing them work. The going was first-rate, a bit heavy on the plough, but the rain in the morning had made the banks all right." Major Tait, Mr. R. Bevan, Mr. Neave, Mr. Miller, Mr. Crosse, Mr. Horner and Mr. Harry Sworder were among the fortunate few who saw this sporting run.

After meeting at Hatfield Heath, December 15th, none but a few hardy spirits (who snatched a day on Christmas Eve), thanks to frost, had any more hunting before January 19th. When we met on that day, the snow had by no means disappeared, and little good was done with a fox they ran from Screens. On the bye-day, Thursday, January 20th, at Harlow Common, there were not more than thirty out, including Sir Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby, Mr. C. Green, Major Tait, W. Sheffield Neave, Mr. E. Ball, Mr. Loftus Arkwright, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. H. E. Jones, Mr. G. Hart, Mr. Green of Parndon, Mr. Follett, Mr. Bambridge. The first run of 40 minutes, with a fox from Mark Bushes, leaving Barnsleys and Harlow on the left, and up to Moor Hall by the Osier Beds, killing near Harlow Station, was distinctly good, as was also the hunting run of an hour and a half from the Osiers, leaving off near Parndon Hall. Messrs. R. Ball,



Lee, Follett, and Longbourne voted the 30 minutes from Curtis Mill Green to ground in the Navestock Coverts, on Monday, February 7th, about the best thirty minutes they had had that season. Evidently they were of the very lucky few who got away well with hounds. After killing a Gaynes Park fox near Coopersale House (Miss Archer Houlblon's), on Saturday, February 19th, and running a Lower Forest fox towards Parndon and back to Weald Coppice, Mr. George Hart found us a fox in the open in one of his fields, which gave us a capital forty-five minutes before being run into near Beachetts, one hound securing him, Mr. Harry Sworder eventually taking the fox from the hounds.

If Matching Green of '87 did not afford us much excitement in the way of sport, neither will it stamp itself on our memories by any regrettable incidents. The county was well represented by its youth, beauty, and fashion; Prince Francis of Teck, who was staying with the Ibbetsons, being amongst the number. Would there had been more of our *best friends*, the *farmers*, to swell the numbers. Most of those present had their photographs taken, some of them several times. None looked smarter than Mr. Arkwright on his grey, and may his pink coat be our beacon in many a good run this and seasons to come.

A good steady trot brought us to Norwood, and a good steady rain found us ringing its changes with a faint-hearted cub—forgive the word—that gave the field little fun, but the field master a good deal of work, and Mr. Porter Matthews' wheat something more than a rolling, before the cub got to ground. If it had not been out of consideration for the wheat that cub would be witnessing in the shape of his head and tail to the prowess and hard riding of some fair equestrian and bold centaur, but Mr. Green wisely decided that the field should move on to Brick Kilns.

From it a fox considerably took us to Man Wood in lengthening line and by handy road; and so to Matching Green. Leaving it on the right, hounds ran well over the grass towards High Laver, Mr. Sworder, on his young un', well to the front, and Mr. Bevan and Mr. Crosse making light of timber strong and bull-finch blind. Passing close by the Leather Bottle, hounds were brought to their noses, soon reaching Brick Kilns, where ended quite a nice little run. Man Wood held a brace of Home Rulers, who occupied hounds and huntsman for the rest of the day—a very wet one.

A BYE DAY.—Lucky were the few, considerably under 50, who got wind of the news that Monday's fixture would hold good for Tuesday, Nov. 22, weather permitting. Weather did permit. What we did in the early morning matters not. Scent was bad, but had slightly improved when at ten minutes to two a great slashing dog fox left Latton Park in the direction of Parndon, swinging along in that leisurely catch-me-if-you-can sort of fashion, as much as to say, "No scent to-day."

But hounds were at his brush, and feathered out his first twist through a narrow belt of young trees two fields from the covert; across a wheat field they carried the cold line to another plantation, and reaching the grass they raced over Rye Hill Common. A wide ditch off the common had to be negotiated by one and all, through Mr. Clark's farm, another cold bit of plough, and Parndon woods were reached; straight through the first to the accompaniment of lovely music we entered the second. No band of Indians on the war trail were ever more eager to reach their foes than that thin narrow line of scarlet and black were to thread Parndon woods.

As we regained the open hounds were already skimming across the clover field which separated us from the last of the three woods. Taking the line right to the far side, they were soon over the road on to Mr. Ralph



Matching Green, 1887



A. Waters

Mrs. Bennett

Loftus W. Arkwright  
(in his carriage)

J. G. Crosse

R. Lockwood



Palmer's farm. The gates were locked, the ditch was blind, and the dun cob nearly rolled on his rider, but flattened the fence, and Bailey was over like a shot, hounds tailing up the furrowed field; a deep drop on to Nasing Common, hounds simply flew across it (Nasing Common always carries a scent), Mrs. Bowlby, Bailey, the dun cob, and "Boycott" in the van, the rest of us doing our best over the ant-hilly common.

We all like that gallop across the common when we can get it. Usually there are better things beyond. Mr. Green had the key to the coppice, and reached the far side as soon as Jim, who crashed in and out in time to view hounds away towards Galley Hill; but on the cold plough scent failed again, and no one but a heaven-born huntsman would have hit that line off in the direction of Deer Park.

There was hardly time to give horses a breather before we were away through Deer Park and swinging down towards Galley Hill. Here hounds and huntsman scored a great triumph. They stuck to the hunted fox, who threaded the whole extent of this huge covert, and then retraced his steps in the direction of Nasing Coppice. Patient and slow hunting brought them to this snug little piece again, and a view of the almost beaten fox put new life into every one. Boldly he faced the open. Lovely grass, flying fences, burning scent could have but one ending. "Whoop!" within a field of Hunters Hall, and Mr. Jennings on his gallant grey was one of the few who saw the finish of this good two hours' run.

Monday, Epping Long Green, November 28th, wind S.W., but little of it, and very mild.

"Yon sound's neither sheep-bell nor bark,  
They're running, they're running—go hark!"

And Jim's bell-like voice rings out clear and distinct, the "Gone away," from the extreme end of Deer Park.

"Dash down through the cover by dingle and dell,  
There's a gate at the bottom—I know it full well;  
And they're running, they're running—go hark!"

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Yes, my boys, and gallop as hard as you like, hounds have the best of you to Shatter Bushes; but the crowd emerge on good terms, and charge the first fence in line, and are bang on top of hounds at the next, as our fox has taken a very sudden turn. Warlies Park is reached, and merrily the chase speeds down the brook. A sharp bend necessitates a follow-my-leader at the ford which the huntsman discovers, back to Shatter Bushes, horses lathering freely. "Outside," says the "Oracle" \* on the chestnut; "Hounds are coming back to us," says the "Knight of the Black Cap," † and "Bellows to Mend" say we who follow them, before the lost ground is made up, for hounds are speeding on swiftly, silently like a dream: but, unlike a dream, your nag responds to the prick of your spur and slackened rein, and, as you regain the chase, you notice that there is no more twisting and turning, but a bee line in the direction of Waltham is being worked out. As we reach the hill that overlooks the vale that intervenes between us and Waltham, a welcome check and timely caution of the Field Master makes us pull up. That cast of Bailey's at the bottom of the ploughed field is worth a king's ransom. As we charge down the hill and regain the grass, hounds have settled down again, and Waltham Abbey is nearly

\* Mr. R. Lockwood.

† Mr. H. Sworder.



touched before it is apparent that our fox has gone hurrying back from whence he came. Mrs. Stout's farm is passed on the right, the Cobbin brook crossed, re-crossed and crossed again, and the field is fairly spread-eagled by the time Warlies is reached, and our fox marked to ground.

A few minutes suffice for all to come up, and separate groups of three, four, and five discuss this good run of 55 minutes: the spade completes what hounds have nearly done, the fox comes out a wreck, and is eaten to appease the poultry owners of these parts. A brief, pleasant scurry to Pinnacles brings the day to a close. In a very slow hunting run from Blackmore, on Monday, December 5th, in which a fox found in the High Woods was pushed through Ingatestone and killed near Writtle Park at the end of 1 hr. 20 min., we note that among many others who had croppers, owing to the sun being in their eyes, was the Mate on his chestnut horse, and that Mrs. R. Lockwood, riding her pony "Lady Sandy," was not one of the unfortunate many who were left behind in Parson Springs, but saw the run and the finish.

Wednesday, December 14th.—The Kennels, wind S.W. Another record of a bad day's sport; no luck again. Men's thoughts began to turn towards stag hunting.

The season so far has been a very good one for staggering in Essex. Last Saturday's run is only typical of the sort of thing these hounds have had nearly every time they have been out. It was a good day, a clinker—as I think you will allow when you hear that without any roadwork or view of their deer hounds ran hard for *one hour and forty minutes* over the *very cream* of Essex, scoring a fourteen-mile point as the crow flies before they were baffled by the network of wires in the neighbourhood of the Royal Gunpowder Works at Waltham.

At 12-30 that priceless hind, Miss Thoby, was uncartered at Matching Green, and ten minutes later fifty horsemen were riding desperately keen after the nine couple of hounds that were flinging eagerly forward, leaping the Roothing ditches in their stride. Two roads were crossed in rapid succession, and with the wind on her right flank our quarry headed for the Lavers.

The pace was too good to notice any landmark before Magdalen Laver Rectory was viewed on our right; away past Sewalds Hall, and the remaining ten miles were nearly all on the grass. Nearing Mr. Hart's farm the Master's horse whipped round at some rails, but followed the lead of a man on a chesnut, who was riding right up to the hounds. As we clustered in the road while hounds were working the line out over it we noticed that the ranks of the followers had become visibly thinned.

On over Mr. Hart's wheat, and we reached the Rundells steeple-chase course. Miss Jones, who had been piloted by her father right in the van up to this point, unfortunately came to grief over a big drop, but with no worse luck than loss of place. Not so Mr. Neave's popular and hard-thrusting secretary, Mr. Suart, who, I hear, at the same time had the misfortune to kill his horse.

But, still and silent as a dream, hounds sped over the grass, crossing the Harlow-road near the Cross Keys. Little Marles was passed on the right without the slightest check. Over Mr. Kemsley's farm in a pelting hailstorm hounds hunted steadily on, and the Epping road was crossed just below the Vicarage, Mr. Walmsley leading the way in and out of it, for the deer had gone on. On, still on, was the cry. Orange Wood was left on our right, and the narrow plantation running up from the keeper's house threaded to the musical cry of hounds, Mr. Neave, showing the way in



and out of it, and over the next razor bank, and passing Spratts Hedgerow, hounds surged down to Shatter Bushes, which was soon left behind; nor was there the slightest check when Galley Hill was reached.

Here a great many had had enough, or, for some other reason best known to themselves, never came on, missing one of the nicest parts of the run, for there was a burning scent through the cover and hounds never dwelt a second. Mr. Neave's shrill holloa of "Forward away!" came echoing back to us as we struggled through, and as we reached the boundary fence hounds were already two fields to the good, and soon were breasting the hill towards Monkham's. As we left the plantation on Monkham's Hill Mr. Colley came down, but not before he viewed nine couple of hounds—the full complement we had started with—leave the covert in a cluster, nor could there have been a more beautiful sight than these staunch hounds sweeping down the hill towards that silvery



Past Epping Church and Vicarage

streak which could be discerned in the distance. Alas! though a narrow stream, it proved on this occasion a veritable Styx. Quicker than one can write it, hounds were on the brink, dashed in and out, and were lost to sight in a belt of trees which bordered another stream—a moat of defence around the Powder Works. One hour and forty minutes and the fun was over.

Making our way to the nearest bridge, we had to ride right into Cheshunt before we could get to the point where hounds had last been seen. Valuable time was lost over this, also in getting the hounds out of the cut, the Master having to ferry across to them in a powder barge, and lift many of them out of the water. The deer, however, had been viewed by a good many foot passengers, and conflicting accounts as to her route were, as usual, given; but, by the time Mr. Neave struck the line again beyond



Enfield Lock, the shades of night were falling fast, and sadly he had to relinquish the chase near Sewardstone, the latest intelligence being that she had gone on to Epping Forest. Once in that sanctuary it was more than doubtful whether she would ever be recovered, and Mr. Neave would not have lost her for £50. Mr. Edward Neave, Mr. Colley, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Walmsley, Mr. W. H. P. Barnes on "Gamecock," Mr. Henry Lawrence, Mr. Blackborne, a stranger, and a lady,<sup>1</sup> who rode straight and fearlessly from start to finish, were the only ones who witnessed the Master recover the line on the Cheshunt side of the river Lea. This deer was never recovered. By the time we reached my house, the Master having accepted an offer of a lift home for his hounds, it was fairly late, and we found a Christmas tree in full swing. Mr. Colley subsequently sent one of the youngsters a watch as a memento of his surprise visit.

They say, and they say it with reason, that a day with staghounds sharpens a fellow up across country. Was this why so many followers of the Essex Hounds forsook their pack on Saturday, January 14th, to hunt the lordly stag? Or is it the increasing popularity of the hounds, which, under the Mastership of Mr. Neave, are having such unrivalled sport? Among those who came to meet him and his *aides-de-camp* (Messrs. Colley and Suart), I noticed Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Harrison, Mr. H. Lawrence, V.S., Mr. Walmsley, Mr. Roffey, Mr. Tyndale White, Major Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Keppel, Mr. Bowlby, Mr. A. J. Edwards, Mr. Bagot, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. R. Ball, Mr. G. Willis, Mr. Howard, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Foster, Mr. W. Sewell, Mr. G. Sewell, Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. D. Gingell, Mr. J. Gingell, Mr. W. Symes, Mr. Hill, Mr. Borwick, Mr. Sands, Mr. Price, Mr. Mathews, Mr. W. H. Pemberton Barnes, Mr. Crosse, Mr. Blackborne, Mr. Waters, Mr. Elder.

At 12.30 hounds struck the line near Moreton Mill, and for the next ten minutes it was a case of hammer and tongs, for there was a capital scent. Away in the direction of Little Laver, a bank out of a road brought to early grief a youth on a cob; and a widish ditch near Capt. Meyer's house held more than one. There was a moment's respite, but only a moment; when hounds reached Herring Grove, and exactly ten minutes from starting, they were away from it over the Park, with the deer pointing for Envilles, but leaving it to the left near Mr. Mathews', they ran the road for a couple of hundred yards to Little Laver Mill, and then struck into a lovely country. The Master, as usual, cutting the work out, led in and out of a narrow lane over a couple of stiles; Mr. Harrison simultaneously coming to grief over a rasper.

As we reached the Moreton Road the stag was viewed going out of the river; and Mr. Neave, with some difficulty, stopped hounds for a minute, for they were very keen. The moment they were laid on again they were away at score, a convenient ford coming in the line. A roughish country, nearly all plough, took us to Bobbingworth, and velvety grass brought us to Dewley Wood. Passing it on the left, the Ongar line was passed near Blake Hall Station; and a sharp turn to the left towards Ongar, with hounds carrying a beautiful head over these rough stubbles and rough fences, with Mr. A. Kemp well to the front on "Kingston," could be noted. Next, rounding the narrow spinney near the line, they made for Greensted, through Mr. Dodson's farmyard, ran the road for a couple of hundred yards, and then followed much the same line that a fox had taken us this

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Bowlby; her first day's stag-hunting. It may be readily imagined that she carried away very favourable impressions of the sport.—Ed.



season, up to Stanford Rivers, where our stag jumped up out of the brook in view, but without any difficulty shook off his pursuers, and was soon lost to sight.

On over Mr. Lawrence's Farm at Toot Hill to Gaynes Park Wood. There was music there, a galloping tune, through this long wood, which hounds left in a compact body, and streamed across to Rough Talleys, and ran parallel with the rail up to Weald Station, where they turned under the arch; and getting a view of their quarry over the road near Mr. Willis's, ran right up to him at Little Weald Hall, at the end of an hour and forty



George Brown on Norah

minutes—a good run, a good stag, and a good take, for Mr. Suart did the trick well, and a struggling stag in his gentle caress has no more chance than a new-born babe in the hands of its nurse. Many availed themselves of Mr. George Brown's kind hospitality, his house being a regular harbour of refuge for stag, Master, and hounds.

Who could wish for a heartier tribute than this? 'Tis from the pen of Mr. George Hart, in 1897, and those who have known Mr. George Brown will endorse every word of it.



Long may he flourish at Bobbingworth Hall Farm :—"A very dear old friend of mine. Many a time have we ridden together, and may I be spared to see him going still in the distance. I look upon him as one of the best men to get across country on an untried or rough horse. You never saw him skirting. When he has passed away, he will leave a mark behind him that will not be forgotten. He rides straight and he goes straight, and I should say, has never lost a friend."

*A Bye Day*—And a real good one, Tuesday, Mar. 6th, when frost not being quite out of the ground after a three weeks' stoppage, hounds did not leave the kennels before twelve. After running and losing a fox from Gravel Pit Wood, a move was made towards Hobb's Cross to try for an outlier who was quickly found, and pushed through Hubbard's Hall at rare pace. After one ring round Barnsleys he was away by Potter Street and Netteswell, running past Mr. Todhunter's up to Pinnacles, and after one hour and forty minutes was lost near Parndon Hall, the day being wound up with a gallop from Latton through Harlow Park to the Lower Forest. There were very few out, but among the few who were going very well might have been noted Mr. H. J. Miller and Mr. R. Lockwood; the latter, although he knew it not, was having his last ride on his favourite chesnut hunter, "Bull's Eye." On March 9th, in the Point to Point races at Thaxted, the author had the misfortune to kill him.

Saturday, March 24th, Navestock Heath.—A lovely day for scent, wind east; a little snow had fallen in the morning, but the sun shone out well when we left our *rendezvous* for Weald Park, which every one seemed to think would be productive of no good. However, we were all mistaken, for scarcely had hounds been thrown into the Park before they found. To extricate ourselves caused considerable delay, and an awkward and boggy ditch brought early grief; it was maddening to be riding the outside circle with only occasional glimpses of hounds. When at last we caught them in Weald Park they were not long before they led us into difficulties again at the Dagenham Brook. Mr. Green's horse went bang in, but emerged on the right side. Bailey's horse persistently refusing, yielded at last to the persuasion of his spurs and my lash. Eventually a very promising run came to an end near Pyrgo Wood. Mr. Avila had a nasty fall over some timber, and Miss Morgan fell at the brook. The next run was one of the nicest I have had this season. The fox, a very red-looking varmint, went swinging away from a snug lying wood on the slope of a hill near Weald Park, and hounds came away at blast of horn close at his brush. The first grass field was quickly crossed, and we swung left-handed to turn a covert through which hounds were rapidly working. Away up a ploughed field and with a burning scent you began to wish yourself over the Dagenham brook which appeared in view. As hounds reached it they ran its banks for a hundred yards, but to take this turn with them required a bold horse, for a ditch of brook-like dimensions barred the way. Mr. Kemp hit it off at the same place as in the previous run, followed by Mr. Bevan and another. My mare refused, and in we went; managing to scramble off her on the right side, I gave her a jerk and by struggling hard she landed on *terra firma*.

The hounds meantime had turned left-handed, and their music echoed back from the woods round Rochetts. After negotiating the brook what ecstasy to be with hounds again, how exciting to view them away from Hatter's Wood. The huntsman gladly accepted Mr. Sworder's lead over



a wide brook which had to be crossed ; a momentary check in a lane, and they were swinging on again in full cry ; another brook brought Mr. Avila down, and in as awkward a fix as one could well wish to be, right bang under his horse. Jumping down, I holloed to Bobby Lockwood to sit on its head, and getting hold of Mr. Avila by the shoulders and with the help of another man we pulled him out. By Pyrgo House they flew over the Park and past Boylands Oak, but the fox was out of his country, and within three fields of Hainault Forest turned back over Havering and Pyrgo Park, through Pyrgo big woods, when he was run into near Dagenham to the satisfaction of all, a good hour. Of those who saw the finish we find the names of Messrs. Swarder, Arkwright, Bevan, Green, Pratt, Kemp and Sewell.



Frederick Avila

A customer, you say at once, as you look at this portrait, and a good-hearted one to boot you would add, if you would be correct, for he is both. No horse and no country comes amiss to him. He is one of those farmers who, thanks to his knowledge of the points of a horse, and his aptitude for making a promising young 'un into a good hunter, has managed to enjoy



the Sport of Kings on fairly easy terms to himself and with satisfaction to his hunting friends, for no one extends a heartier welcome to fox or stag hounds when they cross his land or to the Harriers, who regularly meet at Theydon Hall Farm.

Mr. Neave has had a remarkable season, one brilliant run being duly succeeded by another. Only a month ago his hounds cut the record of a quarter of a century, running between twenty-five and thirty miles at such a fearful pace that only six, including the Master, saw the finish.

On Saturday, March 31st, the famous Surrey deer was enlarged at Mr. Jackson's, Sorrells Hall, Willingale, and owing to the Essex Hounds, for some reason or other, not being out, a rather larger field than usual assembled to meet the Master. With the wind north-east, and dull misty clouds obscuring the sun, it was a typical hunting morning, and the moment hounds were laid on the question of scent was settled at once, for they simply flew.

Crossing the Screen's-road, they turned towards Spain's Wood, where they were momentarily at fault. A hat up in the direction of Witney Wood, and you were more than lucky if you could obtain even a glimpse of hounds at the tearing pace they were going. Skirting Witney Wood, they swung towards Fyfield Hall up to the river near Fyfield Mill. To have hit it off at the wrong place would have been destructive at the pace hounds were going. Mr. Neave, and by far the larger contingent, rode left-handed with hounds over Mr. Raby's land up to Heron's Farm, and here, ye gods, a handy ford came in the line before we embarked on a lake of grass—I say a lake advisedly, for the fields that fringe the river to Forest Hall are as flat as a billiard-table, and the upstanding fences that divide the different meads such that you might ride a four-year-old at them with impunity.

Mutual congratulations were exchanged at this rattling twenty-five minutes' burst, and while the Surrey deer refreshed himself in the brook near Forest Hall, a very scattered field had time to recruit. What a welcome respite that ten minutes was, or many must have cried "a go"! Getting to work again, the Fyfield and Ongar-road is reached, and from its eminence a lovely panorama of an undulating and open country spread out before us, with the vision of a staunch pack of hounds fleeing over it, swiftly, silently as a dream.

"Silence, you know, is the criterion of pace."

Mr. Christy piloting one contingent on the left, Mr. Neave leading another on the right, down to the river near Moreton Wood. Again a ford came in handy, but as hounds turned right-handed for Moreton, a new flight of rails, with a yawner on the far side, had to be reckoned with. Mr. Kemp, followed by Miss Morgan, solved the difficulty on the right by jumping in and out of the wood, while Mr. Neave and others struck the road on the left, a lucky turn, for right in front of those on the right stretched a wire fence, and none too soon came the warning cry of "'Ware wire!" But there was a *weak spot in it*—a good honest 4 ft. 6 ins. of timber, the length of a horse. Mr. Kemp grasped it at once with ready eye and bold heart, and landed safely over, followed by Miss Morgan, and, I believe, also Miss Jones and another lady, and so rode parallel with the left contingent, who were using the Moreton-road to some tune.

The more forward ones avoided a bend in the same by turning into a ploughed field with the hounds, but gained little, as hounds turned immediately, still running parallel with the road. That gate into it



slamming in your faces, Messrs. Jones and Hull, I admit was hard luck, for each second put a brace more pursuers between you and the pack. Like a cascade, hounds came over the bank into the Moreton-road, near the stone bridge, and immediately hit off the line on the grass beyond, on Roden's Bank. Here a lot of us wilfully—I might almost say wickedly—shut ourselves out from view and touch of hounds by deliberately bearing left-handed up the road to Padler's End, but a muddy lane at the top of the hill brought us more luck than we deserved, and let us up to the van again, who were following the Master's lead over a high wattled fence and ditch into the muddy lane, where an awkward fence and brook barred the way—the very spot, if I remember right, where Mr. G. E. Green got in with his good grey mare in a memorable run from the Lower Forest—Mr. Marriage, of ready resource, lifted a gate off its hinges, and found a ford.



Thomas Read Hull on "Marigold"

T. R. Hull is as well known with the stag as the foxhounds, and is a good supporter of both, making them very welcome over his land at Blackmore. He is the right weight for a long run, or a quick thing with staghounds when the ground is deep: he is not an easy man to follow, and is a very difficult one to catch when the pace is good, for he smokes little and drinks less, and has undeniable nerve; his son takes after him.



In the meantime hounds had disappeared over the brow of the hill, all by themselves—no, not quite unattended, for a thrusting light-weight<sup>1</sup> in untanned buckskins (how did he manage the brook?) was in close pursuit, and disappeared over the hill with them. A lucky turn brought us all on terms with hounds again as they crossed the road below Mr. James's farm, and took us over a lovely line of grass up to Magdalen Hall, which was left on the right. On by Belgium Springs and skirting Rolls Farm, and bearing away over Mr. Metson's land, Thrushes Bush was reached, and close to Harlow a deep drop landed us into a road which commanded the driving pack, which within an hour and twenty minutes from time of starting harboured their quarry in Harlow Town.



The Moors, "Bentley Mill"

Saturday, April 7th, Bentley Mill.—Last day of the season. Bailey, owing to his accident at the races on the previous Thursday, was not with us, the consequence being that hounds were all over the place, but they managed to kill a fox; the ground was getting dry and scent was by no means good.

This season, which at one time promised to be as disastrous as '79 for farmers, owing to the continued wet weather right into August, brightened up considerably by the end of that month, and a truly Indian summer set in with September. Necessarily harvest was very backward and corn cutting and carting were still taking place when hounds met at Latton Park to open the season, at 6 a.m. on Thursday, Sept. 20th. A brace of cubs fell ready victims and satisfied the thirst for blood of hounds and followers. Among those out I had time to note Mr. Todhunter, Mr. and the Misses Caldecott, Mrs. Waters, Miss Tait, Miss Maud Dawson, Miss

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Tyndale White.



Harris, and Mrs. Bennett on wheels, Messrs. Arkwright, Sworder, Miller, Doxat, Roffey, and Charrington (2).

Saturday, Sept. 22nd.—A lovely morning for hunting, fair harbinger of another summer day. Hare Street, at 6, saw the punctual ones *en évidence*. The later ones, among them yours humbly, missed the chivvy of the first cub, but what more enjoyable than to drop in for a good spin such as the second one gave us, and take your first plunge over one or two trappy ditches? Two brace killed might be voted a brace too many, but nevertheless must be recorded. Much the same throng witnessed the game played out as noted on Thursday, though Mr. R. Ball's and Mr. and Mrs. Keppel's names may be added.

Where were the cubs in 1888?

Thursday, Sept. 27th, at Galley Hills, there was a very poor show.

Monday, Oct. 1st, at Abridge, a very good one and a brace were killed.

Saturday, October 6.—At Coopersale a very fair show, but no scent, so bad sport.

To the uninitiated I cannot give a better description of Matching Green than by quoting the words of that riding author and sportsman, Mr. W. Westall, who, in his thrilling narrative of Nigel Fortescue, in "The Hunted Man," says: "A quaint old Essex village of single-storied cottages, with dormer windows, thatched roofs, and miniature gardens, set in a fair landscape and clustering in picturesque irregularity round as fine a green as you will find in the county." Well so it is, but what took place on this particular occasion on Monday, November 5th, yet remains to be chronicled. It is always sad to remark the absence of well-known and well-loved faces. Sir Henry's cheery smile and greeting were missed by all; but we congratulated ourselves that he would soon be in the saddle again. Major Tait had not yet recovered from his polo accident, and Mrs. Arkwright, who quite recently had a providential escape from being killed, was unable to ride; nor was Mr. Roland Bevan there. It must always be so; familiar faces disappear, new ones greet us, and it is only careless, happy youth that marks it not. But let us glance at the more cheerful view of the scene. The rain had just come in time, and foxes, if not too plentiful, were known to be good, young hounds had been well entered, and Bailey's nerve, "ye cravens," harder than ever.

Mr. C. Green, though in black, was as usual a conspicuous member of the Essex as he would be of any hunt, neat, keen, and a very necessary part of a very fine weight-carrying horse; the young master spick and span, the van of the light weights, and among others the Father of the hunt, the Rev. F. Fane, the Ridleys (3), young Tuffnell, the Misses Caldecott, Mr. Caldecott, Mr. and Mrs. Chisenhale Marsh, Messrs. Crosse, Kemp, Jones, Sworder, Miller, Miles, Tippler, Miss Glyn, Messrs. R. Hill, Tyndale White, Walmsley, Harrison, Christy, Mr. and Mrs. Lyon Bennett, Messrs. C. Bury, Avila, Howard, Lawrence, Hull, Vaughan, Oliver, R. Lockwood, Pemberton Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Miss Maud Dawson, Miss Tait, &c., &c. Alas, that it should be chronicled that Man Wood and Brick Kilns were drawn blank on this memorable morning of Matching Green; but such is the fact, and apparently the sole tenant of Enviles or Norwood was killed at the end of a twisting fifty minutes, in which there was lots of jumping, lots of craning, and hounds very freely over-ridden, Mr. Nicholson certainly scoring the biggest lep. No chance of a gallop, and it's going to rain, said Robert; but, nevertheless, he stuck to hounds and joined the numerous throng that clustered round Down Hall.

\* Mr. R. Lockwood.





G. Hart	H. Sworder	F. Bowlby	McAdam	Rev. L. Capel-Cure
J. Harris	(of Hallingbury)	T. J. Mills	H. Charrington	H. Elder
H. J. Miller	G. Waters	Col. Lockwood	Marsh	Mrs. Marsh
Bailey	Mrs. Waters	S. C. Marsh	Major Tait	H. Lawrence
	W. Westall	Jack		



Sir Henry would like to have heard that opening note and the crash of merry music that followed it as hounds raced their fox round the covert. Never had a field a fairer chance of getting away, for hounds ran three more coverts before they struck the open near Matching Hall. This was passed on the left, and the field became rapidly scattered before Matching Park was reached; and many a horse was ditched. A welcome check enabled a hot and glowing throng to reunite and seek the middle ride of the Park. Running in the direction of Belgium Springs, as we crossed the road, one man unfortunately came to serious grief, and Mr. R. Hill, acting the kind Samaritan, lost the run. The chase now sped on over a capital line of country and fences of every description, want of condition as much as anything else accounting for the numerous empty saddles. On through Belgium Springs and the going became much heavier, luckily the pace a bit slower; and this capital run was brought to a conclusion at Harlow Park, good point, good country, and nice pace. Time, 1 hour and 35 minutes. From Parndon Woods, where we found, on Saturday, November 17th, when we met at North Weald, we went at a rattling pace from the Woods to the Coppice and Deer Park, disturbing a shooting party in Galley Hills. Going out at the bottom end and over towards Mr. Bury's, a great many being left in the lurch—not Mr. C. E. Green, however, for he shortly afterwards got down. Running by Tattle Bushes this good run came to an end by Pinnacles.

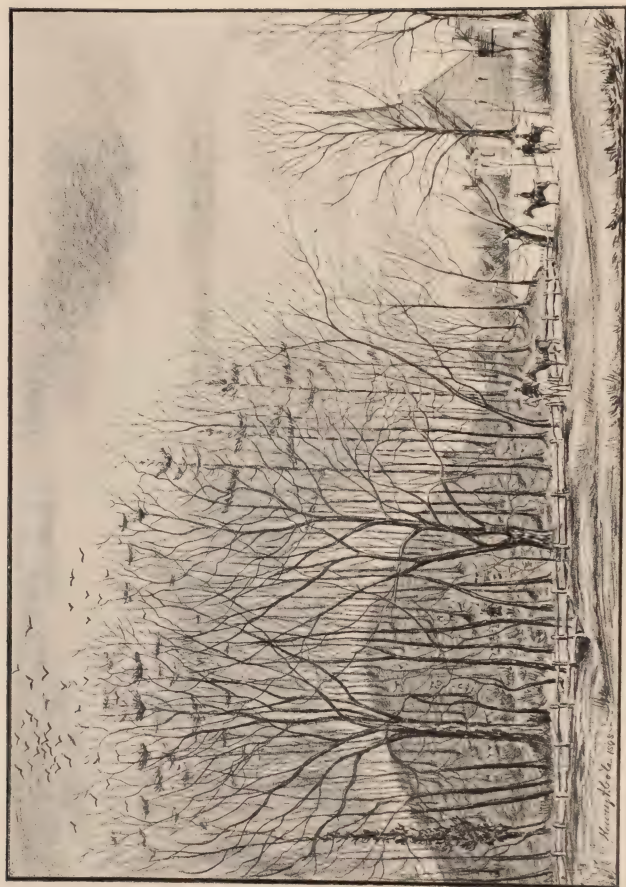
Leaving home at 1 p.m. on Wednesday, November 28th, after a stern chase from Down Hall, I caught hounds at Brick Kilns and dropped in for a pretty burst by Enviles up to Beauchamp Roothing, the following being among the lucky few who saw anything of it: Mrs. Waters, Messrs. C. and F. Green, Mr. Arkwright, Messrs. Chisenhale Marsh, Walmsley, Jones and Lawrence. They will remember how the rain came down when the run was over.

Christmas Eve with the Essex Hounds in 1888 was not quite so good as 1887, but still worthy of being jotted down in a diary and recalled with pleasure when, from age, accident, or impecuniosity, one may be prevented from participating in the stirring pleasures of the chase. I have but a faint notion of the country we traversed; but I know that about 2.30 p.m., when a good many had gone home to roost, an eager throng were clustered in the middle of Canfield Hart, for it had been whispered that a fox had been seen to enter scarce an hour previous. He was no trifter, and waited not to be found, but left the covert at one end while hounds were drawing the other—luckily not unobserved.

A score of lusty lungs proclaimed his departure and thirty horses cleared the boundary out of the wood, as hounds owned to it on the grass, ran hard for three fields, and came to a check. A rapid cast of Bailey's, and we were all sailing away in the wake of hounds again as they crossed a road and embarked on the grass beyond. There was scarce time to choose which way you would go—left with hounds, huntsman, Mr. Walmsley and one or two others, or right with the surging throng down an inviting lane on the right of some iron palings. The latter seemed most tempting, but soon led to a locked gate. One sportsman (Mr. Ritchie, I believe, of Kildare renown) solved the difficulty at once by flying a stiff hedge, and jumping another gate immediately afterwards; and got to the hounds as soon as anyone. The remainder got a glimpse now and then of Bailey's cap as he cleared the fences, but could not catch hounds before they reached Wilson Springs and came to a slight check.

Turning a bit to the left, through a narrow plantation, and crossing a moat by a bridge, an awkward fence came in the line. Again the stranger





Canfield Mount



scored, for he went straight at it and got over all right, while most of the others accepted Bailey's lead at the place he had chosen. Turning, still left-handed, they went at a rattling pace over some big fields for Canfield Mount. A momentary check shortly after favoured horses. Crossing a big brook, the gentleman on the chesnut\* and a few others had it to themselves for the next four fields, while the remainder made play down a hard road to the left, which the hounds shortly crossed and went slipping along to Canfield Thrift.

There was no time for lagging about, for by the time we reached the far end hounds were already out, with Bailey and the Master and Mrs. Bennett in close attendance. We admired Mrs. Bennett's clever cob and envied her nerve as she jumped one blind place after another, just as they came :



Canfield Thrift

while Mr. Chapman, of Roydon Lee, was giving a four-year-old, a red roan, a lesson which he would never forget, for his head was never turned, and he sailed along as straight as a bird. The pace quickened again as they swept down the hill, and the view halloa rang out at an open earth near Olives.

Mr. Crosse was not the only one who had twenty miles to ride home in a pouring rain after this good run of sixty-five minutes.

A December afternoon with Mr. Vigne's harriers, I cull from the diary, near the end of the month too, Saturday the 29th. All the morning had they been ringing the changes in the Forest with two or three hares without killing. When at about 2.30 the Mate and his brother joined us, and after old and young Hurrell, Mr. Vigne, Baby Philby, and Young Philby (about

\* Mr. Ritchie.



twenty-five in all, I should think), had partaken of some light refreshment at the Wake Arms, they proceeded to draw for a fox, ye gods! in Luffman's Gorse; a ringing view-holloa soon proclaimed a find, and didn't they fly to it, didn't the Mate whack his young 'un along and didn't young William kick his heels in, and didn't the grey pony respond to his rider's enthusiasm? Oh no! of course they didn't, for hounds were not hunting, but simply racing to a burning scent, and you knew that it would take you all your time to keep within touch of them. Two deep, quick circles through some of the prettiest stretches of the Forest, the chase spread merrily along, and brought us to the boundary fence of Copped Hall, a hedge cutter when interviewed, but not before—oh! what a lethargic soul—said our hunted fox had gone across there, pointing to the open country and stretching pastures. Miss Philby was on the spot, and she had the horn!



Wake Arms

Who can describe the rapture with which we viewed the swift little hounds pick up the scent and fling to it in one long, drawn-out chorus? Sweeping over the brow of the first grass field, then dipping into the hollow, we held them well in hand as they raced on, leading us up to the fence which borders the drive to the big house. Thank goodness for those two easy opening iron gates. Impatiently Hurrell swung them back, and the vision of the game little pack sweeping over the park, the warren in the back-ground, with the chance of returning to it our only fear, a thing to be remembered; but no, they leave it, and we knew there was nothing to stop them for miles, except approaching night. Mortifying in the extreme was it to that staunch sportsman, Mr. Philby, as fairly penned in in the Warren, the chase swept further and further away from him. At last in desperation he put his mare at a very unjumpable place, came down, and lost still more time catching her. In the meantime, to be with hounds as they rose the hill towards the Bury Farm, a wide ditch with bad landing had to be faced.



Our first check took place on the plough above, and then merrily we swept along, down the hill over the Bury Farm; crossing the Bury Lane we struck Mr. Pegram's grass with its wire-guarded fences, luckily here and there a loophole, which we unravelled, and came up with hounds who had checked in Lindsey Street; here my man Parish viewed him dead beat crawling down the road. He managed to reach a sanctuary, which the shades of night prevented our discovering; never did I enjoy a gallop more; getting away from the forest is always a matter of great uncertainty, and being left behind a constant experience. A sharp frost set in after this, and we did not get out again before Wednesday, January 9th.



"A fence we don't get in Essex"  
Mr. T. B. Drybrough flying a wall





Mark Hall

## CHAPTER VI.

*Mark Hall—Loftus J. W. Arkwright—A Red Letter Day—Diana—The Polo Pony succumbs—Harry Bagot—Vulpecide—A Premature Request—The Last Day in the Roothings—Newman Sparrow—The Hart, The Mount and The Thrift—How Henry John got Home—Bye Days—The Prince of Wales at Easton Lodge—A Blank Day—The Royals—Henry Vigne—Wm. Hurrell—The Reptonian—Crawley's Advice—Row Wood—A Clinker from Forest Hall—A Hard Day—Mr. Bevan's Horse Dies—The Celery Hare—Mr. Vigne has the best run of half-a-century—Quite Quiet—Engulfed—Merry-legs—The Run of the Season—Harlow Park—Lieut.-Col. the Hon. W. H. Allsopp.*

LOFTUS JOSEPH WIGRAM ARKWRIGHT assisted his father by acting as Field-master in 1888-89; and in 1893, to the satisfaction of all who wished to see the historical family of Arkwright at the head of the Essex Hunt, became joint Master, with Mr. E. S. Bowlby, of the Essex Hounds, which position he held to the end of the season 1898-99, not for his own gratification, but to please his Essex friends, for he often remarked that he did not care about the office. With all the worries and anxieties attached to a Mastership of Hounds in the present day, this statement can hardly cause any surprise, especially as Mr. Arkwright made no secret of the fact that in the year 1897 he preferred shooting to hunting. A crack shot, his coverts teem with game, but rarely indeed are they drawn blank—in spite of the frequent calls upon them. He possesses a rare eye to hounds and they can't go too fast for him; probably he has won more Point to Point races than any man in Essex. It is needless to add that Mr. Arkwright was very popular in the field and very easy on the forward division; the hunt staff always declared that they could not have had a better master.



Wednesday, January 16th. The Kennels. A real red-letter day. At 10.30 a meeting of the principal farmers, landowners and subscribers, was held at the Green Man, Harlow, at which Sir Henry presided. Mr. Green made an offer to take the hounds next season if £3,000 were guaranteed to him for the first year.



Loftus J. W. Arkwright

After some discussion it was decided to guarantee him £2,400, and as several subscribers present expressed their wish to further augment their subscription for the coming year, £500 was very soon promised. On these conditions Mr. Green consented to take the hounds. It must have been nearly 12 before we moved off to try for an outlying fox on Mr. Harris's farm near Hubbard's Hall. It was a pleasure to see hounds catch a view of that fox, and with heads up and sterns down race after him. Unluckily headed from the open Roothing country, he took a rapid turn back to the Kennels, close to which Roly Bevan came to grief over a stile, and in



addition to having all his wind knocked out of him was entangled in the reins. To jump off and sit on his cob's head was the work of a second. Messrs. C. Green and Christy also assisting, Mr. Bevan was not long coming round.

It was indeed quite a busy morning; after running for about two hours, and partaking of some refreshment at the Master's house, a move was made to Weir Hatches, from whence Jack soon viewed a fox over the line; luckily hounds just escaped a passing train. It was a case of the devil take the hindmost, as we galloped the road from the crossing at Burnt Mill and raced up it past Terlings, before we struck the fields. As we rose the hill up a heavy piece of seeds, we could see hounds flying along over a pasture



Loftus J. Arkwright on "Diana"

in front of us; Messrs. Arkwright, Bevan, Blackburne and Calverley being about the first to get to them as we again crossed the road. We ran field after field over a very sporting country, a slice of the Hertfordshire; we must have passed close to Eastwick Wood; eventually this good run of 45 minutes was abruptly finished, for by an artful double this good fox saved his bacon. Messrs. Blackburne, Crosse, Bevan, Arkwright, Sworder and Calverley were leading all through this run.

This famous bay mare, standing 15.3, pedigree unknown, carried Mr. Arkwright most brilliantly with the Essex Hounds



for 12 seasons. "Diana" was by no means the easiest mare in the world to ride, and would go quick at her fences, but in spite of giving him several falls she was ever the Master's favourite. The mare had a wonderful capacity for going through dirt, and the way she performed in the following Point to Point races with her owner up furnishes sufficient evidence as to her jumping and staying powers. It is doubtful whether any better hunter has ever been seen with the Essex Hounds.

1888.—2nd, Point to Point, Thaxsted.

1889.—2nd to Harlequin, Light-weight, Rundells.

1890.—1st, Point to Point, High Roothing.

1892.—1st, Point to Point, Epping.

1st, Welter Race, Rundells (14 st.)

1894.—2nd, Point to Point, Easton.

Monday, January 28th. Thornwood Gate. A balmy sort of day, rather dry, and the plough not carrying we had a couple of good runs. A fox from Parndon Woods to ground at Marles Farm need not be reckoned with. But a fox away from Latton Park towards Rundells, then back to Harlow Park with a false alarm in the direction of Hastingwood Common, and then on his tracks again in Harlow Park, was quite another thing. One was more than fortunate to secure a good place with them as they came away over the Common and embarked on the closely fenced country leading up to Barnsleys; bearing right-handed over Hubbard's Hall Farm they ran smartly up to Foster Street Road—nearly to Moor Hall Farm; turning back by Roll's Farm, they ran on fast and well to Belgium Springs, and killed him in the open, close to Mr. Lucking's house, a very pretty hunt.

Our next find was Mark Hall; this fox gave a hard run through Gravel Pit woods, on to Todd's Brook and Mark Hall. Found another fox outlying close to Harlow Station, late in the afternoon. He soon crossed the railway and canals; to dive under the one through the tunnel and turn the other by a ford at a mill close by was the only thing to do to give you a chance of seeing hounds again. To reach the mill, however, a very wide open ditch had to be reckoned with. Mr. Green and the huntsman flew it all right, my cob tried to cut it, and in we went a blobber right over the saddle. I freed myself from him as soon as possible, and he careered up stream. Luckily, I managed to hook him and pull him out the right side. Young Corvell, who went in at the same time, was not so fortunate, and after getting a thorough drenching his horse came out the wrong one. Catching the hounds as they crossed the road, we had a capital hunting run through Eastwick Wood, losing some distance beyond it. Probably this was the same fox that gave us such a good run on January 16th. Young Neville Dawson rode a pony of Ball's, fresh up from grass or a winter's run in a loose box, and the poor brute died from exhaustion about 11 o'clock the same night.

Mr. Jameson will remember the snowy day at Coopersale on Feb. 4th, and how we all, including huntsman and hounds, had to seek refuge in Mr. Jordan's farmyard from the heavy snow-storm that came on as we moved off towards the side coverts. First finding in Bush Wood a fox, which had come away from Barber's, we ran him by Theydon Rectory and Loughton Shaws to the Forest, winding up the day with a very sharp 15 minutes from Knightsland, killing near Shalesmore.



Mr. Sheffield Neave's Stag Hounds have had a capital season, and last Saturday's was no exception to the run of good sport which these hounds have continued to show. The meet was at Magdalen Laver, at Mr. Lucking's farm, Feb. 9th. After 15 minutes' law the hounds were laid on. The first field, a ploughed one, brought them to their noses, and at a nice hand gallop we could keep them in touch, as they swung over the first fence, a Roothing ditch, and ran nearly to Belgium Springs, but bearing right-handed crossed the Rectory road, a deep drop into it having to be tackled by those who were riding the line, among them Miss Jones. A gate let us into the next field, and another out was handily opened by Mr. Joseph Tucker, who had a view of the deer going on over the hill, and now had a glimpse of the fun in that corner, for three or four very useful fences came in the line, the first, a fair-sized, deep-banked brook, a tempting



Henry Bagot

jump out of grass into grass. As hounds checked we observed how many horses refused, and *how one in particular* showed no inclination to come out, in spite of his owner's hauling at the reins, as if he had hooked a big salmon.

Hounds feathered for a moment here, and then a hat up on the sky line indicated the direction to take, but a locked gate was too high for the Master, so he re-jumped the brook and others followed, while a good many had a go at a bullfinch with ditch beyond; those who jumped the brook back had a rasping big fence before they could get to hounds, and one loose horse at least (Mr. George Hart got a cropper here) could be seen. Those who had taken the other line in their turn had to encounter a formidable cut-down blackthorn defended by a ditch. Mr. Torrance, whose land we were on, pointing out the direction our quarry had taken, we all made use of a sound headland, parallel with the chase, then down a narrow lane, the



Master leading with Messrs. Bagot, Walmsley and Hull close up. Here, again, the deer took a right-hand turn over a big wheat-field, which most of us avoided by slipping down the lane until the road was reached, where we nicked in with the hounds as they crossed over on to Mr. Chaplin's farm. Here some wide-spreading pastures, with willows beyond, indicated what was coming, in the shape of the Weald Brook. Down we came to it, devoutly hoping that the stag had gone on, and that there was a way over, for the Weald Brook in a state of flood was not to be trifled with.

Mr. Jones, I believe, discovered a ford for one contingent, but it was a ford that let the water over your boots, and through which some horses plunged over their heads; I fancy a hole in the middle caused all the splashing. Miss Jones very pluckily followed her father. Luckily hounds checked here and we could reunite our scattered forces. Passing close by Mr. Alger's off-hand farm, over a newly drained field, the country became rather more open, and Fyfield in the distance seemed to be the point for which we were making.

At a good hunting pace hounds drove along, crossing the Fyfield road, by the Truant School and down to Heron's farm, running parallel with the river up to Forest Hall, where we had first glimpse of the deer who had soiled in the flooded river. Directly we came up she was away again, and ran at a great pace to Castle Farm down to the river again, where she managed to double the hounds, and extricating herself from some very cramped enclosures, she dashed over the river once more in the direction of Marden Ash, where a certain thoroughbred\* showed a decided disinclination to jump away from home. She now treated us to our first piece of road work to the old Kennels, where she was taken. Mr. George Hart, as usual, led all the way on a mare, lately operated on for roaring by Mr. Jones, V.S., of Leicester. The Rev. G. Ward, S., was up at the finish, riding a good-looking chestnut cob.

Monday, Feb. 25th, Greensted. Two brace of foxes having been found dead in the neighbourhood of Tawney Common at the end of the previous week, it was not deemed advisable to take hounds near Ongar Park Wood, consequently we had a long and weary draw before we found—through all the Blake Hall coverts, Canes, Harlow Park, Latton Park, Barnsleys, Mark Hall, Gravel Pit Wood, Parndon Hall and Pinnacles. Luckily a good fox went away from the covert adjoining Pinnacles at 6 minutes to 4, and gave us a rare good gallop over a very delightful country. Leaving Merryweather's Farm on the right they checked for a moment on the road, near the public house. Luckily hitting it off, a lovely panorama spread out to view stretching away towards Galley Hills, but this was not to be his point, though he went very near it, running to Hollyfield Hall, where there was a momentary check, with news of a beaten fox in front of us.

Beaten or not he managed to do us though, for, turning back, hounds ran at a great pace over the identical line we had come, right up to Merryweather's on to the covert where we found him, and away from there to Parndon Woods. Probably we changed at Parndon Woods. A very heavy hail-storm coming on, hounds could make little of a line which they took over Epping Green, whipping off at Marles Farm. For 50 minutes there was no check worth speaking about, and by the time we had climbed the hill to Tattle Bushes all the horses had had enough of it. However, the slower hunting from there enabled them to get their winds again and to keep going. Among those out who went well and saw the fun were Messrs.

\* Mr. Jones's horse.



Arkwright, Bob Ball, Green and Tyndale White. It is worthy of note that it snowed, more or less, every day this week.

The Annual Meeting was held at the Green Man, Harlow, on Monday, March 11th, and as usual we had a very good day, although it commenced badly by chopping a vixen in Barnsleys. Reaching Parndon Woods at 2.20 p.m., we had barely gained the middle of these when hounds opened and raced out at the top end, Messrs. Crosse and Bobby Wood going with them. Mr. Green turning back did not catch hounds before they reached Marles Wood. No one had viewed the fox away; he was off directly hounds were put in, and with a burning scent over the grass they lanced along to Marles, Bailey, Jim, Mr. Bob Ball and Mr. R. Wood being well up. In Crane's stack yard our fox made a sharp turn over Kemsley's wheat, crossed the road just below the Vicarage and came down to the Cobbin brook, which proved a stumbling-block to many. Bob Ball managed it first, and



A Meet at "The Green Man"  
After a Painting by Edmund Ethelston

got to hounds quicker than any one, followed by Mr. Kemp; after a slight hover on Hitchman's wheat they ran like smoke to New Farm Wood, a stiff post and rails near the plantation on the hill shutting us out for a moment; but Mr. H. B. Dickinson's lead was soon accepted, also Bailey's, through a thick bullfinch as we neared the forest which brought Mr. Kemp down, Mr. Edwards escaping with a hat knocked off, but the guard held.

Approaching the Warren I thought it good enough to ask Bailey for the brush, but it was not to be.\* Hunting most beautifully along the boundary fence hounds turned over it just below the Lodge gates and ran the road to the bottom of Copped Hall Green by Woodridden Wood and away over Mr. Webster's Farm, where Mr. Price stuck in a ditch as he essayed to land on

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\* Bailey thinks a premature request for the brush fatal to killing.



the Green, and I heard afterwards that it was a case of ropes and horses before he got out. They ran very well again across Warlies Park, leaving Obelisk Wood on the right along the Cobbins Brook close up to Monkham, where the plough favoured this fox. After running at least two hours he found sanctuary in Deer Park, although he was viewed dead beat in Galley Hills close to hounds, the first thirty minutes to the Warren being exceptionally good. Young Willie came down from town by the 12.28, and unluckily just missing us at Parndon Woods had a stern chase to Galley Hills before he came up. He was in time, but only just, for the good forty minutes we had on Monday, March 25th, when we put up a fox in the open near Pinnacles and ran through Parndon Woods by Epping Brewery to the Forest.

### THE LAST DAY IN THE ROOTHINGS.

HOW "HENRY JOHN" GOT HOME IN 1889.

ONE of the best seasons ever witnessed with the Essex Hounds is fast drawing to a conclusion. As usual, the Roothings have played a prominent part in the good sport that has taken place, Roothing Saturdays being synonymous with good days; but few, if any, were better than the last one on March 16th. High Roothing Street will always attract a big muster at any time, and but few of the regular *habitués* of the Hunt were absent on that occasion—conspicuously so, however, was Mr. C. E. Green, who was attending the baseball match at Leyton with M. Tyndale White. The number of the usual followers was considerably swelled by many strangers, so that the field could not have numbered less than 150. Fortunately the ground was very dry, and very little damage could have been inflicted on growing crops. As for the fences in the Roothings, they take care of themselves. You cannot make a gap in a Roothing ditch, and a horse that does not make due allowance for the fences that fringe these obstacles is very soon consigned to the hammer.

High Roothing Springs were first drawn, and then some adjoining stubbles for an outlying fox—as usual, without result; but the renowned Garnetts responded at once when called upon, and the young Squire viewed a magnificent dog-fox dart like an arrow over the ride. He meant going. There was no time to be lost, for already Bailey's horn was twanging through the covert, and a shrill view halloo came floating down the breeze announcing his flight. The field stampeded in all directions, those inside the covert being certainly best placed, whilst those who rode left-handed—and a good many did—must have had a stern chase before they could catch hounds. By the time we were clear of Garnetts, in the direction of Dunsley Green, some eighty to a hundred were riding to hounds across a by no means easy country. The Squire, who was riding "Diana," was taking a line of his own on the right, over some very difficult fences, no one seeming to care to follow his lead, while the whole of the field huddled together on the left, following like tame sheep over the weakest place, while occasionally a bolder spirit shot out from the throng and took his chance at a thicker or more awkward place, but generally coming back to his friends at the next corner, for the country was decidedly trappy.

Aspoll Park was passed, and the chase sped on very merrily until we came to an awkward brook which the hounds crossed at once, while the field divided right and left to look for a feasible spot. Some few hit off a place close to where hounds had crossed, but it required a clever, bold horse to manage the drop into the stream. Miss Jones was one of the first over, Mr. Caldwell quickly followed, and Mr. Chapman—riding a beautiful



hunter, a six-year-old, belonging to and bred by Mr. Green, of Todds Brook, which is as bold as a lion and clever as a cat—got over at once, and also over the next fence, which was a very awkward one—a run up hill on to a narrow bank, and a yawning wide ditch on the far side.

Bailey, in the meantime, hit off a place a bit lower down, and he and the half-dozen who got over the brook had the rest of the gallop to themselves, for by the time the others came up the fun was over, the termination being brought about apparently by a hare jumping up in view on the line and the hounds coursing her for a field before they were stopped. Certainly



Newman Sparrow

after this the line was never touched again. However, we all had a capital gallop of 45 minutes, making a very good point, having run close to Felsted, and losing our fox near Leighs Priory.

We now settled down to a good long jog back to Canfield Thrift, another grand covert. What a debt of gratitude we all owe to those who have the care and ownership of these three magnificent coverts—Garnetts, Canfield Thrift and Canfield Hart. I believe none of them have been drawn blank this season. Canfield Thrift has certainly not. The nearest way to it lay through Mr. Sparrow's yard, who, in the most hospitable way, provided refreshments for us all. Nothing goes down better than bread-and-cheese



and a glass of home-brewed after a good run, but when offered in that hospitable way by a staunch sportsman, it certainly carries an additional relish.

Newman Sparrow, seventy-three in the year '97, and as good a friend to fox hunting as ever lived in his years of prosperity. He did not find the hearts of Essex fox-hunters turn away from him when, with the savings of the greater part of a lifetime lost in the Liberator Society, he had to face, through no fault of his own, the loss of the stewardship of a farm which he had held for no less a period than twenty-four years.

The moment the hounds entered the Thrift a grand chorus woke its echoes from end to end, and a blood-red rover, whose fur shone like gold, made a dash across an open glade; but he took a circle round before going away, evidently loth to part with his comrade, who was viewed and allowed to go away unmolested in an opposite direction. Everybody got a fair start with this fox, but only those who kept their eye on the leading hound had any chance of seeing the gallop fairly, for he twisted and turned up hedgerow after hedgerow; but scent was so good that hounds could race all the time, and stuck to his line like glue. Saddles emptied fast. One well-known chesnut\* with white face went fence for fence with hounds for five fields until Jim laid hands on him; his owner, meantime, having footed it after him, was pretty well blown. Towards the end the pace quickened, and it looked a certainty for a kill; but the fox managed to find a refuge in the earths at Canfield Mount at the end of a capital 35 minutes; and a hot, steaming, happy throng saw the finish of this good thing.

Here many determined to go home, but there were further good things in store for those who stayed. About fifty reached Canfield Hart at 4 p.m. Hounds had not been in covert three minutes before "forrard away" in the direction of the Forest was heard. Bailey had his hounds out like a shot, and they flew to the Forest, the young Squire cutting the work out on his bay mare, while a stranger on a good-looking grey was lying close to hounds as with a lovely chorus and ravishing scent they raced round the fish pond, and over the park into a big covert.

A tempting ride lay parallel with the line hounds were taking, and down it most of us galloped; but just as the railway was reached hounds turned sharp to the right, and their music became fainter and fainter, leaving a very large contingent—including Mr. Romer Williams, the stranger on the grey, and several others—in the lurch. Those who grasped the situation and turned back at once were lucky; those who found out their mistake a little later had to gallop all the way back to the Hart before they got in touch with hounds again.

For the second time Mr. Miller viewed the fox away, this time in the direction of Barrington Hall. Hounds ran very prettily, but, fortunately, not very fast, or few of us would have seen them up to the park. Bailey got a view of the fox in the shrubberies, but he managed to slip away in the direction of the Forest, with the hounds close to his brush. There was no time for delay, and Mr. Miller's lead at the Barrington brook was freely accepted. Not more than half-a-dozen were near hounds as they

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\* Mr. J. G. Crosse's.



raced back to the Forest, another wide brook coming in their line. Bailey got over with a scramble, the young Squire dropped a bit short, Messrs. Crosse and Collins got over clear, and Mr. Arthur Edwards tackled it successfully on "Bay Heighington." The rest found a ford.

As the last fence into the road was reached, it was certainly the final flicker in the candle for a couple of nags, for nothing would induce them to go out of a trot afterwards, which soon lapsed into a walk. The end was not far off, and only a remnant of the very big field that had gaily assembled at High Roothing in the morning heard the "whoop" ring out over the earth, where at the end of one hour and twenty minutes our friend had found a sanctuary.

It was now a case of home, but fifteen miles before that place could be reached; but with a nag that refused to be led, and had to be driven along, it was not to be faced with equanimity. Fortunately, another sportsman



Running for Takeley Forest

was in the same plight, so one led while the other drove. More fortunately still, our road led us past Mr. Collins's,\* whose proffered hospitality for selves and nags could not be resisted; and we sat down a quartette to a very snug dinner at seven o'clock. Our horses in the meantime were being well looked after, and a messenger was despatched for a trap which one of the four had left at the King William. After two hours' absence he returned with the news that the trap had gone home.

There was nothing for it now but to face the inevitable, and get our tired nags home as well as we could. It was a case of twelve miles for three of us, and of having to ride a donkey for one of the three (whom I will call "Henry John"), or being left behind. Well, to volunteer to ride that donkey was one thing; but to get on his back was another, for he reared, kicked, and plunged as only a corn-fed and partially-clipped donkey

\* Mr. Collins was living at Hatfield Grange.



knows how, and kept three men busy ten minutes before "Henry John" was on.

Having lighted our cigars and bidden our hospitable host "good-night," we made a start at 9.30. Luckily, it was a moonlight night, and everything went well for about a mile, when "Henry John," in a weak moment, thinking his saddle was going faster forward than he could, determined to alter it, and accordingly dismounted. But getting on again was quite another thing, for the donkey refused to be mounted, so "C." getting off, went to "Henry John's" rescue; but the donkey beat them both, for he reared, kicked, and plunged as if he liked it, and even the whisper of Broncho Charlie's magic name in his asinine ears did not quell his spirits.

After carrying "C." and "Henry John" across the road three or four times, and nearly getting them into one of the deep ditches that ran on each side, it was decided to lead him on until we came to a suitable field, and here they had another struggle, eventually getting the donkey down. "Henry John" triumphantly got astride him, and when the donkey struggled to his feet, "Henry John" was on, and our procession then moved on very comfortably until something prompted "Henry John" to come to the front, when this wild, corn-fed ass set to work and kicked him off in the middle of the road, with his head on the ground and his feet in the stirrups. It looked anything but comfortable for "Henry John"; but I am afraid that "C." and I were so convulsed with laughter that we could not have moved a finger to save his life. Luckily "Henry John" kicked himself clear. The next move was to get the donkey up to a gate, and from this coign of vantage "Henry John" managed to vault on, and never left the pigskin again; but it was a quarter to one in the morning before we reached *dulce domum*.

Riding a horse upon which Mr. Chisenhale Marsh had given me a mount on Wednesday, March 27th, I dropped in for a very good gallop from Mill Green to Swan Wood, Stock, in the Union country, a four-mile point. At an early period of the run the horse Mr. C. E. Green was riding negotiated a piece of timber on the top of a bank in a most extraordinarily clever manner, and near the end of it Miss Jones had a narrow escape of being badly hurt, for she was dragged some distance.

This was quite a season for bye days; we had another good one on Monday, April 1st, the rendezvous, Great Parndon. The sport briefly summarised, a very good thirty-five minutes from a wood near Pinnacles, killing in Parndon Woods; repeating this, we killed near Weir-Hatches, and hardly expecting to find again, dropped in for the best run of the lot. From Gravel Pit Wood to Roydon brickfields, about a five-mile point, back through Pinnacles and Parndon Hall, eventually whipping off near Kingsmore House, no one but Mrs. Bennett, Mr. L. Arkwright, Mr. Todhunter, and the Mate remaining for this last run.

Swallows Cross, April 4th, at 12 o'clock, another bye day and another saw pit, when we had a very good run of about an hour, at a good pace across the open from the High Woods to Stondon, and on to Mr. Fanes' covert. A good many were thrown out at Parson's Springs, including Messrs. Blackborne, G. Hart, Hargreaves; Mr. Arkwright was well in it, and followed Baily's lead over a saw pit at the end of the run. A fair sprinkling of Essex Union men were out, and I fancy that they found the pace quite fast enough for them.

Another and final bye day in the Parndon country, on Wednesday, April 10th, was marked by a very fast twenty minutes from Roydon brickfields to Parndon Hall. This ended one of the best seasons I ever remember with the Essex hounds.





Boycott	J. Littler	C. E. Green	T. Usborne	Miss M. Glyn	E. Holme	L. Arkwright
D. Cunliffe	Smith	Mr. Cooper	J. Harris	J. Dawson	Miss R. Caldecott	J. Cockayne
J. Sands	Lady Brooke	W. Foster	Prince Adolphus of Teck	R. Waltham		
Tyndale White	J. and F. Miller and	Garrett Waters (on foot)				



Friday, December 13th. Easton Lodge. The Prince of Wales out. A blank day.

Did not drop in for any run worth recording this season before Saturday, December 14th, when Mr. E. Ball mounted me on his chestnut mare "Lucy," and we had a real clinker from Witney Wood near Fyfield. The day impresses itself on my memory, as Colonel Maclean, of the Royals, and a lot of his brother officers were out, and they rode as straight as British officers generally do, and did not mind falling; I believe there were three of them down in line e'er we reached Stondon; the huntsman had been hung up once and rescued by Mr. R. Ball, for we came over a



Henry Vigne

very rough country. Running by Menagerie Wood, through Navestock and on to Dudbrook, pulling our fox down in a covert close to Navestock Heath; one hour and thirty minutes, most of it very fast. Among those out I noticed the following: The Master, Mr. C. E. Green, his brother George, Lady Brooke, Miss Jones, Miss Caldwell, Messrs. R. Ball, Jones, Major Tait, Miss Tait, Messrs. Pelly, R. Wood, H. Fowler, Len. Pelly, Jack Pelly, Hull, Pemberton, Barnes, Horner, Rev. F. Fane, Miss Fane, A. Waters, Mrs. Waters, A. P. Lucas, Caldwell, George Brown, George Hart, H. Swarder, H. Miller, R. Bevan, Tyndale White.

A short sketch of the late Mr. Vigne's hunting career has appeared in print more than once, and although a volume might



well be written about so famous a sportsman, the author must content himself with a description in these pages of some of the good days which he enjoyed under this famous Master who, commencing about the year 1830, kept Harriers for about sixty years. Mr. Vigne, when he was living at the Oaks, Woodford, delighted in showing anyone interested in hunting over his kennels, close to which he kept a tame deer to teach his jelly dogs to "'Ware Haunch!" a plan that was fairly successful in making them stick to their legitimate quarry when hunting in Epping Forest.

Mr. Vigne was a striking example of what may not be generally known, but is none the less true, that the man who retains his interest in hunting for the longest time is not always the man who bruises across country, for I never, during the many years I hunted with Mr. Vigne, even saw him guilty of attempting to jump a fence, and never met his equal in his devotion to *hunting*.

I am indebted to the proprietors of *Baily's Magazine* for the above excellent likeness of Mr. Vigne.

It was on a dull December afternoon, two days before Christmas, 1889, that the remnant of an eager little field (that had gaily assembled in the morning at Marles Farm at the invitation of Mr. Lewis Phillips to enjoy a day with the harriers) were eagerly watching the patient efforts of Mr. Vigne's huntsman (old Hurrell) and his son William, as they drew a likely wheat field.

The day was fast waning, for it was three o'clock, and something like despair began to take possession of us, as if we did not find there we had little chance of another gallop, when we were startled by an exclamation from Mr. Clarke of "There she is." And there she was, right under our feet, snugly ensconced in her form.

The Master's face was a study, but the twang of the horn from lips that had known at least eighty summers, was a marvel; hounds flew to it, and the hare jumped from her form to speed over a narrow grass mead, and to be lost to sight. Thick and impenetrable frowned the hedge; merrily sounded the music beyond. Mr. Clarke did not hesitate a second, but bored his way up the bank and through the hedge, making way for us all.

There could be no mistake about it, we were in for a good thing, for these little hounds were racing away over the grass at a pace that defied being overridden. Crossing the Rye Hill Road, Mr. Rickett, jun., and Mr. Clarke showed us the way over, for the pace was too good to linger a second, even for a well-latched gate. Young Hurrell was in his place and swung over the next three fences as they came. Away over a large grassy field, past Latton Park, and hounds crossed a lane, and there was a momentary check, just time to take stock of those who had stayed out to the end, and who meant to be with them or die.

First and foremost the Three Graces of the Essex Hunt—need I mention the three Miss Buxtons?—fearless to a degree, they have the knack of getting over a country in a fashion that young ladies of their age never did before, I trow, and, I was going to say, never will do again; that keen



sportsman, Mr. Parham, on a beautiful light-weight hunter; that eager thruster, Mr. Frank Ball, just dropped from the clouds on the one p.m. from Liverpool Street—how did he manage it? The hard-riding author\* of "Nigel Fortescue" was there; also Mr. T. J. Mills, of Garnish Hall, and his son; Mr. Benton, and the "Hero of Pluckett's"† on his chestnut; her Majesty's service being well represented by a gentleman on a well-bred polo pony;‡ youth and keenness by a young Reptonian§ on a big hog-maned bay, somewhat under 15 all told.



William Hurrell

William Hurrell acted as huntsman to the late Mr. Henry Vigne's Harriers for a period of forty years from November 5th, 1852, and in that capacity served him faithfully and well. He was not brought up to be a huntsman, but he took to the game naturally. Very popular with all classes, "Old Bill Hurrell," as he was generally called, was as good-natured as he looks in the above portrait, and although in late years hounds might sometimes get away from him, they rarely succeeded in slipping his

\* Mr. Westall.

† Mr. Gingell.

‡ Mr. Saunders.

§ Mr. Walter Buckmaster.



son, young Will, whom Mr. Barclay, when he undertook the Mastership of the Puckeridge Hounds, promoted to the office of first whip. Both father and son were imbued with a keen love of sport; familiar with every nook and corner of the forest and its environs, it would have been hard for that past-master of the science of hare-hunting, the late Mr. Henry Vigne, to have found two servants who could have served him better. "Old Bill," who is now a forest-keeper, when the nights draw in, finds his way up to Mr. Ketts' house at Buckhurst Hill, for a quiet smoke and a chat about old days.

How beautifully the hounds, taking up the line again, raced down to the Rundells Grove end of Latton Park. Skirting it half-way towards the keeper's cottage in the wood, we had an opportunity of witnessing a most perfect piece of hunting, for suddenly turning off to the left, hounds had to puzzle out a regular zig-zag line across a large stubble field liberally dressed with manure. Gradually, but surely, they took the line to the far side, and then bore to the left, down the fence—a rough straggling hedge. Not fifty yards to the left was a hand-gate, of which most of us availed ourselves. Galloping down the lane into which it opened, hounds crossed it before we could get to them, closely attended by Mr. Clarke, who took a crushed hat, an awkward fence, and a lead as a matter of course, as he piloted us across another stubble to a small plantation, which was skirted, and, before we knew it, hounds swept out of sight round the next one. We were over the line, for the hare had taken a very sudden turn to the right. Hounds quickly recovered the line, right under our very feet, and sailed away over the stubble as fast as they had run over the grass.

The Reptonian took his third crumpler without a murmur in a blind, but by no means wide, ditch. Out on the common, again piloted by Messrs. Rickett and Clarke, we had to call upon our nags to keep in touch of the little beauties, as they simply flew across it, for the going was heavy, and Rye Hill Common always carries a scent. Hitting it off on the other side of the well-drained pastures of Mr. Phillips, we raced away for Marles Farm, which was passed on the right. Crossing the road by Shingle Hall, a fine stretch of level grass lay before us, and it looked like Nasing Common. No occasion to have taken the slightest pull at your reins, for you could not have over-ridden them at the pace they were going.

Timber never baulks hounds, but we all pulled up, "even the young Reptonian," at the stiff rails that barred the way. Young Hurrell turned them on the right; the officer on the polo pony and Mr. Westall, between them, dissected a "bullfinch" on the left, but the ditch and the briars took toll of the former.

Forrard, away over the Epping Road, they swept down the grass field beyond, towards the Cobbins brook. Young Hurrell shoved his cob over the briary hedge, and landed safely, though there was a nasty drop. Mr. Parham cleverly negotiated it on the five-year old, Mr. Benton got over with a fall, but was soon mounted and going again. Three fields further on we came to a sudden, but what proved a final check, having been running sixty minutes. Few of us regretted not killing such a good hare—shades of night saved her.

Saturday, December 28th. The Stag Hounds were at the Kennels, Harlow (six miles from Epping); Fox Hounds at Four Ashes (some sixteen



miles further on). I left home at 11 o'clock with the intention of joining the stag; it was intensely cold and I could hardly keep warm jogging. The wind was due east, a quarter in which our foxhounds generally run; I could not therefore help longing to be with them.

However, as I neared Harlow, I thought that I would stop and call in and see old Crawley, who had always up to the previous season ridden the huntsman's second horse, and who was considered to be the finest second horseman in Essex. With a splendid knowledge of the country and an intuitive instinct of a fox's point, rarely if ever jumping a fence, he always turned up when wanted. I found poor old Crawley upstairs in bed, where he had been confined for two months with bronchitis, but the sparkle came back in his eye and his face beamed with animation as he described the country from Hatfield Heath to Row



Row Wood (Mr. Poole counts twenty)

Wood and wound up by saying, "If you do not find them at Row Wood at 2 p.m. you will not find them at all." And "mind you do not miss them both," were his parting words.

Jogging steadily on, I passed by Row Wood at 1.30; 30 minutes later it was the scene of a maddening rush, the pent-up energy of some 150 keen riders seeking vent for a long, tedious, fruitless draw; 1.30 I said, Row Wood; 10 minutes later, just as hounds were being thrown into Broomshaw Bury, I met them; they had not found, and the field were by no means in cheerful spirits. Now were old Crawley's words to come true, for it was 2 o'clock and the hounds were hustling a fox round Row Wood, where we were all penned in a corner, and it was a very doubtful choice which side of the wood to take, as the ringing view holloa "gone away!" from the first whip came floating towards us. With Mr. Tyndale White and several others I went the wrong side, nothing but a very convenient road and slight check above Hatfield Broad Oak enabling us



to catch hounds. Crossing the Hatfield Brook below the town, we ran on very nicely towards Hatfield Heath and then turned up to the Forest without entering it; from there they ran very fast, crossing Sheering Street into the Down Hill coverts, where he did not dwell but went away again at once; skirting Man Wood he was pulled down in Brick Kilns. Altogether a rare good run of 60 minutes. Amongst those who saw the finish and who went to the front I noticed Messrs. A. Kemp, R. Hill, H. Sworder (on a young horse of Tait's) and Lady Brooke.

On the same evening on the way home I came across the staghounds in full cry all by themselves near Tyler's Green. Thinking that the stag would probably be killed, I stuck to the hounds, and eventually, with the assistance of some porters, succeeded in taking him on the line near Mr. Primrose M'Connells; it was freezing hard at the time.

Owing to the frost we did not get out again before Saturday, January 4, 1890, when we met at Bobbingworth, and even then it was not nearly out of the ground, but still it was not bad going. We found at once at Dewley Wood and ran towards the line; crossing the lane, but not going over the line, the fox swung down towards the river and then turned back over the Ongar Road, and away towards Moreton Wood from there hunting very prettily by Bundish Hall down to Forest Hall. When we got down to the osiers most of the field went left handed for the bridge, only those who went to the right for the ford with Bailey were in time to hear the "forrard away" from Mr. David Christy, who had ridden up just at the right moment. Crossing the Rectory grounds, hounds set to work to run; leaving most of the field in the lurch, they went without a check straight to Church Wood, through that by the old Kennels across the Park to Kelvedon Hall, to ground. We were going for about 30 minutes as hard as we could, Bailey leading with Messrs. Howard Fowler, Gerald Buxton, and Caldwell. This run was a real clinker.

We had a very stiff day on Wednesday, January 8th, when we met at Down Hall for breakfast. After running a fox to Moor Hall we found again in the osiers near Pishobury, and hustling him by Moor Hall and over the Heath Road, pulled him down by Durrington House, eventually ending up the day at Row Wood at 5 p.m., every horse with the exception of Mr. Elder's having had about enough of it. I know "Sir John," the horse upon which Mr. Ned Ball had kindly mounted me did not want any more.

Quite a nice gallop for those who were in it was the burst from Belgium Springs on Monday, January 27th, about eight; down at the first fence, and a bill in afterwards from the Rector for a new gate into the road, which some one, trying to follow Mr. Bob Ball on his bay horse, managed to break; we were in and out the lane at Green Farm just about the time the Major\* was arriving at the meet; it had been a quick find and he was a few minutes late. Not so Mr. Arkwright, Messrs. R. Ball, Avila, the huntsman, and Jim, who hit the ford off over the Weald Brook to a nicety as hounds crossed it and ran up to Weald Church and, bearing to the right past Canes, reached Rundells.

At Four Ashes again on Saturday, February 1st, and to repeat if possible the "lucky nick in" with hounds of December 28th. I and the Major jogged on for Row Wood, reaching it about the same time as before to find hounds come up to the covert in a dense fog, not having found a fox all day. When they did find at last an outlying fox they had much the best of horses, for the country was in a terribly heavy state—Lady Brooke

\* Major Tait.



was out and going very well. Wednesday, February 5th, a real red-letter day, the meet was Copped Hall, the find, Roydon Park. A cracker they ran from there to the coverts near Pinnacles, and away right-handed to Nasing Common. Found again at Parndon Wood going away over Burchell's land and Palmer's Farm on to Nasing Common, over which they ran very fast nearly to Nasing School, but turned to the right over Mr. Doxat's Farm, and at a great pace up to Tattle Bushes, Messrs. R. Bevan, W. and G. Sewell, F. Green, H. J. Price and Arkwright, all being well to the fore. Not dwelling a second in Tattle Bushes, he took us back over a very pretty though hilly and rough line to Parndon Woods, and ran a half moon over Epping Green into Arthur Brown's and Peter Smith's fields, but returning to Parndon Woods, broke away at the bottom and crossing by Brockles and coming back over the road by Kingsmores ran on hard to Tyler's Cross, which was left on the right. Only Bailey,



A fast forty minutes in Essex

*(After a painting by Edmund Ethelston)*

Mr. Arkwright, Messrs. F. Green, W. and G. Sewell, could live with hounds for the latter part of this run from Parndon Woods; I could not get a trot out of my mare and both Mr. Bevan's horses were reduced to a walk. The fox, however, beat us—I heard afterwards that Mr. Bevan's horse died from exhaustion.

Monday, February 10th. Harlow Common. Let this meet stand out clear and distinct, for it was a real clipper that we had from Latton Park. We found him at the Parndon end, rattled him across to the Harlow side and into Rundell's Grove, and he broke away over Mr. Rickett's Farm, through his garden, and then swung left-handed over the road near Canes, and ran very fast to Wynter's Brook. Mr. C. Green came down at this stage of the run; crossing the road by Mr. Joseph Tucker's, they ran by Magdalen Laver Schools and by Arnold's, and then bore left-handed by Belgium Springs, which was passed on the right; taking another turn, we made for Fagoters, and it was not long before we reached Matching Green; running close to Brick Kilns and skirting Man Wood they led us at a rattling pace for Down Hall, where most of the field went



wrong, for the fox sailed away by Matching Hall, a rare pace to Matching Park; thoroughly beat, ran a circle in the wood, and was pulled down in a barn close to the covert, seventy minutes, a six to seven mile point, and ten or eleven as hounds ran. I took a pad in commemoration of the run. Mr. E. Barclay claimed the mask, and Mr. Tyndale White the brush.

Among those who went right well through the run were Messrs. Kemp, Frank Ball, W. Sewell, G. Sewell, E. Barclay, Arkwright, R. Hill and Miss Morgan, in addition to the huntsman and whips. One of Mr. Charles Green's Weald Coppice days, for after meeting at North Weald on Saturday, February 15th, when it rained without ceasing all day, and only a moderate run came off with a good fox from the big wood to Stanford Rivers, we left off at Weald Coppice, Messrs. H. E. Jones, W. and G. Sewell, and H. J. Miller alone accompanying the Master. Foxes were now beginning to travel, and with a little less law we should undoubtedly have had a very good run with the journeyman from Brick Kilns by High Laver Hall over Mr. James' Farm to Ongar Park. Just as they were moving off from Belgium Springs I had the luck to view a fox in the open for them (although the exertion necessary to attract the huntsman's attention lost me my voice for a week), and we had a first class run by Wynter's Grange, Rundells, Latton Park and Netteswell Cross, where we changed and got back to Bays Grove, Mr. J. Pelly, Messrs. R. Ball and H. Fowler being well to the front. We had a regular steeplechase from Harlow Park to the Lower Forest through Gaynes Park up to Mr. Green's house on Wednesday, March 12th, and Mr. George Hart never sent in the bill for the five-barred gate which the roan mare brought down, post and all, trying to follow Mr. F. Green on his "Grey," and Mr. C. R. Doxat on "Polly"; but the best timber jumpers will fall occasionally. In the afternoon from Parndon Woods to Pinnacles they ran equally fast, and we couldn't catch the Mate and Mr. Roly Bevan.

AN AFTERNOON WITH MR. VIGNE'S HARRIERS has charms of its own which even the rival claims of the Foxhounds at Row Wood and the Staghounds at Thornwood Common cannot equal. For in these days of ever-increasing, ever harder riding fields, what a pleasure it is sometimes to get away from the crowd and to watch hounds work in company with a dozen genuine sportsmen. The Master very wisely *keeps, and intends to keep, his fixtures very quiet*. What a wonder he is! How very few of us will ever see 84 summers, and fewer still who will be able to go through the long days in the saddle which he seems to make nothing of.

An important engagement prevented my attending the meet at Bell Common in the morning, but fortune favoured a two-mile ride in the afternoon, as I fell in with hounds near Theydon Garnon Church, on their way to find another hare; already they had had one clinking gallop across the grass to the Forest at a great pace. Mr. T. J. Mills, of Garnish Hall, on a three-year-old, put in an appearance at the same time.

What a glorious afternoon it was! The soft Favonian breeze seemed to whisper of the coming spring, and to be telling Nature that it was time that she woke out of her long winter's sleep. It was an afternoon in which sound seemed to travel most distinctly and sight to be specially clear, and every tree and fence stood out well defined. To breathe, to live, was a pleasure; but the cup that was offered to our lips was brimming over with nectar. But a truce to this frivolous; let me sketch, if only in bare outline, what took place.

Several fields were drawn without finding, including the one that provided the great Pyrgo run of about a fortnight ago. Would that I had been out! The meet had been at Theydon Place in the morning, where the



hospitable owner, Major Tait, in expectation of finding another "celery hare," had invited the Master and all comers to breakfast. A hare, whether celery or broccoli fed, history opineth not, was soon on foot, and provided a capital morning's sport—and two falls to a certain hard-riding young lady.

Sometime, about 2 p.m., the party found themselves in one of Mr. Pegrum's fields, near the Merry Fiddlers, when up jumped a great Jack hare, with hounds close at him. Away o'er the brook, which a hard-riding welter-weight stayed to explore, past Barber's Wood, with Major Tait and Messrs. R. and D. Smith and young Hurrell, and one or two more with them. At a great pace they ran over this grass, and rose the hill for Hill Hall; then dipping down into the valley, crossed the treacherous Roden, fortunately by handy ford, and getting into a cramped and difficult country hounds, within one mile of where they killed, and at least six from where they found, shook off all their pursuers, and alone and unattended, killed this gallant hare. It was the best run, Mr. Vigne affirms, that he had had for 50 years.

To the Head  
of the Brewery

Epping

H. Vigne,  
who can't  
think of a name  
for life of him

quite quiet



The recipient of this "quite quiet" notice from Mr. Vigne announcing a meet of his Harriers must have been highly favoured, as Mr. Vigne was as chary of letting anyone know where he was going to meet as he was of jumping a fence.—Ed.

I make no apology for this digression, but will proceed at once to tell you how on Saturday, March 15th, at 3 p.m., with a wonderful intuition, old Hurrell (the huntsman) selected another very likely field of Mr. Pegrum's, and was rewarded by a hare jumping up right in view of the pack, and scudding away down the brook, past Mr. Smith's house, at a pace that, if they had held on straight, would have left us all behind. Hounds were all in a cluster as they breasted the hill leading to the Hill Hall coverts, and every second putting yards between themselves and their nearest pursuers; when making a curve on the brow of the hill, we got on good terms again, and as they swept down into Barber's Wood, and dashed into it with a crash of music which woke its echoes from end to end.

Young Hurrell dived into Barber's at once, with hounds, while Miss



Philby and one or two more got round on the left; one sportsman, on a grey, getting a nasty roll, for it wanted a clever one to creep down the bank, hop over the water at the bottom, and then flip over the hedge on the other side. Here no doubt hounds divided, the bulk of the pack going away, with young Hurrell close to them, towards Gaynes Park, while three couples came out on the left. We had a very merry spin with these over the meadows, back to Mr. Pegrum's farm, when young Hurrell stopped them, and joined forces with the other hounds, which were hunting it out near the Rectory.

Very prettily they took it over Mr. Mills's land, and back over the road and brook, and away up to the covert on the hill again; back this time without going into Barber's and another turn up to the Rectory, hounds hunting every yard. Swinging past Mr. Mills's plantation they crossed the road once more, and went up the hill. This time most of us stuck to them, for we could hardly expect a third turn back to Barber's, and were rewarded by hounds running smartly down towards the river, across a big plough, and then up to Bush Grove, and through the park, Mr. Philby on his chestnut mare, followed by his sister on "Paddy," showing the way over the rails.

Across the grass hounds ran very fast up to the Hall, then bore back parallel to the road. Fortunately, all the gates were unlocked, and we could keep hounds in view as they went out at the Shalesmore end, and then back to Bush Grove, only to come out and run down to the river, which we did not cross. Turning back over the road up a wheat field, hounds worked out a double the hare had made in a most marvellous manner, and went away again at score up to Bush Grove. Unluckily, in an adjoining plantation a fresh hare got up. Mr. Philby, who seemed to be in the wars that day, having already had two croppers in his determination still to be with them, got caught in a bullfinch, and was much cut about the face. After running some time longer, Hurrell determined to stop hounds, as it was getting late.

Although these hounds had been running two and a-half hours since I joined them, and had been hard at work all day, they did not seem to be in the least tired, which speaks volumes for the kennel management of their huntsman and the breed of the pack. But there is no finer judge of a hound in England than old Mr. Vigne.

Jogging home in a very contented frame of mind with the world in general, and my cob\* in particular (a recent present from a polo playing friend), I fell in with two jubilant staghunters. They sang of a great run with the stag over a magnificent country, and I subsequently learnt that a remarkably good day's sport fell to the lot of the Essex—so one and all got their share of the intoxicating pleasures of the chase on this memorable Saturday.

A long, dragging day of poor sport had nearly worn itself out in the North Weald country on Monday, March 17th, when at 4 p.m. we arrived at Beachetts. Bailey had already half drawn the covert when, remarking to him that, as he took the far side, I would return by the same side I had already traversed, I had the good fortune, just as the huntsman was blowing out of covert, to view a fine old grey fox sneaking along in a very quiet way. My view holloa brought him to his senses, and he went out directly hounds were on his track into Gaynes Park Wood, through which they pressed him very fast, just skirting the polo ground, ran on across Miss Houblon's lawn, and over Avila's farm, up to the railway crossing.

\* "Binjimin," given me by Bob Ball.



Over that and the road, into Green's field, and re-crossing the rails, made at a great pace for Coopersale Hall. As we had to gallop to Baxter's Bridge to get over the rails, we were most fortunate to have in Henry John Miller a pilot who knew an available road. Thinking that hounds were bearing left-handed again towards Miss Houlton's, I turned into Baxter's yard under a low gateway in some large wooden doors, but doing so the cob hit his head, and when I saw hounds turning down the hill, nothing would induce him to retrace his footsteps. In despair, I urged some children in the yard to hit him with my whip, and equally futile were all my own efforts in getting hold of his ears and pulling at the bit, to induce him to come out of that yard. Not a bit of it, he would not move, and I was rapidly losing all chance of seeing hounds again, when happy thought—perhaps he would back out. To my intense relief this plan succeeded, and I was free; but hounds! oh, where were they?

Checking, by all that was fortunate, at the bottom of the hill, how that cob went down I need not express, but the shaking of his head plainly showed that he had given it a nasty knock. Only just in time did I reach that corner, for hounds were tailing away up Mr. Blott's field, crossing his drive just below the house. They ran very nicely by Garnish Hall, over that road down to the brook, near Barber's, which, though a trifling jump, was too much for Basham's cob, for in it went on to its back, and nothing short of a cart team would have been of any avail to extricate it from that awkward position. Not so easy was the next fence on the left of Barber's, for, although Mr. Fred Green, who was riding a remarkably clever grey, got over without any apparent effort, Mr. Jones, on his thoroughbred mare "Luxury," was fairly engulfed. Bailey, more knowing, or probably more intent upon his hounds than anything else, was in the wood with them, and got out with a scramble over a tree stump. Crossing into Mr. Rumball's fields, and the narrow belt of trees which forms the framework of one of the most beautiful parks in Essex, hounds were delayed by the park palings for a minute before reaching Beachetts, where the run was virtually over, in spite of showing a line up to Coopersale House. Mr. H. J. Miller, riding "Merrylegs," a pony belonging to Mr. George Dawson, went remarkably well in this run, while Mr. George Sewell on his big raking thoroughbred chestnut mare took a line of his own, with a commanding position all through. Jim, following him over a very high bank, had a nasty fall, and was black and blue for a week afterwards.

THE RUN OF THE SEASON with the Essex Hounds, and some affirm the best they have ever had, took place on Saturday, March 22nd, after the annual meeting had been previously held at the Green Man, Harlow.

No one seemed to have the slightest idea where the first draw would be. Some speculated that they would go to the right for Moor Hill; others said a quick thing from the rough fields near Barnsley's might leave all in the lurch who were not at the meet; while the suggestion of Mark Hall and Weir Hatches found many adherents; but few, I trow, ever anticipated that, after a sharp three-mile trot, which shook off all the foot people, they would find themselves on the north-east side of Harlow Park at twelve o'clock.

Scarce had hounds been put in, when a fox came out on the Latton side, right under Colonel Allsopp's feet, but, evidently frightened, beat a hasty retreat. "Tally-ho, back!" from the stentorian lips of the gallant Colonel, put some 200 riders and their steeds into a quiver of excitement. Personally I know no more exciting moment in a day's hunting than the first whimper of a hound or view of a fox; for has not sad experience taught one that unless you do get a start with the lady pack, when there is a scent,



you have as much chance of overtaking them before the fun is over as of catching your own shadow.

Was that the same fox, Colonel, whose greyhound form was pointing like a winged arrow for Latton Park ere the faint ripple of your lusty cry had reached the huntsman in the distant part of the covert? I fancy not: but "yo-onder he goes," comes from healthy lungs, and down charged the heavy brigade for the gate into the Harlow road. "*Hold hard down the road, sir,*" was no meaningless cry, for hounds were not yet out. Soon they were. How they flung over the grass into the Park. Did you take your shower bath, my dear fellow, with a good grace, as you were bespattered and bespattered the galloping throng, that, led by the Master, could just keep touch of the bitch pack, as with eager jealousy they tore through the covert. "Give them a moment on the plough." "They have got it, now you may



Harlow Park.

go," came from the Master's lips; "and you will not want pulling up again before Parndon Wood is reached, I can fancy," he muttered, "a good mile and a half, if it was a yard, and every inch of it plough."

A ravishing scent, the rise of the hill against us, and even the soundest going on the headland deep to a degree, was all in favour of hounds, while a deep gully that soon faced us after crossing a road was provocative of as much delay as a narrow bridle gate to a Leicestershire crowd. A few, relying upon a season's condition to pull them through, made the running across the middle of the fields, prominently Mr. R. Ball and Miss Maudie Dawson, who has inherited her father's keenness and hard-riding qualities. They and Mr. Bevan were probably the first to reach Parndon Woods, with Bailey and the hounds; but this was *only the commencement of the run*, and certainly took more out of the horses than any other part of it, for they had not gained their second wind, and had been sent along at top pressure.

The pack ran on through the woods in a bee line without a check; deep,



holding and muddy were the rides, as we splashed and floundered through the yielding clay. Hounds faltered a few seconds, as they gained the furthest of the three woods—Long Wood, I think it is called—valuable seconds for the fox; more valuable still for those who had not maintained good places. But after all it was only for seconds hounds lingered, as they had the clue again, and were out at the top end. There was only room for one at a time between the rabbit netting and the wood, so you could only earnestly urge the man in front to go faster, and trust to luck to catch hounds again. Probably the fox was headed at Mr. Burchell's, for hounds very suddenly turn to the left, and brought down *the wrath of the Master* upon a delinquent on an iron-grey horse, who was right over the line, while a resolute crowd stood ready to charge the cut-down-edge with ditch towards—as hounds dashed forward again over the road—an easy place into it for a horse that could creep; and a very negotiable, if rather blind fence, landed us safely out of it on to the grass.

The warning cry of "Wire" only just reached Mr. F. Green in time, for he was bearing straight down on some tempting, but wire-guarded rails. Two more fences turned this deadly obstruction and brought us to Nasing Common. At the same time the Master issued a cordial and general invitation for anyone to override them who could—a sheer impossibility, as hounds were simply coursing over this tract of undrained land, deep, holding clay, once spoken of as the future Wimbledon.

The turf was soundest near the hedge, but even there it was a case of dipping up and down over its billowy hills like a ship in a storm-tossed sea. Notwithstanding, some who had blood that could go were making play across it as if finishing for the Derby. But little they recked that the run was not half over. I trow you pitied those four or five struggling horsemen who, right in the centre of the common, were very soon like water-logged ships, unable to make any headway whatever. Starting at a gay gallop they were presently reduced to a trot, which, subsiding into a walk, ended in a total collapse. A good mile of this and we were at Nasing Coppice. If we had to put up with a *shower bath at Latton Park*, we were fairly irrigated with mud and water as we plunged through pond after pond in the Coppice ride.

Lucky if you followed Mr. Arkwright's lead on the left and kept out of it. Hot and glowing, three-and-a-half miles from the start, without the semblance of any real check, we were away again from the Coppice, bearing left-handed towards Deer Park. Mr. E. Ball dived over the next fence under a tree, while Bailey, a bit to the right, whipped over the rails in the corner, followed by Mr. Arkwright on "Actress" and Mr. Avila on a blood chestnut, and in the same order crossed a slippery wooden bridge at the bottom of a rough stubble field, rose the hill, and found themselves at Deer Park, the turning point, as it proved, of many a man's place and position in the later part of the run.

Over the hurdle into the wood, after Mr. Hart, jun., who is blessed with his father's knack of stealing over a country without ever appearing to be in a hurry; down the boggy ride; we were getting used to them, and by the time we got through, there was not a sound to be heard or a hound to be seen. "*Hark! that's Jim's halloa.*" He had viewed the fox away in the direction of Galley Hills. Up the green lane, through which the van on the right, led by the Master, desperately plodded, for it was fairly up to horse's hocks; but even to gain this miry lane it had been a case of the first come the first served, for there was only one possible place into it—a deep, boggy hole. Never did *gad-fly-tickled bullocks* stampede for a cooling pond and mud-bath with greater eagerness than the sixty or seventy



thrusters on the right rode for this muddy outlet. The first ten or fifteen lost little; but if you allowed ten yards for lost ground (never to be recovered for the next six miles), for each man that came after them, you would not have been far out in your calculation. I know one man,\* who was riding a blood mare that can stay, gallop, and jump anything. I can vouch for his heart being in the right place; but with bachelor politeness he got



Mrs. Handfield Jones

through that gap about fiftieth, and never got to hounds again before Epping Forest was reached. Possibly this was only another indication of the great pace hounds were going all the time.

Mrs. Handfield Jones, *née* Maud Dawson, second daughter of George Hogarth Dawson, was, before she married, as fond

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\* G. Sewell.



of hunting as her father, to whose early and careful tuition she doubtless owed the graceful seat and good hands that always enabled her to hold her own with the best when the pace had made the company very select.

Fortune continued to favour those who steered their course on the left; for the hounds came right across their front just before touching Galley Hill. Over the first grass field after leaving the lane, no one, not even the huntsman, could manage more than a trot, so deep and holding was the soil. Very heavy, too, was the next one, recently sown; but it was down hill. *Shut off the steam down hill*, is Bromley-Davenport's advice, and not bad advice either: and Mr. Lockwood, who was leading at this point, remembered it. Necessary, too, for there were two awkward, trappy jumps at the bottom which landed you into the road. There was galloping room in the next grass field, too rusty a hue for permanent pasture.

On, on,

For the bitches were racing before us,  
Not a nose to the earth, not a stern in the air;  
And we knew by the notes of that modified chorus,  
How straight we must ride if we meant to be there!

The more left-handed you steered the worse was the next fence to be negotiated. Even Mr. F. Green's willing roan *declined to be landed on it*, and persuaded his owner to try lower down.

Hounds just touched the plantation on the right of Shatter Bushes, and then went away up the hill towards Cobbins-end. It was a big order to request even a blood one to execute—the stiff post and rails up the hill—but the shortest way is the usual one chosen by Mr. A. Kemp, and his good black mare was asked to attempt it. But with a due regard for her owner's neck, she flatly declined. In the meantime they could be easily turned by jumping over a bank and small brook. If your horse had not recovered his second wind as you rose the next plough and dipped down to the Cobbins Brook, his chance was gone. Over the brook by the bridge, a momentary falter in the road, a salutary "hold hard" from the Master, and we were ding-donging on again as hard as ever. Only those near hounds ever get those momentary respites—rare pulls in their favour. Those in the back ground knew nothing about them, but had to keep for ever pegging away in the vain endeavour to come up to the front. Turning slightly to the right, Mr. Kemp let daylight into a bullfinch, and was pulled off; while Mr. R. Ball's horse, *whisking high and strong into the air*, landed him safely over. The next fence, a wattled hedge with ditch on the far side, was a fair test on the go left in your horse, for it would not stand trifling with.

By Spratt's hedgerow, which was just touched on the right, a man was seen frantically waving his arm, indicating the direction the fox had taken. But "let well alone" holds good with hounds equally with horses' tails, so, although there was a momentary hesitation, Bailey never touched them, but let them work it out. The man had evidently turned the fox. Hitting it off into the rookery plantation, you had to rush through and jump out quickly, to be with hounds, as they rattled over the hill into Jenkins's Spinney and over the long brook-divided mead. Reaching the brow of the next hill, Epping town could be seen in the distance, with the pack driving steadily on before you.

The two following fences were fully as honest as any that came in the run—the first, a down-hill jump, over a blackthorn fringed ditch; the next,



a scramble over a high bank. One more field, and we reached the Bury Road. Crossing it we were on the well-drained land farmed by Mr. G. Pegrum. Hounds probably ran slower at this part of the run than any other. It is well-known that there is little scent with a sinking fox; but still they dribbled steadily on, right up to Shaftesbury Farm; and crossing a deep lane, ran very prettily parallel with the Lindsey Street road, over Mr. Arthur Whipps' grass fields, not a yard of barbed wire in any of them—Mr. Whipps is much too good a sportsman to encourage that.



Lieut.-Col. Hon. W. H. Allsopp

A series of six razor banks and ditches had to be negotiated, much to the delight of the Lindsey Street population, for one and all left their dinner to watch the fun. One enthusiast was so excited that he *took his knife and fork with him*, and so armed jumped several fences. Another reliable eyewitness has assured me that sportsmen came dribbling up for hours afterwards wanting to know where hounds were. A local contingent, headed by Messrs. Ball, galloped furiously up Lindsey Street parallel with the hounds. They were too maddened with excitement to hear the holloa from Mr. Aldred, who had just viewed the fox at the back of his house, struggling across one of my fields. He was five minutes in front of hounds then, which he succeeded in making ten by the time—worn, and tired—he was viewed with draggled brush crawling into the Forest—a six-mile point, as



the crow flies, from Galley Hills. Hounds carried the line right up to Miss Abbatt's School, and, *happy omen!* up to within fifty yards of the Master's grounds. Here four hounds turned back on the very track the fox had taken, behind the chapel. At the same time, a holloa over the road could be distinctly heard. Had Bailey turned into Mr. Whipps' yard instead of going through my fields, he would have been right on the track of the fox; but even then I question whether he would have caught him, for scent is rarely good in the Forest, and hounds could never speak to a line again, though their waving sterns proclaimed their suspicions. They had been running for sixty-five minutes up to Epping town, and must have covered at least twelve miles. It was a grand run, grass, woodland, and plough, and thrust and thirst from start to finish.

Lieut.-Col. the Hon. W. H. Allsopp was Major in the 3rd Battalion Worcestershire Militia when this portrait on his good grey horse "Coroner" was taken at the Norton Camp, Worcester. "Coroner" was a good performer in any country, and when in the hands of Mr. T. G. Smith, of Worcester, from whom the Colonel bought him, he jumped the Crowle brook, and although carrying 15 st. in the Essex Welter race at Rundells in 1890, came in third, with his owner—the Colonel—up. All men who hunted with the Essex were very sorry when the Colonel gave up his winter quarters at the Green Man, Harlow, and sought fresh fields and pastures new, for he was a very cheery companion in the hunting field, a good man across country and a staunch supporter of the local races, in which he generally had a flutter. The Colonel's love of horses has taken him into a wider field. In 1896 we find him holding the office of President of the Hunters' Improvement Society, with which, as one of its most active members, he has ever since so closely identified himself.







Darnley

## CHAPTER VII.

*Darnley—Architect—Sir Claud de Crespigny—Hypatica—The Funker—Mr. Colvin's Golden Lady—Jackdaw—Totnes—Rose of Devon—The River Dart—A Good Win—Lord Alfred—Hop Bitters—St. Devereux—True Love for Germany—Bryn—Verbena—A Bad Conveyance—A. J. Tweed—Woodside—1890-91, a Poor Season—W. Symes' Crumpler—Snow Wreaths—The Queen of the Valley—W. Morris—Ed. Neave—The Merry Fiddlers—Let Well Alone—Workman—Henry Petre—A Mud Bath—Capt. Du Cane—Matching Green, 1891—A Deal in the Hunting Field—Dr. Syntax—Weston's Patent—Griffin's Wood—The Peel Family—D. Cunliffe Smith—The General Meeting—Mr. Green Resigns.*

**M**R. H. R. B. TWEED certainly chose a pretty name when he assumed the historic one of "Darnley," but unlike that luckless mortal, he has held it untarnished and covered it with the laurels of the chase. Coming of a good sporting stock, his father, a parson, being as fond of shooting as a day's hunting, Mr. Tweed was entered to hounds at a very early age, and his is one of the few figures I can so vividly recall, looking back through a vista of twenty years, that used to charge with such avidity the overgrown Roothing ditches in brambly October. Wonderfully has he kept his nerve, and great have been his successes between the flags in Essex and other parts of the country, as we all know well. His brother, too, Mr. A. J. Tweed, whose good hunter, "Woodside," accompanies this sketch, has run him close, and is





T. Matthews C. E. Ridley Rev. F. Fane  
 Littler, junr. Littler, Senr.  
 J. Cockayne

H. J. Miller  
 H. Sworder  
 Crawley  
 on Pilgrim

W. Westall  
 T. J. Mills  
 C. E. Green  
 Col. Lockwood

McAdam  
 Mrs. Waters

R. Lockwood  
 Mrs. Bowlby

H. Lawrence  
 Mrs. Marsh  
 Major Tait



always in great request at the time of point-to-point chases; but methinks the music of hounds has more charms for him than the clang of the saddling bell, or the hoarse shouts of the mob, exciting as it may be, to win a ding-dong race by a short neck. Many of the farmers' chasers has Mr. Tweed ridden, none better than Mr. James Rust's "Architect," on which he won the Farmers' Steeplechase at Champion Lodge, we believe in the year 1886. Mr. Rust wears the trophy, a gold watch, given by Sir Claud de Crespigny, to this day, and no doubt thinks of the old horse every time he winds it up after a heavy market-day at Chelmsford.

Another good horse of the same class with which Mr. Tweed was successful was Mr. Herbert Richardson's "Marvel," on which he won the Shrubland Park Steeplechase at Ipswich in 1890. His brother subsequently won the Essex Union Point-to-Point on this horse, while Mr. Darnley was trying to sleep off slight concussion sustained at Galleywood the day before. Mention may be made of one or two more good chasers which Mr. Tweed steered to victory for other Essex sportsmen, commencing with Mr. H. B. Dickinson's "Hypatica," a thoroughbred mare by "Blair Adam," and bred by Mr. Dickinson on his ranche in Argentina. She won the Roothing Steeplechase at Galleywood in 1888; the last time Mr. Tweed rode her she fell with him at the drop fence near the entrance gate at Reed Hall, Colchester, and lay across him with her legs going round his head like the sails of a windmill. Calling to a dragoon standing by to catch her legs, pull her over and free him, he received the reply, "What about her kicking me?" Fortunately a better plucked messmate came running up and soon did as Mr. Tweed required, using at the same time some very strong epithets to the funkier.

Mr. R. B. Colvin's "Merrythought" was a good mare. Mr. Tweed won the Open Race at the Essex Hunt Meeting in 1891 on her, and quite expected a sequence of wins had she not developed a leg. He thinks, however, that "Golden Lady" was the best of Mr. Colvin's that he ever rode. In 1890 she won the Open Race at the East Essex Hunt Meeting at Galleywood, with Tippler up, and within an hour Mr. Tweed rode her for the Hunt Cup over the same course, when, in spite of being knocked down at the water jump he caught the field of seven before they rounded the Church, and won in a canter. Unluckily she also developed a leg. As good a looking one, but up to more weight and a





G. Hart	W. Roffey	C. E. Green	W. C. Westall	Mrs. Bowlby	J. G. Crosse	Col. Allsopp
H. J. Miller	J. Harris	R. C. Lyall	Miss M. Glyn	L. Arkwright	P. Hargreaves	H. Charrington
Bailey		Crawley	Jack	Mrs. Marsh	Major Tait	
					Col. Lockwood	



fine bold fencer, was Mr. Colvin's "Knight Templar," on which Mr. Tweed won the Hunt Plate at Colchester in 1891, and the Hunt Cup at the East Essex Meeting at Galleywood in the same year. Barring, however, his old friend, Lord Alfred, Mr. Tweed thinks that Mr. G. Vane Milbank's "Jackdaw" was the best fencer and gamest horse he ever rode in a steeplechase. In 1894 he won the Essex and Suffolk Hunt Plate at Colchester on him and the East Essex Plate at Galleywood.

Mr. Tweed's experiences, however, are not confined to Essex: he is not likely to forget the natural fences he had to tackle over the Totnes course in Devonshire, when, in addition to the huge stone-faced banks peculiar to that country, the river Dart had to be forded twice, not to mention travelling over 300 yards of high road. It was in September, 1891, when riding Mr. H. C. Collier's "Rose of Devon" over this course, Mr. Tweed missed the ford and fell into a hole in the river. By the time he had scrambled out the leading horse had secured a quarter of a mile start. Bustling along to catch him, Mr. Tweed fell again at the ditch on the hill. Fortunately there was still a mile-and-a-half to go; so losing no time, he again went in pursuit, and gradually wearing the leader down, won in a canter. A good performance indeed, two falls and a win.

We now come to a few of Mr. Tweed's steeplechasers which have carried him well to hounds, and with the exception of "St. Devereux," which his brother rode, have been ridden by him in all their races.

Starting with "Lord Alfred," whose portrait, with Richard Driscoll, trainer to Mr. C. W. Waller, at Royston, Cambs, is herewith given, we have to chronicle a succession of brilliant victories. This game horse, a chestnut gelding, stood 17 hands; he was bred in Ireland in 1882 by "Aeronaut" out of "Barbara" by "Bar One"—a mare noted for foaling good jumpers, as she was the dam also of "Fatherland," "Golden Dream" and "Golden Ring."

"Lord Alfred's" performances while in Mr. Tweed's possession were the following:

*November 5th*, 1891, won Hunters' Selling Steeplechase of £25 at Galleywood, beating a field of 8. Distance  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, weight 12 stone 7 lbs.

*April 18th*, 1892, won the United Hunt Steeplechase Plate at Colchester of £25. Distance 3 miles, weight 12 stone 10 lbs.



*April 22nd*, 1892, won the Easton Park Steeplechase at Ipswich of £50, beating "Too Much," "Carlsbad" and 5 others. Distance 3 miles, weight 12 st. The day before the last performance he ran in the United Hunt Cup at Rundells, and when going well was knocked over by the swerving "Covert Side" at the open ditch beyond the Stand.

*April 28th*, 1892, won the East Essex Steeplechase Plate of £21 at Galleywood. Distance  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, weight 13 st. 3 lbs.

*May 10th*, 1892, won the Hamilton Stakes Steeplechase of £42, at Bungay, beating "Covert Side" and two others. Distance 3 miles, weight 13 st. 7 lbs.



"Lord Alfred" and Richard Driscoll

*November 10th*, 1892, won the United Hunt Steeplechase of £21 at Galleywood. Distance  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, weight 13 st. 3 lbs.

*November 17th*, 1892, won the Open Steeplechase of £40 at Bury St. Edmunds. Distance 3 miles, weight 13 st. 7 lbs.

*April 6th* 1893, won the Roothing Steeplechase of £30 at the Essex Hunt Meeting at Rundells. Distance 3 miles, weight 13 st. 7 lbs.

*November 23rd*, 1893, won the Essex Open Steeplechase of £30 at Galleywood. Distance 3 miles, weight 13 st. 3 lbs.

*On April 5th*, 1894, "Lord Alfred" ran in the Light Weight



Hunt Cup at the Essex Hunt Meeting at Rundells, and when leading three fences from home missed his stride in taking off at a small fence with a narrow trappy ditch on the take-off side, got too close, blundered on landing, half recovered himself and then turned head over heels, breaking his back behind the saddle. A gun was sent for, but the poor old fellow died before it arrived. The old horse was a bit hot with hounds, fidgety on a bad day, but all there when hounds ran. *He was a bad roarer from his youth up*, but used to catch his second wind after going a mile. He was a perfect hack, and could carry himself jauntily into Chelmsford after an 18-mile ride home without having once tripped his toe during the journey, a feat which is beyond the power of most thoroughbreds. "Lord Alfred" only gave Mr. Tweed four falls, one in a run from Forest Hall to the High Woods, when he got too close to a grass-grown ditch; another, when leading a youngster at school over Mr. Tweed's steeplechase course at Woodham, when he took off too far away from the brook and struck the opposite bank; the third, when he rolled over Mr. Tweed at Bedford by taking off in the furrow of a ridge and furrow field, the fence being on the top of the ridge and pretty stiff; and the last, when he was killed at Rundells. So long as he met no animal which chopped him for speed before he got his second wind, he could always stay the 3 miles, and even when beaten he would keep on struggling and jumping faultlessly. He was an invaluable schoolmaster for young horses, as he fenced in such good form, and young'uns, we know, always take their cue from the schoolmaster. As a hunter he had the great defect common to the English thoroughbred; he could not stand what the late Harry Hieover called the "day labourer part of the business." Three days a fortnight would get him dreadfully light and put him off his feed. Instead of turning his attention to his winter oats, he would be dreaming of Bailey and his horn.

"Hop Bitters," a brown gelding by "Barbillion" out of "Hopbine," was a good stamp of the thoroughbred hunter, standing 15'3, long and low, with a rare back. He was a good mount when hounds ran, but nervous and irritable when his mind was not intent on business; he was no good for boring a hole through a hairy place in a pottering run. Mr. Tweed remembers Mr. Carney saying to him, after refusing such an obstacle, "Pull out of the way, and let me have a go; my fellow does not mind scratching his face."

"Hop Bitters" won the Essex United Hunt Cup of £30 at





Bob Ball (on Boycott)	Mr. Littler Tyndale White	C. E. Green	T. Usborne	J. Harris	E. Helme	L. Arkwright
J. Sands	Lady Brooke	White	Mr. Cooper	G. Dawson	Miss R. Caldecott	J. Cockayne
D. Cunliffe	Smith		Jack	Miss M. Glyn	R. Waltham	
			W. Foster	Prince Adolphus	J. Bailey	
			J. and F. Miller and	of Teck		
			Georgie Waters (on foot)			



Rundells, on April 10th, 1890. Distance 3 miles, weight 13 st. 4 lb. Previous to this race he had not been out of the stable for ten days, owing to a leg, which always gave Mr. Tweed a lot of trouble in training the horse; otherwise he would have won more steeplechases.

"St. Devereux," by "Mornington" out of "Schehallion" by "Blair Athol," was a good hunter and fencer. Rather high on the leg and narrow to follow, but with a lion's heart in him, he was what the dealers call a light-hearted 'oss, always had a kick in him, and would land one very warm at the meet. Mr. Tweed relates that once, after riding him in a tremendous gallop with the Essex Union, after one of Mr. William Gardiner's good foxes, from Noak Wood up to Thundersley, eight miles as the crow flies, and getting one fall, he let fly at a cart going through Rayleigh on the way home.

"St. Devereux" won the Roothing Steeplechase at Galleywood, in 1890.

"True Love," a brown mare by "Philammon" out of "Vera," was very good looking and had perfect manners with hounds. She had had a hard two-year-old season in Ireland, running second several times to good horses, and her heart was broken by whip and spur; Mr. Tweed ran her several times in 1891, and never touched her with either; but early punishment had ruined her, and if she landed over the last fence in a race with a strong advantage, she would begin to shut off steam when she heard the shouting. So perhaps Mr. Tweed did well when he sold her to go to the stud in Germany.

"Bryn," a very clever chestnut gelding by "Sweetbread" out of "Chaff," was hunted as a three, four and five year old by Mr. Tweed; he and his brother were joint owners of the horse, and sold him as a six-year-old to Mr. C. V. Tabor, who won the United Hunt Cup at Rundells with him in 1896; and also beat a big field at Woodbridge, Suffolk, for the Woodbridge Plate.

If Mr. Tweed has had his share of good ones, he has not escaped a clumsy one or two; perhaps "Verbena," which gave him eight falls between Screens and the High Woods, during one run in 1889, was about the worst.

"*The best conveyance to hounds I ever rode.*" So wrote Mr. A. J. Tweed, when he sent me the photo of this well-known animal, a bay gelding by "Pride of England," dam by the "Hadji." Standing 16 hands, but on very short legs, he did not appear nearly so high; he was very successful in the show ring, carrying off first prize in the 14 st. class for hunters, first



in the light-weight class, and Champion Cup for the best hunter in the show at the Essex Agricultural Meeting at Romford in 1893, and a first and second prize at Ross Horse Show in 1893, and two thirds at Hereford in the same year. In 1894 he won the Essex Welter Point to Point, carrying 14 st. at Great Easton, when the going was cruelly heavy, and followed this up by winning a steeplechase at Ipswich. He was a rare performer across country, and would tackle anything one liked to ride him at; Mr. Tweed says that he never got to the bottom of him. He sold him eventually to Sir Gilbert Greenall, the present Master of the Belvoir Hounds.



Mr. A. J. Tweed's "Woodside"

The season of 1890-91 will always be remembered as about the worst on record, owing to three things:—dry cub hunting period, a very long and continued spell of frost, a very dry and early spring.

It opened so badly that I really thought it hardly worth while writing a diary. Nor did I start to pen these lines until March 7th, 1891. I remember one good morning's cub hunting from Nasing Coppice, from whence we ran a fox to Warlies, and killed in the open. I remember Matching Green, and associate with it a very indifferent run.

I remember about a week afterwards being out in the Shatter Bushes country, when, jumping into a road I jarred my spine, and had to be driven home in a farmer's cart, and I did not ride again for about ten weeks, frost intervening. I remember hunting one Wednesday, some time very near the end of January, and having a very fair morning, finishing up with a good gallop from Mark Hall to North Weald on my old grey pony.





C. E. Green	R. Waltham	G. Hart	J. Sands	Miss Bagot	Mr. Foster
Lady Brooke	Mrs. Dawson	Waters	E. Helme	Sir Henry	
Tyndale White	G. Dawson	Miss M. Glyn	Miss R Caldecott	on	
J. and F. Miller and			L. Arkwright	"Multum in Parvo"	
Georgie Waters (on foot)			Bayley		
			J. Cockayne		



I remember going down that Wednesday night to Rugby and hunting next day with the Warwickshire, and the following day with the Atherstone when I got two falls. I remember the week after going down to Rugby again and having a day with the North Warwickshire, and the following day with the Pytchley, and early in the run coming to grief over a gate; which accident provoked a comment in the *Field* from "Brooksby," and hurting my back again made necessary a lift home in a butcher's cart, and ten weeks' rest before I could ride again.

Saturday, March 7th, 1891. Stag hounds at Magdalen Laver. For quite six weeks there had been no rain and the Master at once told us on our arrival that there would be no scent. Mr. Harrison provided a very good luncheon at Mr. Lucking's house. Almost directly the deer was uncarted (an untried stag) a very heavy storm of rain came on. We had a ringing run of about two hours round by Weald Bridge, Sewald's Hall, Harlow Park, eventually taking at Harlow; the deer having broken his fetlock had to be killed. Within two miles of Harlow, Mr. William Symes\* on his mare "Miss Templar" got in a ditch, and with his mare on the top of him, it looked like being a very nasty thing; luckily there was plenty of help at hand, and after about half an hour's work we managed to get him out; he seemed to be in a great deal of pain, so we had him driven home. A great many of the followers of the foxhounds were out, including Major Tait, W. and G. Sewell, Miss Oliver, Messrs. Endon Oliver, E. Ball, F. Ball, H. E. Jones, Miss Jones, Messrs. Caldecott, Avila, Howard, Symes (two), Scruby, Tyndale White, Barclay, Arkwright, and Caldwell.

Monday, March 9th, Dagenham. I did not go to the meet, but left home about 1.45 p.m. and fell in with hounds at Lambourn End. Colonel Lockwood's coverts all being drawn blank, also the Forest (Hainault); it was determined to go on to Loughton Shaws, which had not been drawn for two years; here we found, as luck would have it, and had a capital scamper up to the Forest, where he got to ground; very few were left to see the end, C. E. Green, Mr. F. Green and his daughter, Mr. S. Caldwell and Avila with the hunt servants. The same evening as we rode home (it had been bitterly cold all day) it commenced to snow and by early morning it lay to the depth of four inches everywhere, with heavy drifts in places and about four feet deep just outside my house.

Tuesday, March 10th. The snow had by no means melted, and it was very cold and snowing again towards evening.

There was no stint or lack of cheer when Mr. Harris issued a hearty welcome, to one and all, to a capital champagne luncheon at Passmores on the occasion of the Staghounds meeting there on Saturday, March 14th. A goodly throng, (which, but for snow-bound banks and ditches, would have been of much larger dimensions), put in an appearance. The deer—a hind, a well-known heroine of last season, but which this season had not been tried before—was enlarged at about a quarter to one, and immediately pointed for Parndon Woods.

When the hounds were laid on they settled to it at once, and it was quickly evident that in spite of the snow there was a *scent on the plough*, and equally certain that horses do not understand snow-filled ditches, for at the second the Master came down. It was all plough—heavy plough, sir; but it made all the difference whether you were near the pack or a quarter of a mile to the bad, as to the way you get over it. If you followed the Major down the headland, you could note how beautifully the hounds were running

\* Mr. Symes has done little or no hunting since.—ED.



down the furrows! What a pace they went; how forcibly a pro-champagne remark came to your mind—"That they would run clean away from us."

Nearing Rye Hill Common. Locked by all that is venerable! and "Done, Sir!" we exclaimed, as we scanned the gate. No, there was a corner on the left, but you had to gallop left-handed after Mr. Hart before you regained hounds, as they raced over the grass meadows up to Mr. Prior's farm, and over Mr. Rickett's big newly-drained field, over which the Master, Mr. Hart, Major Tait and Mr. Morris were nearest to hounds.

Entering the Lower Forest at Thornwood Gate, hounds ran through it at a great pace over the Epping Road, and then turned right-handed by the side of the line. The Master's grey whipped round at the cleaned-out ditch near the brick-fields, but yielded at the second attempt, accompanied with a fierce stab of the spur, for the hounds were racing up the grass.

Never stand dreaming, while yonder they're streaming;  
If ever you meant it, mean it to-day;  
Bold ones are riding, and fast ones are striding,  
The Queen of the Valley is forward, away!

So Mr. Neave's lead was quickly accepted. Oh, you road skitters! You missed some fun as you passed under the bridge and shirked the line, for the Queen of the Valley had run parallel with it; the Master was over the next fence—a bank, sir, with a snow-filled ditch—and the hard-riding stranger on the bay was on his head, but had time to catch a funkier's cob—mine, sir—before he got on again. Those who whisked over Mr. Avila's spiked palings into his wood you could count on one hand, while some on the left were making good play, led by that bold and accomplished horseman. Ah, the young one did credit to her pedigree. Who will ever forget Mr. T. J. Mills' "Polly"? and with Sir Peter's blood, she can waltz through the stickiest plough. Oh! Sewell, was it the pace that made the gallant chesnut stick his head out and decline the thorny fence into the road?\*

Mr. George Hart, Mr. Avila, and Mr. E. Neave (the Master and A.D.C.) were in the position they had maintained, and would maintain to the end which had not come yet. How they raced over the beans! The fences were trappy, but the lane was handy for Mr. Scruby and others. Hold hard, sir, on the Coopersall road, and take out your watch—thirty-three minutes to here, and seven miles as the crow flies will take a lot of beating. But the Queen of the Valley had grown distrustful of the snow wreaths, or was determined to let the roadsters have another chance, for she went, unviewed by any of us, towards Theydon Mount, and, bearing left-handed, led us nearly up to Toot Hill before leaving the road to plunge through a dark corner of Ongar Park Wood.

How cleverly Mr. Hart's horse did the bank into the wood! If you wished to see hounds come out and hit the line off over the big grass meadow leading to Ongar Park Farm, when blanched she had swung to the right towards Blake Hall Station, you had no time to lose. Another snow-bound fence, and the Master's grey flipped over the rails, with a yard to spare, into the hock-deep snow. Mr. Howard was just over the stile in time to turn them—did he mean it?—as they left the small wood near the line ("Mr. Morris, you certainly cleared away a lot of snow when you stood

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\* The same fence and same cob, *vide* run in '96. Really, Sewell, you must get a fresh hunter before you try that fence again.—ED.



on your head"). Another mile, and we took the deer at the homestead of as good a sportsman as ever got into the pigskin—Mr. George Brown; and a dozen miles, as hounds ran, in sixty-five minutes, is what we made it, our only regret being that *none of the fair sex*—and many started—were there to see the Queen of the Valley taken.



William Morris on his favourite grey

This good horse, formerly the property of Mr. C. E. Green, is fairly typical of the class of animal that gentleman used to buy to carry his weight over the Essex ploughs. Mr. Morris declares that he never had and never wishes for a better one. We can quite believe this when Mr. Morris, who always rides as straight as a gun barrel, tells us that in the five seasons he has ridden him, the grey, who loves timber and iron sheep hurdles as much as he does his own manger—for he is a rare doer—has never once put him down. The horse loves hounds,



and on one occasion with staghounds and when going at a brook, stopped dead to allow a tail hound, that unnoticed by Mr. Morris had slipped in front of him, to get over, and then pulling himself together hopped over at a stand.

Mr. Neave acted as a whip (perhaps one of the most nerve-trying operations) to staghounds for several seasons. This was during the mastership of his brother, Mr. Sheffield Neave, of the Essex Staghounds. To bring on the tail hounds over a stiff country when all your friends are lost to sight (though



Edward Neave

perhaps to memory dear, according to the way they have been riding), or turn hounds at the end of a long run on a tired horse, a man must have his heart in the right place; but who ever knew a Neave with his heart in the wrong one? So Mr. Edward Neave, with his horsemanship, bold riding, and inexhaustible patience, made an ideal whip.

The Merry Fiddlers was the fixture for the last day of the season 1890-91, and a dark-clad lot of sportsmen they were who turned up to see the last act of the drama on Saturday, April 4th. Dark clothed? Yes, certainly; for, beside the Master, the Messrs. Price and Waters were the only sportsmen who had donned the orthodox pink. But, messieurs, the day was worthy of a pink. Jim Cockayne, who since Bailey had been laid up had carried the horn with such success, cheered on the hounds—a mixed



pack, as they *silently* drew Barbers, Bush Grove, and the remainder of the Hill Hall coverts. I will not recount the names of all the other preserves drawn blank; but in the Gaynes Park Wood a great dog fox was viewed, to which hounds stuck for sixty minutes, mostly woodland hunting, until they fairly pulled him down in the open near Mr. Hart's.

But the run of the day has yet to be described. It was getting late, and the wind that came up from the east in cold and fitful puffs brought up a dampish mist. Many had gone home, little recking what was in store; others dallied behind, of whom more anon; but a select few were fortunate enough to see hounds thrown into Harlow Park, the far side of which Jack only just gained in time to get a view of the fox that broke across the road for Latton Park. And a great dog fox it was that the first echo of Jim's voice had startled from his kennel. Not a second did Jim lose getting the hounds out of covert; the ride through Latton lay handy enough to keep



The Merry Fiddlers

you in touch of hounds as they drove forward, gladdening the heart of old Boatman (the keeper), as he got a view of pursued and pursuers. We were impatient and in great hopes, as hounds ran steadily through the wood; but when they crossed our front for a moment, and a moment only, we were in doubt. But forward away, in the direction of Parndon, set our minds at rest, and we jostled as eagerly for the outlet to the open as a schoolboy rushing for his playground. Mr. T. J. Mills was going very strong up to Rye Hill Common. (There is only one drawback to the common—there are two boggy watercourses running right across it, and when hounds race over it as they did that night I will defy you to keep pace with them.) The Master had a valuable horse in the grey he was riding, for he was over the common as soon as anyone, and leading the van as we steepchased over the next two or three grass fields.



A momentary hesitation on the plough at the left of Marles Farm—a very welcome one to the young squire whose fox we were running, and who here, after a hard and stern chase, had managed to catch us. Alas! Endon, why didn't you persevere a little longer? Getting on the grass again, hounds pressed on into Marles. Some legitimate doubts may be expressed as to why Mr. Parham did not join us at this spot; why the welter on the roan rode so forward; as to the exact spot where Mr. Sorrell lost his hat;



J. Brockett Sorrell

and where Messrs. Sworder, Lyall, Ball, and Major Tait eventually managed to overtake us; but there could have been no doubt whatever about the performance of that good hound "Startle," who was across the next grass field before her companions were out of covert. Forrard! was the cry over the road that ran parallel with the Cobbins Brook—here conveniently bridged—it attracted us as a magnet does a needle; and it was only the sight of the Master's form sailing along in wake of hounds that kept us from crossing it.

Never part with your chesnut, Sewell, for you owe him a lot of gratitude for refusing the wire! Mr. Kemsley, however, is too good a friend of the hunt to put up wire, and to the left of where you were trying to break your neck there was a good way over. Crossing the Epping road near Mr. Kemsley's haystacks, hounds were brought to their noses on Mr. Olney's



plough, but turned on the steam on hitting the grass beyond, and ran fast to Orange Wood. On the way the choice of a locked gate or ditch-guarded rails had to be made. Not a moment did the Master hesitate, but, catching hold of the good grey, sent him at the rails like a rocket. Rising well at them, he got his forelegs over, but failed to clear his hind ones; their weight and his rider's 17 st. did their work, and brought the rails down with a crash; and so we reached Orange Wood as soon as hounds entered it. There was not a whimper, for the fox had turned short under the wood; but that true hound "Workman" had never left the line, and "Trusty" never doubted him:—

He guides them in covert, he leads them in chase;  
 Though the young and the jealous try hard for his place,  
 'Tis "Workman" always that's first in the race;  
 He beats them for nose, and he beats them for pace.  
 Hark forward to "Workman," from daylight to dark!

Jim had the hounds out at once, and those who had followed them into the wood had the choice of a high bank or stiff rails before they could get out. Again the Master's grey came to the front, but this time the grey intuitively knowing that they would not bear trifling with, landed well over. The Admiral, too, one of our most thrusting welters, and that dashing light-weight, Mr. Seymour Caldwell, had no intention of shirking them, and rejoined the pack as they breasted the hill. Thick and brambly loomed the fence, and locked was the corner gate; Mr. Arkwright was off his nag, and, putting his back to it, had it off its hinges at once, while Jim charged the fence lower down successfully, but no one followed him. Shall I tell? Yes; for he confessed it himself, and I also have a confession to make—the welter on the roan\* turned away, and so did Sewell; down to the keeper's house they went, and going, went further and further away from hounds, which were still bearing to the right, passing on through a narrow strip of plantation, through the corner of which Mr. Seymour Caldwell plunged with the pack, and emerged in safety on the grass beyond. But it was a nasty place; my craven heart failed me, and I sought, right-handed, what the hatless Mr. Sorrell and others had shown to be feasible. But to turn away, if only for a few yards, and as many seconds, is fatal in most cases; and just here hounds were on grass, going a great pace. As we rose the hill behind Gills Farm, and dropped down the grass slope to Ball Hill, it was a stirring sight, and none, I trow, shut off the steam in their endeavours to catch hounds, who were over the brook at the bottom. Again, uphill you had to stick very close to them to see any of the fun; the fence at the top had a front of brambles rising from the ditch; but, though Mr. Caldwell failed to simplify it, Mr. Arkwright made amends, and, as he was not hurt, he will excuse the allusion.

J. Brocket Sorrell, to my disappointment, was not photographed on his well-known nag "Let Well Alone," which rejoiced in a tail so luxuriant that it was the constant subject of tender solicitude to all who saw it. Neither a long tail nor a rat tail, what was it? Everyone had some suggestion for improving it, from trimming off two feet to curling it. To have pleased all would have been quite the impossible thing, so to every adviser Mr. Sorrell's invariable reply was "Let well alone," a

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\* Mr. F. Green on "Blue Beard."



name that stuck to and clung to a good horse, upon which his owner, who has hunted and shot in the Essex country longer than most, enjoyed many seasons' sport.

Mr. Henry Petre, who so successfully hunted the carted stag in Essex for very many years, carrying the horn himself, was, when I knew him, a man of rather quiet, and as Mr. G. Hart thought, almost too reserved manner for a Master of Hounds. Be that as it may, he was very popular, never dropped on to the forward riders, but liked to go the pace himself, and to see others going it.



Henry Petre

He took many a toss, but always came up smiling after the worst fall. One incident that Mr. Hart relates, perhaps, gives a key to his character. "Just going," at George Brown's suggestion on one occasion, "merely to see the turn-out."\* Mr. Hart and Mr. Brown eventually found themselves

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\* How many go out with that resolve? How many break it and find themselves in at the take?—ED.



at Harlow, the hounds pulling down their stag in the open near Hubbards Hall. Mr. Hart jumped off his favourite horse, "Tippler," to go to the rescue, when the favourite made off, with Mr. Petre after him, all the way to Canes. Although riding a thoroughbred, Mr. Petre failed to catch the runaway, but effectually relieved the anxiety of those who saw a riderless horse come galloping into the yard—a kindness Mr. Hart never forgot. To resume the run :—

Nothing like sticking to the reins. I remember Mr. Henry Petre telling me that he never let go of the reins in his life when he fell. Another fairly easy fence, and, still going downhill, there was a teaser where hounds went—a brambly bank, thorny fence, and a considerable drop to the ditch beyond. Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Arkwright, and a few others took it as a matter of course; but here was exemplified the one thing lacking in this run to have made it perfection, viz., a little more pace—the pace when to hesitate is to be lost, for "Hesitation" joined hounds again directly, and saw them swing into Mr. Nicholl's plantation. Turning left-handed over the Cobbins Brook, we had to gallop back 100 yards for a bridge. Galloping up the right-hand side of the wood, hounds were out on the wheat beyond, "Workman," "Fearless," and "Tempest" alone working it over a cold bit of plough, which brought us on to the grass and well-gated demesnes of Copped Hall. The going had been very light—how could it be otherwise when you saw the dust fly on the dry fallows?—but yet many a horse was blowing and many a tail wagging as we galloped across the park, and through the grass rides of its boundary fence, ere reaching the Warren. Exactly fifty minutes from the find we were in the forest, which at 5.40 p.m. was a pretty safe place for a fox, even on the last day of the season.

1891-92

Monday, October 12th. Tyler's Cross. Several well-known members of the Essex Hunt were present, in addition to the Master, Mr. C. E. Green; Mr. Arkwright, Messrs. Caldwell (2), Miss Caldwell, Mr. G. Sewell, the latter riding the "Curate," Mr. Endon Oliver and his sister, Miss Tait, Messrs. Steel, Todhunter, Lee, Pyne (2), Miller, Price, Howard Fowler and others. We had a very merry morning, found at once at Tattle Bushes and ran to Roydon Park, where we killed; had another spin from there, killed, and a capital gallop from Pinnacles to Roydon Park very fast.

Saturday, October 24th. High Roothing Street, 10 o'clock. W. and G. Sewell and I sent our horses off at 7 o'clock for the King William, whither we drove and mounted. It was a beautiful morning and quite a large crowd out, including Major G. Capel-Cure, Messrs. Du Cane, Waters, Caldwells, S. and R. Christy, Jones, Hill, Price, Tyndale White and Lady Brooke. We had a jog of at least three miles to Crows Wood lying on the right of Garnetts, where we found a straight-necked customer at once; one rattle round the covert and he was away. Not many open places in the first fence. Bailey nearly down at one and hounds filtering through the other gave those who had got over early a good start, for about ten minutes hounds ran very fiercely, Tyndale White and Arkwright leading the van, Green and Howard Fowler close up. G. Sewell came down in a ditch and W. Sewell caught Du Cane's horse. This fox disappeared like magic. After this, we had another gallop of about forty minutes in and about



Olives. A swollen brook, however, which hounds kept crossing and several foxes on foot rather spoilt this gallop. Willie Sewell's cob slipped up on a bridge and landed him in six inches of liquid mud. Two very bad foxes afterwards killed near Olives brought the day's proceedings to a close. Considering the amount of rain we have had this autumn, the country rode very well.



Captain J. B. DuCane

Captain J. B. Du Cane has often been taken for Mr. E. Caldecott, and he resembles him not only in physiognomy, but in possessing a similar reputation for being one of the hardest riders to hounds that Essex soil has ever produced.

*"He is the stuff that soldiers are made of."*

Monday, November 2nd. Matching Green. Much the same as other Matching Greens. A great crowd on wheels and on horseback. I had to leave early but managed to see a cub killed before doing so.

"Never swop horses in mid-stream" is hardly applicable to changing mounts in the hunting-field, otherwise Mat Milton would hardly have made three hundred guineas of the bay horse (dear at one hundred), one of three bays "you couldn't tell asunder," which Dick Christian, who then rode for



him, had placed on the day two farmers, John Parkes and Jack Perkins, had been trying to cut him down. In Dick's own words, "I did the changing so sly, he hanged if they knew," and the third horse had the credit of having carried him all day.

So many a deal has been made with advantage in the hunting-field; and I had never any cause to regret shifting the saddle from a good-looking bay pony I then possessed to the back of a flea-bitten grey, "Dr. Syntax," and giving his owner, Mr. Pyne, a small cheque for the difference. On Wednesday, November 4th, we had two runs in the morning. 1st, from Nasing Coppice to a tree in Warlies Park, from which we failed to dislodge our fox, and another from Galley Hills to Warlies Park and back when a long trot to Tattle Bushes was decided upon and it was *en route* the deal took place. Finding at Pinnacles, we had a most enjoyable run of an hour and when the flea-bitten grey hopped over a V-shaped stile, about the first fence he encountered, his owner confessed ever afterwards he was very sorry he had parted with him, as it was a bit too much for the bay cob; two more stiff pieces of timber before the run was over, the last one near Tattle Bushes. Mr. Arkwright's "Diana" hit it hard and Mr. George Sewell on "Duchess" only just scraped over; the style in which the grey took it quite put me in love with him, and, although he was only a bag of bones at the time, with careful feeding he put on flesh, and proved, if not the best, the second best, horse I ever possessed. He could stay all night, could gallop through dirt better than any horse I ever had and was a perfect timber jumper, rarely putting me down; he had only one fault; he was a puller, and a double rein snaffle, with martingale, the only bit you could ride him in. Mr. Peel, of Cheshire fame, made his *début* with the Essex Hounds in this run and went uncommonly straight, too.

The Hatfield Broad Oak Saturday on November 14th was far above the average day's sport, commencing with a very fast ten minutes from Row Wood in which, as hounds were running towards the Forest, Mr. Frank Ball, on "Harkaway," came to grief trying to follow Mr. Longbourne over a very nasty fence. My next note is that I was riding with Vickery's patent bars, and jumping a hurdle (I must have been sitting very loose) a leather came out and let me down; no more patent bars for me. That was in '91: now in '99, having been hung up three times, I have taken to Weston's patent and swear by them. Afterwards we had a clinking run from Barrington Hall to Wilson Springs and to ground at Canfield Mount. Only those lucky enough from the turn at Wilson Springs had a chance with them: I was out of it and so was the Master, and I again took the wrong turn at Row Wood with a rare good fox which we had brought from Poplars. As hounds raced from Man Wood very few besides Mr. Arkwright, Mr. G. Sewell and Jim saw anything of the latter part of it.

Wednesday, November 18th. The Kennels. Previous to throwing off, a meeting of the Hunt Club was held, and George Sewell was elected a member. It was a very misty day, but as it turned out a right good scenting one; we found at once in Mark Hall, and ran fast to Vicarage Wood and slowly back by Bay's Grove and Harlow Common to Latton. Going away from there, we rattled along at a good pace to Marles Wood, some rails *en route* near Rickett's proving irresistible to Messrs. Longbourne, G. Sewell and a few others. Crossing the road, we turned into Mr. Crane's field, and, riding straight at some rails out of it alongside Mr. E. Barclay, we nearly came to grief, for we jumped on to a regular cart road with quite a raised bank on the other side. "Dr. Syntax" recovered himself most cleverly, but Mr. Barclay came a rare crumpler without being hurt. Away over the grass and into the Epping Church road near Kemsley's hay stacks, hounds



were soon over Cobbin brook. The old ford which we knew appeared to be wired up, and so nearly all seemed to think, and away most of them went for the plantation, deaf to all entreaties. I essayed it and found one loop-hole. Jumping off my horse and fording across and pulling out the stakes, we managed to get through; this was a good turn, for as we jumped into the Bury bridle road near the hay stacks we were joined by those who, having found another ford on the right had been able to tackle the rails which immediately fronted them. Many, however, were completely done by galloping down the Bury road. Away over the beans to the plantation, barbed wire along the fence, or in and out of the spinney, which you liked best. Bailey and Jim jumped into the plantation, but there was one way out of the scrape—some stiff rails, barbed wire on the top. These rails we have jumped before, so followed Mr. Arkwright over at once. Mr. Howard Fowler hit them very hard and somebody else smashed them all to pieces, wire and all.



Griffin's Wood

From this point we bore away down hill, but our fox, evidently headed, had taken a turn towards Epping again, and merrily sped the chase round New Farm and down to Griffin's Wood. Barbed wire again, by all that's provoking! Down jumped the Master and Jim to try and demolish it, while others sought a way into the plantation and jumped the rails out of it. Hounds ran on very fast through the Warren and out again over the park, and away for another turn round the Bury fields, only to get back to the Warren and the forest; rattling through this at a great pace nearly to Luffman's earths, he found refuge near the King's Oak. In the evening we had another clinker from Latton Park to the Lower Forest, Messrs. Arkwright, S. Caldwell, E. Barclay, Percy Pelly, G. Sewell, Miller and a friend being the only ones who remained for it. It was a regular steeple-chase. We ran back again, but much slower. It was quite dark when we left off at 4.20, after certainly one of the best days I ever had.



Monday, Nov. 23rd. Thornwood Gate. A cold raw morning. My little daughter, "M."—though her pony was led by Jenkins, managed to see a good deal of the fun. Not a whimper in the Lower Forest or Rough Talley's, but a right good halloo in Gaynes Park set all our pulses throbbing. Out by the Rifle Butts two fields and an open ditch, one of the fields, a very heavy one, found us in Rough Talley's, where our fox did not dwell a moment, but was viewed over the line by some platelayers into the Lower Forest. Here a good many were soon plunged into the lowest depths of despair, for they did not get out, when hounds running the outside, feathered over the road and were away in a minute over the grass meadows towards Duck Lane. It was a nasty up-jump out of the road, and Bailey's horse did not like it, but Mr. Tyndale White gave him a lead and we followed one another pretty sharp, and set to work to take everything as it came—a drop fence, then another drop, a pretty flight of rails and Bailey was boring his way into Duck Lane, while Mr. Hart swung open a gate into and another out of the lane, and switching over the next fence, hounds scudding away on our right. The huntsman, Messrs. Du Cane, Tyndale White and Longbourne being well up on that side—a fence, with wire but, thank goodness, rails to make a horse rise, and over a very heavy piece of seeds we ran very fast. Messrs. Du Cane and Longbourne, disdaining the gate, flew the Weald Brook. Mr. Tyndale White had a lead down the next grass meadow, but came to a stopper; however, turning left-handed over a ditch and fence, popped his grey over the rails, with ditch to him, into the same field as the hounds, Bailey asking someone to break them, but neither "Rosa" nor Du Cane's horse could assist in that performance, so over he came. Keep the grass! A warning too late for Mr. Du Cane who had swung over the rails into the stubble, while Bailey hit the road in time to see that his fox had been headed, and two of the leading hounds were already up it. No occasion for a cheer, even from the huntsman, for the scent was ravishing. Messrs. Du Cane and Longbourne charged into the stubble together, while the huntsman kept the parallel road, for already horses were beginning to hold out signals of distress, for there had not been the semblance of a check and the going was remarkably heavy.

Leaving Little Weald Hall on our right, we jumped out of the road into some heavy ploughs, and ran without dwelling to the North Weald road, where Mr. Arkwright, on "Diana," got a cut in, his light weight serving him, and he went on over the plough with a lead. Hounds checked a minute on the North Weald road, which allowed the Master, Mr. C. E. Green, with a flying squadron behind him, to come up. How hounds stuck to their fox in the forest, rattling him round in grand style! We just got up to Crane's in time to view him over, and, cheering hounds on, we raced back to Weald Coppice; one turn round its leafy precincts and whoop! they had him. It was a capital hunt, and I claimed the brush for M. W. Sewell rode my new horse "Tinker," purchased from Mr. C. R. Doxat, and got on very well, considering he knew very little about jumping and absolutely had only one side to his mouth.

Wednesday, Dec. 2nd. Tyler's Cross. There was a very heavy fall of rain in the night, but clearing up, we had quite a spring day—more like summer than winter. After a run in the Pinnacles country, the going frightfully heavy, we for a wonder drew Parndon Woods blank, but found in a covert just beyond Passmores, and ran on up to Parndon Hall and lost this one. "No scent" they kept saying, but very soon sang a different song when we got to Mark Hall, for from there they had a screamer through the kennel field, across and away to Barnsley's, and on at a great pace to



Moor Hall, and over the rough field to Heathen Wood and Down Hall, where we lost.

Matching Park blank at 4 p.m., and a pleasant jog home in the twilight with the brothers Ball brought a very nice day to a close.

Mr. Peel's equestrian adventures would fill a volume, and a very interesting one it would prove, could he be prevailed upon to write his riding reminiscences. I can only recall one equally



Archibald Peel on "Foxhall"

ardent fox hunter of his years whom I have met in the hunting field, and that was the late Sir William FitzHerbert, in Derbyshire. Mr. Peel is one of the most encouraging examples to the middle-aged lover of fox hunting of the *possibility*, though perhaps only to the few, of preserving one's nerve into the seventies, and riding with the dash and boldness of a youth of twenty-five. Mr. Peel sticks at nothing; directly hounds begin



to run he starts cutting out the work, and generally gets down at some fence no one else will look at ; but I have never seen him down on the wrong side, nor watched him but he was sailing away directly, and very often alone in his glory. His name occurs frequently in these pages, and space alone prevents my enlarging upon his merits as one of the quickest men to



Miss Ethel Peel on "Blanche"

hounds I have ever seen. Fox hunting is hereditary in the Peel family. Mr. Peel's father, who was a Cabinet Minister, declared that there was no joy on earth to compare with riding a good horse in a good country alongside hounds running with a breast-high scent.

There was not a pin to choose between Mrs. Butler and her



sister, Miss Ethel Peel, whose portrait on her well-known grey mare "Blanche" is given on the previous page, when she was hunting with the Essex Hounds, and it came to the question of riding to them. Like her sister, she probably preferred a mount on the grey, but whether mounted on the favourite or



Mrs. H. Butler on "Ladylove"

any other animal, she always rode her own line, as far as it was possible to do so in Essex, and I can honestly add that I have never yet seen a lady out with the Essex Hounds who went better than Mrs. Butler and Miss Ethel Peel, when hounds were running. It would have been impossible.



On Saturday, Dec. 5th, Mr. Harry Sworder\* tried his hand on "Tinker," and confessed afterwards that he never had such a doing in his life. This horse, as I said before, had only one side to his mouth, and I must honestly say was about the worst mount I ever had.

From Row Wood to the heap of fagots was short, but quick enough to weed most of them out, except Mr. J. Tabor, Mr. Du Cane and Jim. Finding again near Wilson Springs, we had a hunting run of nearly an hour.

Mr. Green had sent us all by road to the Hart, so hounds got away by themselves, but came back to those who, in desperate haste, rode to overtake them, or who, with Messrs. E. Ball and G. Sewell, recognising that they were thrown out, held quietly on, until, on comparatively fresh horses, they could join in as the chase crossed their front. All with the exception of about a dozen, arrived at Canfield Hart, but only half of them saw hounds race to Barrington Hall, where they killed. *En route* Mr. Arkwright charged a big blind place on "Diana," and had an imperial crowner—no one else tackled it. I think, Mr. Waters, you were there. With me you'll remember it, though in the year 1896, in Canfield Hart, when talking to Mr. Arkwright about his well-known mare, he had forgotten this little incident, although he recalled that about the first time he rode "Diana" she gave him three crumplers.

Wednesday, Jan. 27th, 1892. Little Laver Mill. We had about three weeks' frost in January, but it was fairly out of the ground when we met at Little Laver Mill, on Jan. 27th, the following being out:—Sir Henry, Lady Brooke, Messrs. Barclay, Edwards, Arkwright, Caldwell (2), Sheffield, Neave, Tyndale White, Jones, Du Cane, Christy, Ball, C. Buxton, among others. From the Brick Kilns to ground near the King William was not bad, nor the 55 minutes afterwards, though a ring from Man Wood, killing at Row Wood. Foxes in the cabbage fields near Down Hall, with partial and catchy scent, brought a very nice day to a close. As we turned our horses' heads homewards from Down Hall heavy rain commenced falling.

"Never go home before the hounds" was a maxim Mr. C. E. Green was never tired of instilling into us, and several had occasion to bitterly regret not laying it more to heart one memorable White Roothing Saturday, February 6th, when, after running a fox from a covert, close to Wilson Springs, over a big country, and killing him at Canfield Hart after 1 hour 45 minutes, hounds had a clinker from Down Hall to ground at Latton, running at our heels all the way. The fellows who rode in it reached home almost as soon as we did; Mr. R. C. Lyall was entering his stable-yard as hounds ran full cry into Harlow Park. Of the lucky ones who saw this run and enjoyed their dinner in comfort and peace that night, let me mention Miss Colvin, Mr. C. E. Green, and his brother, Captain George Green, Mr. Arkwright, Messrs. E. and F. Ball, A. J. Edwards, and A. Waters. Their horses were clean beat, and could hardly raise a trot between them when they reached Harlow Park.

Prevented from going to the meet at Weald Gullet on Friday, February 26th, I made for Latton, hearing that hounds, being unable to find a fox, had gone there; and I came up in time to see both Mark Hall and Bay's Grove drawn blank. It was then determined to draw some cabbages near Harlow Station when up jumped a fox; he had a very narrow escape, for, having doubled sharp back, he could not come past us,

\* Mr. Harry Sworder seemed never to mind what he rode; he had a knack of making them all go. His question, like old Wilson's, of Enfield, was not, "Can they jump?" but "Can they gallop?"



and hounds were all round him. Luckily, however, he made a bolt with one hound close at him across the line, hounds tearing along in view and, bearing right-handed, ran very fast up the meadow towards Weir Hatches. It was a case of the devil take the hindmost; however, Messrs. Bevan and Arkwright, with Bailey, reached Weir Hatches with the hounds, which probably divided, for they crossed the line but came back to Bailey's horn, and away we went again at a great pace to Parndon Hall and over the Park down to Passmore's, Harris's. Bearing left-handed through the Fir Plantation, they ran up to Netteswell, back through Vicarage Wood, rattling him along over Mark Hall Park across the road, nearly to Harlow Station



Drummond Cunliffe Smith on "Chancery"

again, and, bearing left-handed, ran very fast through Weir Hatches over the road once more and up to Latton Rectory, where they pulled him down after a capital 50 minutes. Most of the horses, except Mr. Arkwright's and the grey, had had enough. It was a jolly gallop. Home again at 6. None of us could catch Mr. Drummond Smith in the evening gallop with a fox from Mr. Fitch's stack heap on Monday, February 29th—a day marked by cold showers, and one of the Colonel's foxes killed in a run from the Big Wood to the Forest; and another of Mrs. M'Intosh's chopped in covert. Hounds came away from the stack heap as if glued to their fox, and streaked through Miss Houblon's garden and across Gaynes Park and



through Beachetts to such a tune that no one could live with them beyond that covert except Mr. Drummond Smith, and him we never caught before hounds bayed their fox to ground at Shalesmore. Jumping the stile and gate, the first two fences, and going the wrong side of Mr. Avila's Farm House didn't help matters. I am afraid Mr. G. S.—

D. Cunliffe Smith, eldest son of Sir Charles Cunliffe Smith, inherits all his father's love of hunting and shooting, and for many years was a devotee of polo, a taste acquired in his Cambridge days. Why the heir to such a rich baronetcy has not yet taken to himself a wife is a matter of considerable surprise even to Essex Benedicks.

WITH MR. SHEFFIELD NEAVE'S STAGHOUNDS.—I always say that each time I go out with these hounds the better I like them, and I venture to assert that this was the general consensus of opinion of those who assembled to see them throw off at Moreton on Saturday last. The following are a few of the names of those who were there, in addition to the Master and his first *aide-de-camp* (Mr. E. Neave):—Messrs. Harrison, H. E. Jones, E. Ball, Hart, Harris (2), Sewell (2), Elder, Dalton, Oliver, Westall, Steele, D. Gingell, J. Gingell, J. Longbourne, Pemberton Barnes, Foster, and Lines; Major Tait, Captain Nelson, Sir Charles Smith, Miss Oliver, three hard-riding men in neat grey mufti, and three equally thrusting sportsmen black-coated and top-booted, whose names I did not know. Mr. W. Alger mounted his grey cob just to see the start; and owing to the serious sickness in his house, his near neighbour, Mr. Daniel Gingell, gave one and all a hearty welcome.

A fine open piece of country had been chosen for enlarging the untried hind, who gamely struggled for that freedom which she felt within her reach as she sniffed the soft breeze and trod the plebeian plough. But she had not calculated on the dash, courage, and perseverance of the twelve couple of hounds who, ten minutes later, were loosed on her track. Sinking the wind, she scored the first point in the game, and hounds had to put their noses down to puzzle out the line; but staghounds have a wonderful knack of stealing over a country however bad the scent may be, and ten minutes from the start the field had all settled down in their places. Mr. Neave has a capital way of preventing them pressing his hounds, and woe betide the unlucky individual who rides behind instead of their right or left!

There was no crushing and jostling for places at the fences—plenty of time, plenty of room—and a good-natured throng turned to the bridge that spanned the stream below Norton Hall. Running parallel with it almost to the Osiers, they struck across the park. Leaving Norton Hall Farm on our left, we came down to a wire-guarded fence, the Master narrowly escaping it. Crossing the Chelmsford road near Spurriers Farm, hounds ran on fast to Parslow Farm Hall, where, getting on the grass, we soon found ourselves at Blackmore. Leaving Jericho on the left, we bore away for Shenfield, the fences coming fast and thick, much to the delight of Mr. Jones, who, in his usual manner, was showing the way on the right; while Mr. Ball, on his chesnut mare "Lucy," was piloting a contingent on the left.

Passing near Mr. Edward Courage's house, we bore away towards Thoby, where a longish check took place; and a good many, not following the Master in the wide cast he had to make before hitting off the line again, were left behind. Those, however, who stuck to it had the satisfaction of seeing the hounds at their best in a very pretty piece of hunting. Crossing the line, they ran up to their quarry in the brook not far from Mountnessing,



where we got our first and last view, Mr. Ball lassoing her in a most artistic manner. Only seven beside the Master and his staff persevered to the end—viz., Messrs. G. and W. Sewell, E. Ball, W. Pemberton Barnes, Foster, and Jerrard, most of whom had some seventeen miles to jog home; but the Master, not content with providing them with a good run, insisted upon refreshing them and their weary horses as they passed his hospitable house.

It was a most sporting run, and for those who enjoy riding over a good country it was all that could be desired. Starting with a sample of the Roothing ditches, we got a taste of the Doddinghurst banks, and wound up in some large spreading pastures of Leicestershire appearance.

Mrs. Ballock was one of a lucky quartette, who, leaving home on Monday, March 21st, about 1.30, dropped in for a very nice afternoon gallop with one of the Colonel's foxes which, after running across Rolls Park,



The Kennels

was pulled down on Mr. Alfred Savill's farm at Chigwell, within view of Warren Hill, Mr. Sewell's house.

Saturday, March 26th. The Kennels; the General Meeting. Mr. C. E. Green tendered his resignation, and a committee was formed to take into consideration the best means of hunting the country in the future. We did not get away much before 12 o'clock, but when we did, we certainly had one of the best runs I have ever had. Of the first fox found in Harlow Park, little need be said, as we were unable to do much with him, or with another viewed away from Parndon Wood; but a different tale must be told of the great dog-fox that set his mask for the open. When the bitch pack were thrown into Pinnacles hounds were nearly divided, but, fortunately, Bailey got away with the pack all right in good time; crossing two ploughed fields in the direction of Parndon, it required a clever horse to drop quietly on to the bank over the ditch, and a still cleverer one to pop into the road and



thread his way over the bank into the next field, a grass meadow. Slipping down to the brook, we quickly hit off two fords over it, soon breasted the hill up to Mr. Green's house at Parndon over the road, and, still pressing on at a good pace, left Mr. Harris's house on the right, when after running up the next field hounds began to turn a little left-handed; crossing another brook, several very nice grass fields came in our line, with a stiff fence into a road, Mr. Tyndale White on his chestnut leading over it.

Hounds were now tearing over the grass; crossing a road and a couple of lanes, with fences coming thick and fast, we soon reached Harlow Common, over which hounds ran very fast into Latton; here the stamina and breed of most of the horses was put to a severe test, Mr. Ball, on his chestnut mare "Lucy," and the huntsman reaching the covert as soon as anyone; hounds never dwelt a second, and as we galloped on with Bailey, it was a rare treat to see them come out on the left and race away over



Homeward Bound. A Halt for Refreshments.

*After a Painting by Edmund Ethelston*

the grass towards Rundells. Crossing below it, and over the steeplechase course, hounds tore along at a great pace, Messrs. Tyndale White, Jones and the huntsman with a strong lead going through the gate at the end of the long grass meadow together; bearing slightly left-handed, they still pressed on, over the grass and, getting on some ploughed land near Mr. G. Hart's farm, they crossed the road and went racing along the brook, another slight turn to the left, letting a few up. He was now running in view and hounds were very much tailed out; one try for liberty round Mr. Trevennen's stack yard, and the bitches had him; forty minutes, and at least, a six mile point. It was very close and hot, and all those who had ridden the line to hounds had had quite enough—at least their horses had. Messrs. Gerald Buxton and Willie Sewell were well up towards the end, but it was a steeplechase all the way from Latton. It is not very pleasant to see a man laid out flat, with every appearance of a broken neck, but I certainly thought



Bailey was a doner, as, after turning turtle over some barbed wire on Mr. Bott's land near Waltham Abbey, in a run from Galley Hills, on Wednesday, March 30th, he lay without moving; I was just behind him and saw it all happen; hounds were going very fast, there was a gate at the bottom of the meadow, and the fence at the side looked tempting enough, and it's few gates Bailey ever stopped for when hounds were running. Putting him into a cab, fetched from Waltham Abbey, after he had come round, was a more cheerful business.

The card for Saturday, April 16th, was :

#### TO FINISH THE SEASON.

4.30 a.m., Harlow Bush Common—3.30 p.m., Weald Gullet.

The idea of this original double-barrel day to wind up with was that hounds might be able to run with the dew on the grass, scent having been absent owing to the east wind and glaring hot sun. Determined to see this double meet, I got up at 2 a.m., had a capital breakfast at 3.15 a.m. I expected Sworder, to whom I had offered a mount, but he did not turn up. The howling wind and bitter sleet which rattled against the window panes was anything but promising. However, I set off on my three-mile trot to the fixture shortly after 4 o'clock, in the teeth of the driving snow and sleet, and arrived at the meet to find only two others there, Mr. Howard Fowler and young Rickett. We were very dubious about hounds coming, and so went off in the direction of the Kennels and met Bailey with his hounds. The Master soon turned up, and amongst the few who did, I noticed Lady Brooke, Miss Morgan, Mr. Quare and his daughter, Messrs. Caldwell (2), Chaffey Collin, Arkwright, E. Barclay, G. Buxton, F. Green and his son. It snowed now harder than ever, but in spite of this hounds were thrown into covert, Latton Park. A fox was quickly on foot, but hounds could not run him a yard; a few other coverts were drawn, when, seeing how hopeless the case was, the order was given for home, and in consequence of the snow the afternoon fixture was also cancelled, and Monday fixed for Blackmore to wind up with. Taking the season of 1892 all through, it can only be pronounced as a very rugged one, good sport alternating with frequent spells of frost, dry weather and other drawbacks. All other packs in England seemed to have fared badly.







Hatfield Heath

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Cubbing in 1892—C. E. Green—Charles Crawley—The King William—A Foggy Matching Green—Curtis Mill Green—Rose Hall—Navestock Church—Over the River—Home at 2.30—Leisure Hour—Mr. E. Barclay's Harriers—T. J. Mills—The Fagot-stick Fox—R. Waltham—Lewis Phillips—Marles Farm—Cubbing in 1893—Hard Ground—Farmers Complain of Small Fields—The First October Gallop—F. Green, jun., breaks his arm—Harlow Park—Rundell's Grove—Duchess comes to grief—H. J. Price has a bad fall—J. Sands—Dagnam Priory—Bedford's Chaffey Collin's Run—Hatfield Town—White Roothing—Cedric—Collin's Leap.*

CUBBING commenced, September 17th, at 5.30 a.m., at Latton Park. Harvest had pretty well come to an end, the ground was hard and dry, but a large field, as usual, turned up at the opening meet, including many on foot, S., with Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, participating in the fun. Among those riding were the following: Mr. Arkwright, the Messrs. Caldwell, C. E. and F. Green and his son, R. Bevan, W. and G. Sewell, W. Buckmaster, MacEvans, who was staying with me for the meet, Mrs. W. Sewell on the grey cob, Miss Hattie Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Waters, &c.

Saturday, October 15th, Good Easter. A good beginning, too, it proved, after a three weeks' absence from the field, for we had a most excellent day. Sport briefly as follows: The meet at 9.30 necessitated leaving home at 7, after an early breakfast. Some rumours of the expected presence of the Prince of Wales at the meet caused perhaps a more numerous throng than usual to turn out, and amongst those at the meet I noticed Messrs. Osborne, Ball, E. and F. Price, Waters, Caldwells (2), Jones and Miss Jones, many Christys, Hull and a lot of strangers. After killing a short-running cub we got away with a real good one from Boyton Springs, and it was evident, as Bailey remarked as we crashed through a fence together, that "there was a scent on the plough," for hounds ran hard and



fast through the Osiers, the bulk of the pack going to the right while Bailey was left behind with a few on the left. It was some time before he got all his hounds together again, for they now ran on hard, the pace being so good that Blyth, the farmer, tackled some barbed wire, luckily breaking a strand and letting us through; when, however, we reached the road there was a check, and hounds without a huntsman shortly became subdivided again. Directly Bailey got to his hounds another fox was viewed near College Wood, and he gave us a rare run of an hour and fifteen minutes before he yielded up his brush. The pace was very good at first and the ground holding. One ditch had two in it at once, and a stile brought Mr. Chaffey Collin to grief on a blown horse. Eventually we ran up to Springfield, and after crossing the river two or three times we ran into our fox by Mr. Wells' house close to Chelmsford.



C. E. Green

We shall have no better portrait of "Charlie Green," as he is called by his familiar friends, than the above, which appeared in *Baily's Magazine* in June, 1889, until a grateful county, at let us hope, no distant date, shall have presented him with a picture of himself and his favourite hunter. No picture, however, of the subject of our memoir will be complete that



does not include a portrait of Mr. Green's second horseman, Charles Crawley,\* a faithful servant, who must have been in Mr. Green's service nearly all his life, and who was as well known in the Essex hunting field as his master.

There is no room here for a long biography of Mr. Green. What he has done for cricket in Essex he has, and is striving to do, for hunting with the Essex Hounds, *i.e.*, make it an unqualified success. Entered at a very early age with the late

The King William



(En route to the Axe and Compasses, Nov. 21, 1896)

Mr. C. E. Green's "Factotum"	Mr. Brindle	James Dunmow
Charles Crawley	Mr. Sheffield Neave, M.S.H.	(age 83)

Mr. Henry Vigne's Harriers, he has hunted on and off with the Essex Hounds ever since. Taking up his residence in the southern borders of the country about the season 1881-82, he assisted the late Mr. Loftus W. Arkwright as field master in the seasons 1886-1888, and succeeded Mr. Arkwright as Master in 1889, retaining office until 1893, when Mr. E. Salvin Bowlby and Mr. Arkwright's son took up the task, the latter relinquishing it and handing it back to Mr. Green at the end of the season 1898-99.

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\* If anyone wanted to know the way home after a long run, from whatever part of the country he hailed from, nine times out of ten it was a case of "Oh, ask Crawley!"—ED.



Wednesday, October 19th, Coopersale. A large muster, including the High Sheriff, who came up smiling after his previous day's defeat at the poll by Chilton. Miss Burns and all the Miss Buxtons, the Olivers, Caldwells, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sewell, Messrs. Elder, Jones, Pelly, G. Sewell and many more. We had a nice morning's sport, including a capital spin from Shalesmore to the Beachetts and back to Shalesmore. Did not kill. The Mate riding his young horse, which carried him very well.

Matching Green of 1892 will probably be remembered as one of the foggiest on record. Mr. Osborne told me that he had not missed a Matching Green since 1867, and could not recall such a day—and twenty-five years is a fair period of time to look back upon. I cannot tell you half the names of those who, through duty, curiosity, or pleasure, ticked off another Matching Green to their credit. I fancy duty had a fair following, for a good many had deferred the dangers of the chase until the last moment, and had given the leaves every chance of coming off before putting in an appearance. Curiosity, however, accounted for a lot, especially carriage folk; and pleasure had, as usual, by far the largest share of votaries. Let me give a hundred names of those whom the above motives had brought together, viz., the Committee of Management, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. Loftus Arkwright, and Mr. Tyndale White (the first two in the huntsman's cap); Lady Brooke, Lord and Lady Rookwood, Col. Lockwood, M.P., Mr. Robert Lockwood, the High Sheriff, Mrs. C. E. Green, Mrs. Tyndale White, the Misses M. E. and O. M. Yerburch, Mrs. Ward Saunders, the Rev. A. and Mrs. Roberts, General Marter and Miss E. Marter, Col. Clay, General Hodding, Messrs. Gilbey (3), Messrs. W. Buckmaster and Dewhurst (fresh from Trinity College), Miss Burns, the Rev. F. A. S. Fane, Mr. C. Arkwright, Mr. G. Hart and son, Mrs. and Miss G. Waters, Mr. R. Hill, Mr. McEvans, Mr. E. Pelly, Mrs. L. Pelly, Miss Sewell, Messrs. G. W. and A. Sewell, Miss Glyn, Mr. Elder, Mr. H. E. Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. Bowen, Capt. Nelson, Mr. H. R. Bagot, Mr. P. Hargreaves, Mrs. Bullock, Messrs. Lobb (2), Mr. T. Quare and daughter, Mr. T. R. Hull, Mr. A. Suart, Mr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. H. J. Miller, Mr. H. Sworder, Mr. F. Stallibrass, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Patchett, Miss Tait, Captain Meyer and party, Mr. J. Sands, Mr. W. H. P. Barnes, Mr. J. Harris, Messrs. Ball (2), Messrs. Caldwell (3), Mr. Christy, Mr. and Mrs. Weston Crocker, the Rev. L. Capel-Cure, Miss Capel-Cure, Mr. C. Collin, Mr. G. H. Lee, Mrs. McIntosh, Miss Morgan, Mr. and Miss Oliver, Mr. Price, Mr. J. E. Tabor, Mr. J. Todhunter, Mrs. Osgood Hanbury, Mr. Howard, Mr. Westall, Mr. Willis, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. P. J. Lee, Mr. F. E. Loyd.

Here we have names enough to furnish material for a dozen narratives, and I have only one to relate. The executive were not to be baffled by fog, and about 11.45 hounds were thrown into Man Wood. Never did hounds get away so quickly, never were a crowd more hopelessly left in the lurch, as when they slipped away over the muddy lane which flanks Man Wood, towards Down Hall, and the twang of Bailey's horn rang shrilly through the fog; not more than a dozen were with them and only two pink coats—Mr. S. Caldwell and Mr. R. Lockwood—and the rest were chiefly farmers, including Mr. Howard, Mr. Willis, jun., and Mr. Hart, who had an eye to what was going on instead of coffee-housing. After reaching the Down Hall road, hounds, luckily for most, turned back to Man Wood, and coming to a check near the brook, let the field up; but there was plenty of room for hounds to work as they ran on through the fog-encircled fields, back to Man Wood. Mr. Jones's pink, flashing like a meteor through the dripping fences, was an excellent mark to ride to.





G. Hart  
S. Fitch

Cockayne  
on "Harlequin"

R. D. Hill  
T. J. Mills

Bailey

C. E. Green  
Crawley  
J. Furze



Splashed, befogged, begrimed, hot, cold, contented or otherwise, we were soon all back in Brick Kilns without finding, and half the field witnessed the obsequies of a trap-held fox in a neighbouring covert—a cause, methinks, of bitter grief to the owner, Capt. Meyer.

The run of the day was to come from Down Hall. One rattle round the covert and the fox had gone like a flash to Man Wood; past the house and down the avenue surged the throng, and as they gained the open country they took open order, and hot, impetuous youth *sought the bubble reputation* in a Roothing ditch, and the man of *wise saws and modern instances* kept out of the whirl. For sixty minutes hounds ran on, fast and merrily too, somewhat circular, no doubt; but what did it matter, you could never see more than half a field at a time, and the fences came thick and fast enough to satisfy a Jones or a Roly—and the country was dotted with straggling stragglers.

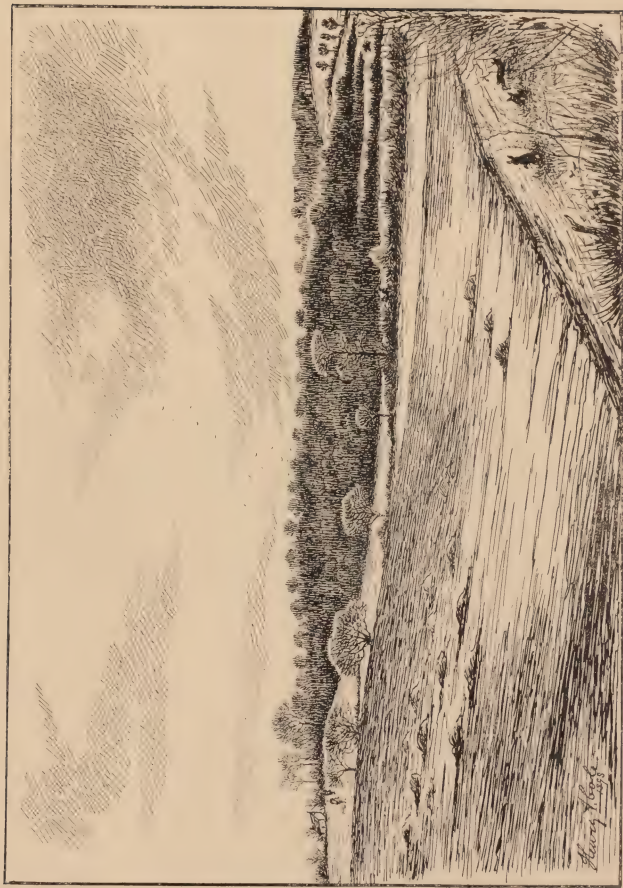


The Gorse, Down Hall

The leaders with flushed faces and keen enjoyment rode on the back of hounds, one of them being Mr. Seymour Caldwell, who held pride of place from start to finish and shared honours with the huntsman. Then came those who rode alternately at hounds and at the leaders, and rode with zest and took what Providence sent them in their stride, contented and happy to be able to live at all with hounds in such a sea of fog, and they included Mr. Hart, Mr. H. Sworder, Mr. W. Sewell, and Mr. Balloch. Then others who had never fairly started, and never succeeded in getting into the same field with hounds until it was about all over; and then others who had meant well and had gone astray on their own line; and yet more who never meant it, and where they had been to we never learnt.

Wednesday, January 25th, Harlow Common. A very large meet, including Lady Brooke, Sir T. F. Buxton, Lord Rookwood, Messrs. Ball,



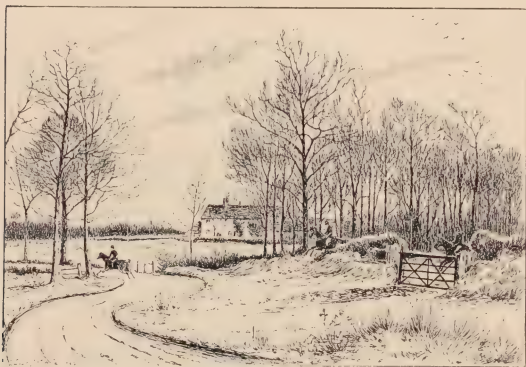


Coming away from Curtis Mill Green



Arkwright, Caldwells (4), Sewells (3), Kemps (2), Buxtons (many), Pellys (2), Jones (2), Hull, T. J. Mills, Hargreaves, Waters (Mrs. and Miss), Miss Fane, Mr. Tyndale White, Mr. Horner, Mr. Borwick, and Mr. James Green. We had a very nice day, made up of a gallop from Barnsleys, followed by another from Vicarage Wood, and winding up with a good spin from Parndon Woods to Harris's, and on to Pinnacles and Broadley Common.

The meet at Passingford Bridge, Monday, Jan. 30th, was graced by the presence of Lady Brooke, who made her first appearance in this trappy country, in which, however, she seemed as much at home as in her native Roothings; a merry morning, with one of Col. Lockwood's foxes in, through, and round his covert, a brace of foxes away from Sir Charles Smith's osiers, and a brace of foxes away from Curtis Mill-green. And with the latter my tale commences.



Horse Shoe Wood, Rose Hall

Little recked those who boldly took their stand at the top of this wild covert, or who in patient hope waited in the valley below, of the great run they were in for. Scarce two minutes in covert before a deep note, answered by hound after hound, and followed by Jack's scream of "Gone away!" and some of the pack were already out. Mr. Sworder viewed a fox stealing up the hill on the right, but there was another fox away below in the valley, and on his line the huntsman was cheering on the body of the pack.

Settling to it at once, hounds drove along over the plough, and raced away to Rose Wood. That maddening chorus proclaimed that they were close at him, as they rattled him round that horseshoe covert. With arched back he came looping out of the wood, to shoot across the grass like an arrow, over the road into the big Navestock pasture—a ringing view holloa announcing his flight.



Many hugged the road round the corner, as only a flyer could get them out of the big pasture into the next mead, over which hounds were tearing along, for the hedge was stiff and the gaps were railed. A wide ditch with a green and treacherous landing was tested by Major Carter and accepted by Miss Jones without a moment's hesitation; and we dashed past the house of Mr. Stiell, who cheerily waved us on. (No fox-hunter himself, he is one of the many unselfish, non-foxhunting farmers to whom we owe so much; he has acres of grass, and not an ounce of wire have I ever seen on his farm.)

Crossing the road, out of which Mr. Barnes' good horse flung himself like a rocket, hounds flew down the pastures for Bois Hall. They turned, however, for the fox had been headed, and, re-crossing the road, ran through the plantations at the back of Navestock Hall, and went at Pytchley pace over the next big grass enclosure up to the boundary plantation.



By Navestock Hall and Church

The ditch was well cleaned out and the stakes on the opposite side neatly trimmed: Lady Brooke was one of the first over. The ride through the covert all that could be desired—good sound galloping for half-a-mile. Well it was so, or we could hardly have hoped to live with hounds at the pace they were going.

A single rail across the ride brought Mr. S. Pratt to grief, and lost him the place which he had maintained so well. Nearing the end of the covert came the intelligence from the first whip that the fox was over the river. A low rail with a drop out of the wood, and the leaders were racing up to the river brink with the hounds, watching them (and hesitating which ford to ride for), as hounds shook their dripping forms on the opposite bank of the muddy stream. Never was the truth of the old proverb, "The man who hesitates is lost," better illustrated than on this occasion. Only those



who grasped the situation at once, as hounds bore down to the river and made for the right-hand ford—and they included Messrs. Pemberton-Barnes, R. Bevan, and McEvans—or to the left—with Mr. Waltham (who viewed the fox and one hound three fields ahead of the pack on his left), Miss Jones, Messrs. Kemp and Sworder, and Captain Wilson—ever got near hounds again for the next two miles.

The gate into the ford was mud-bound, but Mr. A. Kemp was off like a shot, and soon had it open. Bearing still left-handed, hounds lanced over the next three or four pastures and crossed the Ongar road. Not a gate or a gap into it, but a stiff thorn fence or rails with a ditch beyond! Mr. Kemp chose the latter, and recovered himself handsomely on the best of shoulders. Two more grass fields, and only a dozen men anywhere near the hounds, the most prominent being those whom I have already mentioned. Three choking ploughs, it took the leaders all their time to keep near the fleeting pack. A momentary respite near Knightsland Wood, which was passed on the right, and we were making for the Stanford Rivers brook. One at a time, through the ford, Lady Brooke being one of the first half-dozen through, as she had been one of the first to retrieve the river disaster.

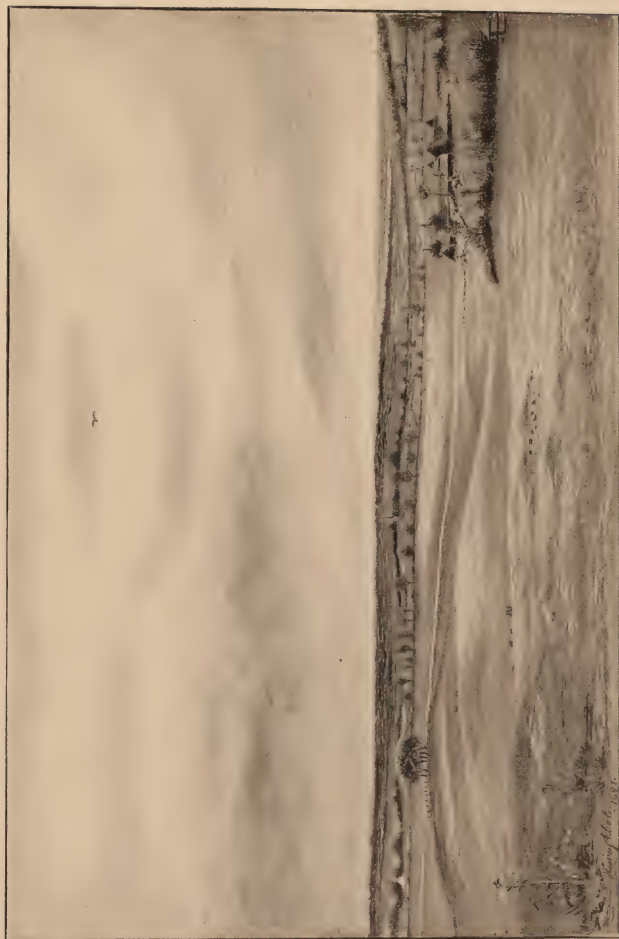
Up to the fence, guarded by a rotten-banked ditch, and single file again; and so to Nickerlands Lane. Mr. McEvans led out on his good black. Three more fields; and, forty minutes from the find, hounds were running desperately keen through the big Ongar Park Woods, and, making one or two circles, this grand fox succumbed. A hound run, sir! For they never required huntsman's aid. I take it to be a three-mile point from Curtis Mill-green to Bois Hall pastures, and from there to Ongar Park Woods another five as the crow flies; and to do this in forty minutes speaks for itself and of the severity of the run. Hounds being taken home at 2.30 requires no further comment.\*

Wednesday, February 8th, Nasing Common. A very good day indeed. We had a capital spin in the morning with a fox that was making his way into Galley Hills. Mr. Peel was well to the front. After running a ring in the Nasing pastures, we lost our fox near Nasing Coppice; the going was very heavy. Our second run was even better; we found a fox in Latton, and hounds ran fast towards Parndon Woods, and then bore left-handed across Rye Hill Common, where they checked; hitting it off, however, once more on Marles Farm, they ran very fast over the grass to Shingle Hall; jumping out of the lane, Miss Colvin got her horse in a ditch; the Rev. G. Ward Saunders, riding "Leisure Hour," stayed behind to help extricate her. Crossing Epping Green Lane we ran past Parndon Woods and over the Epping Green road and came to a check in a drain on Mr. Palmer's land; this gallop was very fast. Just before reaching Epping Long Green Mr. Peel, who was going remarkably well, came down a buster. The third run in the evening was the best, *ut seq.*

A hot, bright skirmish in the morning through the Nasing pastures with a fox not unacquainted with Galley Hills: and what promised to be a brilliant run in the afternoon from Latton Park was nipped in the bud by a drain near Nasing Park, was a fitting prelude to the run which commenced at 4.15 p.m. from Roydon Springs on Wednesday evening, February 8th. Many, with due regard to the capabilities of one horse, had gone home, and those who had been fortunate enough to secure a second found that he had had enough before the run was over. Some fifty, perhaps, all told, were there as hounds came away from Roydon Springs, and, taking

\* In this run, Mr. Seymour Caldwell gallantly tried to swim the river, but failed, owing to the boggy landing; and Mr. Green, who stayed behind to help him out, lost the run.—ED.





Full cry across Nasing Common

*W. H. D. 1891.*



the line through Pinnacles, ran on at a great pace towards Parndon. The brook was conveniently bridged, and the fences could be jumped six abreast. As we reached the road near Parndon Hall, a holloa was heard in the park, but hounds were too keen to get their heads up, and turned sharp to the right with their fox. Over two quickset hedges, and a scramble in and out of the Hare Street Lane, hounds kept racing on down the plough to Todd's Brook at the bottom. Once over it, they were much inclined to turn left-handed, and several sportsmen did the same, only to find that the leeway they lost could never be made up, for, coming to a slight check, Bailey held them to the right again. Hitting it off, they ran diagonally across three sown ploughs—beans and clover, heavy going, but light, easy fences, well within the scope of a pony—up to Harris' brook.

A youthful rustic had by his enthusiastic holloa turned our fox, and hounds went up the ridge and furrow at right angles to the brook; but owing it up the next headland, commenced to run again at a great pace. A boggy sort of ditch, flown in places and crept in others, decided our place in the run for the next two miles. Bearing down hill to the quickset fence at the bottom, Mr. Buxton sent his horse along with a good lead on the right, the huntsman, Jack, Mr. E. Ball, and Mr. Arkwright being in close attendance. Four or five more grass fields and we reached the road near Parndon Wood. Not a second did hounds dwell; and here we had some of the best houndwork of the run, for they raced on through the whole extent of these big woodlands, making them echo again and again with their musical chorus. The rides were heavy, and the two ploughs between the woods most frightfully sticky; but near hounds it is wonderful how a horse that is blown will keep pegging away. Far better then, Mr. Barnes and Mr. Sewell, had you stuck to the little band whose names I have mentioned than turned away to the Rye Hill Road. The going was good between the wire netting and the boundary of the top wood, as in single file we reached the open. Two strangers—one in a neat-fitting habit, the other pink clad—were with the leaders as they left the woodlands behind. The huntsman's horse beginning to feel the effects of the pace, a small ditch brought him down. Over Mr. Burchell's land, and we jumped in and out of the road on to the Nasing Lodge Farm, running steadily over the grass fields and striking the Common, over which hounds flew along. Mr. Gerald Buxton leading in their wake, followed by Mr. E. Ball and four others, reached the coppice with the hounds, and galloping their best, were just in time to see them come away and run on towards Harold's Park. Before reaching the avenue they turned right-handed, and carrying a slow line on to the common, came to a check near Nasing Park. They had been running some 50 minutes, so no wonder most of the horses, including the huntsman's, were done to a turn; although Bailey persevered for some time longer in the hope of picking him up. The dozen survivors of the fray—and they included three ladies, Miss Tait, Miss Georgie Waters, and Miss Richardson—with the Rev. J. Pemberton, were not sorry to turn their horses' heads homewards, with the reflection that such a good fox has escaped.\*

By the kind invitation of Mr. Flux, Mr. Edward Barclay's Harriers met at Coopersale Hall on Saturday, February 18. To meet the Master came

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\* Had three horses out this day, and gave each of them a turn, which no doubt inspired the following lines of Bevan's:—

“And Yerburch thinks how cunning he  
To post his second horse at three;  
Yet when to fence that horse demurred  
He almost wished he had a third.”



Mr. H. J. Miller and his son, Mr. T. J. Mills, Mr. Willis and his nephew, Mr. Gingell and Master B. Fitch, Mr. Gerald Buxton and his sister, Mr. H. Fowler, Mr. G. Dawson (riding a pony, but what a pleasure to see him in the saddle once more), Mr. Pease, Mr. C. Pelly, Mr. Dent, Mr. E. Oliver and his sister, Mrs. Redwood, Mr. Westall, and, on foot, Mr. Flux and Mr. Patchett, Q.C., and old Hurrell—not a large field, but one and all imbued with a keen love of hound work.

A very smart little pack are Mr. Barclay's Harriers, whipped in by young Hurrell, who for so many years did the same when his father was carrying the horn for the late Mr. Vigne. We noticed, however, that he was not there on Saturday. Got a day off to be married, we heard.

After trying Mr. H. J. Miller's and some of the Garnish Hall fields, a move was made over the road to Mr. A. Pegrum's farm; it was decided to stake everything on the certainty of binding on Mr. James Smith's land, with the possibility of having to whip off if the hare made for the coverts—for Mr. Barclay is a great stickler for not disturbing a covert. Our hopes and fears were both realised, for we found a hare at once, but, making for the woods, hounds had to be stopped. Then, more fortunate in a ploughed field near Hill Hall Farm, hounds got away on grand terms with a fine hare. She had no time for twisting or turning, but went away like a dart. Three or four (including the Master) who were riding left-handed were cornered at starting by a thick and very un-Essex looking blackthorn fence; but Mr. Gingell took the initiative by charging up a bank to the left, and so turned it. Hounds, in the meantime, had not waited for anyone, so those who had gone right-handed had it all to themselves in and out of the plantation on the top of the hill. Dawson! you had doctor's orders not to jump a stick! Why did you persist in ramming that cob through after hounds, as in the teeth of almost a gale of wind they swept down the long grass fields to the brook at the bottom, not jumpable where hounds crossed it.

The right-hand contingent, led by the Master and Mr. Pease, were again fortunate, as they hit off a convenient bridge, and, galloping a couple of hundred yards down the road, nicked in as hounds crossed it, and raced up the long clover-sown fields of Mr. Mills's.

How we on the left, again, cursed our luck or judgment! Yes, Mr. Dent and Mr. Buxton, you were both there; and I make no apology for mentioning your names, for was I not, with the whip, in the same plight? and I am afraid that if hounds had not come to a check in another mile we should never have seen them again. But that run was over—a fast and glorious burst while it lasted. Where that hare went to will always be a mystery to me, for Mr. Barclay cast all round the compass without hitting off her line.

But there was no mystery about the next hare, for after running her hard and fast for forty-three minutes, and after some of the prettiest hound-work I have ever seen, hounds ran into her; and Mr. Avila, on whose farm she was found, was in at the death, in time to be presented with the fine Jack hare that had afforded us so much sport. But at the risk even of boring those who took part in that good run, I will jot it down more in detail. Mr. Pease was the first, I believe, to get a view of her as she scudded over a large wheat-field, and with "ware wheat, gentlemen," we divided right and left to gain the headlands. *Mr. Pease, riding the horse on which he won the Cleveland point-to-point*, scrambled into the road on the right and dived boldly into a farmyard.

It is easy enough to get into a farmyard, but not always so easy to get out. But not a gate was fastened, so we all emerged in safety, and, jumping a



wattle-defended bank, saw the little pack, carrying a capital head, as they went streaming over the pastures. Crossing a brooklet at the bottom, and threading a straggling bullfinch, they made a wide circle round these meadows, and then swept up hill again through a wood on its slope.

A regular Essex bank had to be negotiated to get round the wood—straight and steep as the side of a house. No wonder Mr. Fitch's horse came back with him; but, getting clear and remounting, he sent him at it again, this time with better success. Leaving the wood behind, hounds flew along over the grass, and once more crossed the road (what a beastly drop into it!), over some cold ploughed land to a plantation, where she vainly tried to shake off her pursuers. Failing to do so, she went away in the open again, and, taking very much the same course, was viewed into the wood, every nook and corner of which she tried before she would leave it. What a chorus there was as the pack came tumbling out of covert in close pursuit of her! Surely,

A cry more tunable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn.

Gaining the road, she nearly succeeded in baffling these hounds, matched in mouth like bells, and for the first time they were at fault. But Mr. Pease, who demonstrated that he could hunt as well as ride, padded her up the road, and Mr. Barclay, taking up the clue, traced her exit into a ploughed field, where she broke in full view of the pack, who, coursing her over two fields, ran into her in the boundary fence of the plantation, which sanctuary she had vainly tried before. All were delighted with the run—none more so than old Hurrell, who was in at the death; unless, perhaps, we except two little girls,\* to whom the Master gallantly presented pads.

In a splendid hunting run of one and a half hours from Duck Wood, Dagenham, on Friday, February 24th, when we killed at Hare Street, Mr. R. Bevan and Mr. Horner both took a roll over wire without any serious damage. There is no doubt that we must have changed once at least, as at the pace we went no fox could have lived in front of hounds so long. Mr. Harry Sworder, riding my bay horse "Melton," was leading all the way, and young Jerrard, on my big black (a horse that once nearly broke my neck over some rails out of Newbold Revel Park, in the Atherstone country), was whipping into him very well. A double at starting, and the Dagenham brook half way through the run, thinned out the crowd, which at no part of the day was a very big one. The following were among those who were out:—Mrs. Bowlby, Mr. Arkwright, Col. Lockwood, Miss Morgan, Mr. Tyndale White, Mr. Pemberton-Barnes, Mr. J. Pelly, Mr. P. M. Evans, Mr. Waltham, Mrs. Upton, Major and Mrs. Carter, and Mr. Sellar.

The late Mr. T. J. Mills, of Garnish Hall, Theydon Bois, was a conspicuous figure for many years in the hunting field with the Essex Hounds. A kind, good-hearted fellow, a thorough gentleman in every sense of the word, he was as straight as a gun-barrel in his dealings, and faced the bad times that set in in '79 with pluck and determination, though the struggle in his case was a hard one, making him fear that when his time was up that he might not pay 20s. in the £. This fear was never realised. Most of his hunting was done on one horse,

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\* Miss G. Waters and Miss Osyth Yerburgh.



that had to take him to market, out on business, or about his farm, but that one horse gave him unqualified pleasure, and lengthened his life. He loved to holloa a fox, and nearly always had one at home for us in his fagot stack. He could beguile many a weary ride home with yarns of the old days when Conyers hunted the country: he and the late Mr. Fane between them could have filled a volume or two with anecdotes of the chase in Essex. Mr. Mills was much missed when he died, for he belonged to a class that is rapidly dying out, the yeoman farmer. Probably his best and favourite hunter was the chestnut mare "Polly," that won the Farmers Point-to-Point 14-stone class on more than one occasion, ridden by Mr. W. Symes: she was beaten by a horse of Mr. Dickinson's the last time she ran, when I had to steer her. How the saddle bulged out from her sides with the amount of lead, (about 3 stone) that had to be carried, I shall not readily forget.



T. J. Mills

How Mr. Mills' fox beat the Essex Fox-Hounds when they met at the "Merry Fiddlers," on a spring-like morning, Monday, March 6th, is here set down. Patiently we waited in the road while the "yap! yap!" of a sharp terrier at work in the faggot heap at Garnish Hall warned us we might have to leave at a moment's notice. But patience gave way to impatience, as not a fox would budge; and hounds were taken on to the Hill Hall coverts, when, just as they were being thrown into Bush Wood, "holloa!" after "holloa!" was heard from the direction of Garnish Hall—as on a former occasion, so now, the fox had made the best of his way into Barbers. Bailey had the lady pack on at once, and leaving Barbers



behind, they ran to Hill Hall, close to the house, and struck across the road just below Beachetts. By the way that they commenced running over the grass fields of that good sportsman and friend to fox-hunting, Mr. John Miller, it was quite evident that there was a scent, as it was equally apparent, by the determined manner in which Messrs. Howard and Avila, their nearest attendants except Bailey and Jack, sat down to ride, that they did not mean to be left behind.

Swinging up the hill, hounds turned through the spinney on its slope, and went in a bee-line for Shalesmore, and well within touch of those on the right riding parallel with the brook at the bottom, or the smaller contingent—including Messrs. Howard, Bevan, McEvans, Avila, Swarder, and Waltham—on the left, who gladly availed themselves of the convenient line of gates to and through Tawney Hall farm to Shalesmore. How fortunate that hounds never run mute through a covert, for out of sight



T. J. Mill's Fagot Stack

nothing but their sweet chiming gave us any clue to the point they were driving for. Single file down the woodside, and then we viewed them out at the bottom end. Crossing the road, they hovered on the brink of the river.

There was a ford to the right, and a bridge to the left, and the river ran between,  
So we turned our horses, and galloped our best, though never a hound was seen,

as Mr. Rudyard Kipling might have sung had he been with us.

No, not until we had passed the Miller's house did we get a glimpse of the pack, as, alone, they had run on over the water-meadows, only to recross the river opposite Patch Park. Here, many—including the Huntsman, Messrs. Swarder, McEvans, Borwick, and Balloch—crossed the river by the ford, only to find, after going over two or three more grass fields, that hounds were turning back.

And then came the turning point which, in every foxhunting run, as in



every man's career, is inevitable; and which, "taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," but taken at the ebb leads — knows where—for a known ford lay only two fields behind us, and an unknown one many more in front, leading directly away from Colonel Lockwood's coverts, for which most of us very naturally thought the fox was making. Mr. Harry Sworder did not hesitate a moment, and his prompt and bold decision settled the vacillation of more than one.

Bailey, too, kept to the right bank of the river, riding parallel with the hounds as they drove over the water meadows on the left, and so reached the ford, through which he and Mr. Sworder were about to plunge, when it appeared that the next field was wired in right across the line hounds were running—the only time in my limited experience that I ever remember wire being a blessing in disguise, for it certainly kept us from crossing that ford, and, as luck would have it, just below Mr. Kemisley's house hounds came over the river again.



Richard Waltham on "Peggy"

Mr. Waltham is one of the farmers, too few alas, who is able to get a day's hunting now and then in our Monday country. No one, however, enjoys it more, and no one has done more good from time to time in smoothing over difficulties arising from such things as poultry claims on the Monday



side. Mr. Waltham rides hard and straight, and prefers his own line to anyone else's.

I fancy the peaceful little hamlet of Abridge must have been startled from its usual lethargic condition by the thunder of horses' hoofs, as, like a mighty flood, those who had been riding on the left bank of the river rattled o'er the stony street in eager and hot haste to catch the fleeting and now silent pack, which, having crossed the road, left the river for the fourth and last time behind. A gate into the road was jammed and settled the question of jumping in and out. A dozen at least were over abreast, straining every nerve to catch the bitch pack, who were swinging with the steadiness of a pendulum to the left, with—

Not a nose to the ground, not a stern in the air.

Crossing the road near Theydon Hall, we swept down the meadows over which we quite recently had such a clinking run with Mr. Barclay's Harriers.

Who was that dark-coated sportsman with a clear lead of every one, looking a very centaur, as, without any apparent effort, he landed his horse over fence after fence? And they couldn't gain a yard on him! Mr. Waltham, of course! A farmer against the field on a good horse—for a "pony," if you like—against all the pink and silk clad thrusters. Single file down to the brooklet at the bottom, and as we rose the opposite hill, we took more open order. One of our quickest men\* in a quick thing took a header! On such occasions it is a rare pleasure to catch and restore a horse. Bearing rather to the right, the pack crossed the Ongar line. How we should have got over had it not been for those white railway gates, I shall not attempt to solve; but the temporary delay caused by opening them did not produce any inconvenient crowding. Some say eight, some say ten, went through with the huntsman.

Pointing for Debden Hall, it was passed on the right, and though hounds now struck into a frightful barbed wire country, by good fortune we hit off the only fields that were free from the snare, turned over the Loughton road, and so reached the Forest, where, in the big earths near Luffman's Lodge, this good fox got to ground. Fifty minutes from the time we left Barbers was quick work for the eight miles of country covered, and it was a fine hound run, too, for Baily never touched them once. So, Mr. Mills, we will toast you and your fox in a big bumper, and may we find and run him again is the ardent wish of us all.

Mr. E. Barclay's Harriers met on Tuesday at Marles Farm, Epping, upon the invitation of Mr. Lewis Phillips, who extended a most hearty welcome to all. Three ladies graced the meet with their presence—Miss Leatham, Miss Lamarque, and Miss Yerburch. Miss Leatham had a narrow escape from a nasty accident. During a sharp burst in the second run she put her horse at a very blind ditch, with an awkward rail on the far side, and her horse, failing to clear it, fell back with her among the brambles. With considerable agility she succeeded in freeing herself, and, remounting, was soon to the front again.

Among others at the meet we noticed Mr. Patchett, Q.C., Mr. Hoare, Mr. Parham, Mr. Rickett, Mr. Westall, Mr. E. Oliver, and the Huntsman of the Essex Hounds, who began his day well by bolting two very fine foxes from a drain, and promptly stopping it. It was some time before a hare was found; but there was a dusting scent, and the seventeen couples simply flew along, distancing all their followers.

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\* P. M. Evans.



Racing across Rye Hill Common towards Parndon Woods, the hare fortunately doubled back, and led a merry chase towards Latton Bushes, where she obtained sanctuary, for hounds were whipped off. Another very good gallop was afterwards enjoyed, nearly all on the grass, Mr. Phillips getting a capital view of the chase as it swept past his house. Mr. Parham would not avail himself of the convenient gates, but sent his good horse—the "Priest"—at a succession of fences in a manner that must have astonished even that seasoned fencer.

Never was ground harder, and consequently never was cub hunting carried on under more adverse conditions than at the opening of proceedings this season. Hardly any one going out with hounds gave cause for some grumbling on the part of farmers. Very little pleasure, if any, could be extracted from an attempt to ride to hounds before the heavy, soaking rains which commenced falling in October. This was rather fortunate for me, for having dislocated my shoulder in September, I was precluded from attempting to ride, my first venture being when hounds met at Parndon Woods, the time 8 o'clock. The morning was quite a merry one, and was enjoyed by all who took part in it, and included Messrs. Steele, Arkwright, Pelly (2), Sewell (2), H. Fowler, Jones, Kemp (2), Green and Todhunter, and Mrs. Waters.

We had quite a nice little hunt from Parndon Woods over some of Mr. Smith's fields, and killed our fox; another found napping in a turnip field shared the same fate, and a third from Roydon Park was finished off in Tattle Bushes.

However much diversity of opinion may exist about the first of everything being the best, not excepting the first kiss, the first peach, and the first rose of summer, no difference of opinion can possibly be entertained as to the pleasure of the first real gallop with hounds that falls to the lot of those who have entered on the season's duties. Is it not delightful to feel the rocketing bound of a free-going horse under you once more, to whisk over the blind ditches, and to feel that your nerve is as good, aye, better than ever? Ask those who were out on Saturday, October 21st, 1893, at the 8 o'clock meet of the Essex Hounds at Sheering Street. I'll give you some names of those who were there to choose from. The Masters, Mr. Loftus Arkwright and Mr. Bowlby, Lord Rookwood, Miss Jones, Miss Docwra, Messrs. Bevan, Bowlby, jun., Chaffey Collin, F. Ball, W. and G. Sewell, E. Caldecott, Doxat, Lines. It was a quick find in more senses than one, for the covert of that name was true to its reputation, and a stout cub went away at once, as some found to their chagrin who arrived too late on the scene. Running nearly up to the Sheering road, there was a gathering of forces at the gate leading into it. Mr. Jones popped in and out before the lock was picked, and those who followed found that Bailey, at the tail of his hounds, had found the only way through the covert.

A man at plough viewed the fox away from the wood, which was soon left behind, as were many more, including a check-coated sportsman,\* for, coming a cropper, his nag went gaily on without him, and the fun was over by the time he and others caught them at the Forest. It was a good, fast gallop, and quite enough for horses with long coats and short of work. Quick Wood was drawn again, and then Moor Hall coverts; chopping one fox, hounds got away with another on good terms, which they ran to ground at Heathen Wood. On the way back to Moor Hall a roving young cub was viewed. Bailey clapped hounds on at once, and they gave us a merry dance to Sheering Hall and Durrington House, towards Hyde Hall. Coming back, hounds ran him over the Harlow road and the big clover

\* Mr. W. Sewell on "Berserker."



field towards Down Hall, and fairly pulled him down in the open. A discovery was made during the morning by some of the early risers that for a good real stay by, nerve strengthening pick-me-up, nothing beats rum and milk with a biscuit.

Monday, October 30th. We met at Havering at 10 o'clock. A cold morning. I drove with M. to the meet. We found at once in Mrs. McIntosh's coverts, and ran to ground, just enough to show there was a scent. By the time Bailey got back, he had intelligence of another fox on foot. Directly hounds touched the line they went away at score. A low rail barred the exit from the stack yard, and only those who jumped it had a chance of getting on terms again with hounds for some time after. Running in the direction of Hogg Hill, they turned back by Pyrgo, and eventually ran to Dagenham. It was a most sporting run. Messrs. R. Lockwood, Flint, and several of us got falls, young Mr. Fred Green having the misfortune to break his arm.



F. Green, jun.

F. Green, jun., like all his father's sons, was blooded at an early age; in his own case it was his 8th birthday, November 8th, 1877, that was so fittingly celebrated. It has been Mr. Green's fortune to ride with hounds all sorts of horses, good, bad and indifferent; and, possessing a nerve almost as good as his father's, which is saying a good deal, it has been his creed to extract all the go out of them it was possible to obtain.

By November the ground was much too hard for sport, as the following brief entries show.

November 13th.—No sport, for above reason, Swallow's Cross.

November 20th.—No sport at Kelvedon.

November 27th.—Harlow Common, Lord Londsdale must have been very disappointed with his day in Essex (he had been hunting the previous



one with his own hounds, and had come up by a special train and was due back at his own covert side the following day), for we only just saved the blank with a short scurry of five minutes across Mark Hall Park to ground, but even those brief moments gave us the opportunity of admiring the cleverness of Lord Lonsdale's black horse as he hopped over the ha ha, in the Park.

Wednesday, December 6th. Hatfield Heath.—The most disappointing season on record. Saturday and Monday preceding we were stopped by frost—up to the present time we had only had one run. However, we had a very fair day at last; there were plenty of foxes in Down Hall, Man Wood, Brick Kilns and Row Wood. A good many were out, including T. and G. Gilbey, Caldecott, E. Ball (F. Ball was laid up with gout, but drove to the meet), Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby and son, Arkwright, Chaffey Collin, W. Buckmaster, Hull, Jones, Miss Fane, Major and Mrs. Carter, Miss Capel-Cure, Captain Riddell, Pemberton-Barnes, Tufnell, Miss Morgan, George Hart, Green of Parndon, and the Rev. L. Scott. Our first draw was Quick Wood blank: then we went on to Down Hall, where we found at once. Unluckily, we killed our first fox inside the covert. We soon got away with another at the lower end and ran towards Sheering over a lot of cramped fences, we then turned right-handed and ran very fast to Man Wood. Not many saw this hunt as they were left at Down Hall, but amongst those who did were Mr. H. E. Jones, Major Carter and Mr. W. Pemberton-Barnes. After a good hunting run from Brick Kilns, we wound up the evening with a very pretty fast gallop from Row Wood to Poplars.

Wednesday, December 13th, 1893.—Leaving home late I fortunately fell in with hounds at Shatter Bushes; it was a very wild day, but very mild. They had had a very sharp ten minutes up wind from Galley Hills to the Windmill in the Waltham Road. We found in Shatter Bushes and ran up to Nasing Coppice and back to Galley Hills, from there we got on fresh terms, and getting away again from the bottom of Galley Hill we crossed the road and ran up to Hollyfield Hall, and bearing right-handed got down in the Marshes below Mr. C. J. Bury's, slow hunting down wind, our fox had either laid upon the plough or we got on a fresh one, for we ran back at a rattling pace to Galley Hills. There was a stream of pursuers at least a mile long; we did not dwell a moment in covert before we were away again at the bottom and at a great pace by Dewey's up to Shatter Bushes. Bearing right-handed we ran fast across Warlies Park to Copped Hall Green and lost in the Forest; it was a real clinker. A great many were thrown out at Galley Hills, but Mr. G. Buxton, Miss Buxton, Mr. Arkwright and Mr. A. J. Pease riding Mr. Howard Fowler's grey, were not among the many. Drove you to the meet, Mr. Ball, on Monday, December 18th, at Swallow's Cross, but you mustn't blame me for that nasty roll your new chestnut gave you as we came away with a fox from the High Woods, though we ran to ground in the field it happened in. Mr. Dalton I trow, riding a horse formerly the property of Mr. Elder, which carried him so well in the run on January 8th, 1890, enjoyed the subsequent gallop across Hylands Park up to Galley Wood Common quite as much as Mr. Usborne, Major Ricardo, Mr. Fane and his daughter, and Mr. E. Caldecott, who were well in that day. Your bay horse however, made no mistake, Master Ned, the following week in the twenty minutes burst on Wednesday, December 27th, from Mr. D. Christy's cabbages to Ongar Park, though I do not think any of you could quite catch Mr. Gerald Buxton; but we put it down to M. Daniel Gingell, who hung on a bank at the only loophole out of one field beyond Greensted Wood for such a length



of time as to drive us all to desperation, though even then it was not good enough to wait for the hunting-crop which was recovered next day. Mrs. Bowlby was one of the few ladies who saw this run.

Anything but a pleasant morning for hunting must have been the thoughts of many when they met at the breakfast table on Wednesday, December 20, as they witnessed the rain dashing against the windows and heard the wind surging with gusty violence. Fortunate were those to whom the meet at Thrushes Bush lay handy, for by ten o'clock things looked a little better; but the rain still came in fitful showers, and a tall hat was hardly the most comfortable, if the most orthodox head-gear.

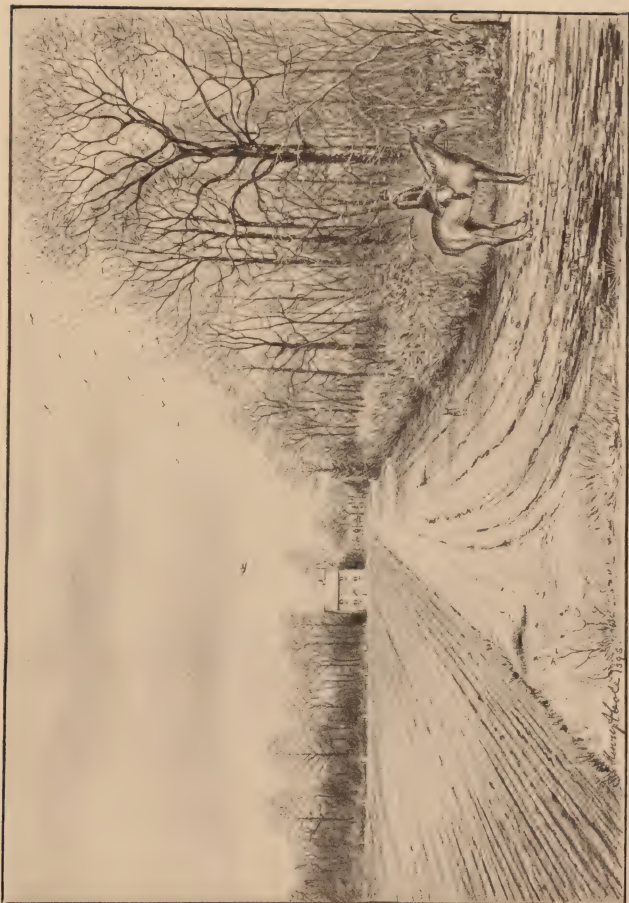


Harlow Park

Some sixty or seventy were at the meet—a small field for Essex—clad in sombre hue, with half-a-dozen “pinks” at the outside; but sixty out of that seventy meant business. I can give, if not all, most of the names:—The joint Masters (Mr. Arkwright and Mr. Bowlby), Mrs. Bowlby, the Countess of Warwick, Sir T. Fowell Buxton and the Misses Buxton (3), Mr. Noel Buxton, Mr. A. J. Edwards, Mr. Biron (late Master of the Surrey Foxhounds), Mr. W. H. Pemberton Barnes, Mr. R. Bevan, Mr. Ford Barclay, Mr. Basham, Mr. G. Brown, Major and Mrs. Carter, Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Green (of Parndon) and his son, Mr. F. Green, jun., Mr. and Mrs. Howard Fowler, Mr. G. Gilbey, Mr. G. Hart, Mr. J. Harris, Mr. Horner and his son, Mr. T. R. Hull, Mr. H. E. Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. T. Matthews, Mr. P. S. Lee, Mr. R. C. Lyall, Miss Morgan and a nephew, Miss Oliver, Messrs. Pelly (4), Mr. H. J. Price, the Rev. L. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sewell, Mr. G. Sewell, Mr. Steele, Capt. H. F. M. Wilson, Mr. Brumskill, Messrs. Avila, Lines, Morris, and others.

Now for the run—certainly one of the best I have seen during the fifteen years I have hunted with the Essex hounds. Harlow Park again, at





Rundell's Grove



about 12.30, and a screaming scent in covert. The fox broke at the south side, but by the time you had dived down the middle ride, he was back, with the chattering ladies at his brush. Some said he was a big fox, but I didn't think so, although I agreed with Bailey that he would have to look sharp if he wished to escape that day. Crossing the road near the Sun and Whalebone, they ran him through Latton Park into Rundell's Grove. The Master held the field in check for a minute; then, when the welcome "Forward away" was heard, there was a rare gallop for a start over the big grass fields. Leaving Rundell's on the left, they crossed by Mr. Satch's farm, and turning out of the lane, ran at a great pace up wind towards the Lower Forest, coming to their first check at Mr. Boram's—a two-and-a-half mile point.

Over the Harlow road, and turning off at right angles from the course we had been coming, plough was exchanged for grass, but the pace was as good as ever—little chance of catching hounds again if your horse refused; none whatever if you got a fall; and one riderless horse at least was going the line on his own account. A momey falter on a bit of wheat, and then over a big seed field—part of the course over which the Master steered "Diana" to victory in the point-to-point of two years ago. Mr. Symes would forgive us, I know, for hounds were going a cracker. Into his long meadow, and then over Knockers, we crossed the Epping road just below the Lindsey-street cottages. Hounds ran steadily over these meadows of Mr. G. Pegrum's up to the Bury-lane. Unluckily, there was wire in several fences, and a strand between two trees brought one of our most popular riders to grief, cruelly cutting his favourite mare,\* and ripping his mackintosh and saddle to pieces. Messrs. Jones and Bevan managed to escape it all, and, striking into the lane with hounds where they crossed, got away on good terms with them; turning over the Epping Bury road they ran straight for the Warren.

Again, the greatest caution had to be used, for there was wire in nearly every fence. How one sighed for the good old days of ten years ago, when there was not a yard of wire on the Copped Hall Estate.† Major Carter jumped a strand without knowing it, and found himself like a rat in a trap, wired in all round. Just before reaching the Warren, we had to jump into the road. Thank you, Mr. Jennings, for having that strand taken down, or we should all have been shut off from hounds, who were racing through the Forest. It was so wet that there was actually a scent—another three-and-a-half mile point as the crow flies from Mr. Boram's; and the time from the find—thirty-five minutes—I took it carefully—will give an idea of the pace. Another straight line of two miles, and they marked this good fox to ground, in the big earths at Luffman's—fifty-minutes from the start.

Monday, January 1st, 1894.—Dagenham. It looked any odds against hunting the night before, and the roads were hard and slippery going to the meet. We found a fox, however, at once at Dagenham, and ran at a great pace very straight to Havering, where we lost him, came back to Mrs. Mackintosh's and in the gorse found the fox that on two previous occasions had given us such capital sport. Running to Dagenham and South Weald and making several rings, he tried to regain the sanctuary of Havering, but running from scent to view, hounds pulled him down in the open—a rare good run of one hour and twenty minutes. Mr. C. E. Green

\* Mr. G. Sewell's "Duchess."

† Mr. E. J. Wythes has had all the wire removed off his estate since he came to reside at Copped Hall.—Ed.



and nephew out (first time this season) and Messrs. E. Sheppard, Dalton, F. Ball, and others. Mr. E. Caldecott also was well to the fore and M. A. J. Tweed, riding his famous hunter "Trumps," which he subsequently had the misfortune to kill at Harlow races, would not have received the brush if he had not earned it.

Very wintry weather set in, and hounds did not get out again before Friday, January 12th, 1894, at Great Easton. On Saturday, the 13th, they had a rare good run from Witney Wood to the High Woods. It was in this gallop that Mr. Price, who was right to the front on his chestnut, met with such a nasty accident, through his horse landing in a rabbit-hole, that he was kept out of the saddle for many weeks. Out for exercise with my son, I came across Mr. Price as he was being put into a cart. Also Mr. Osborne, and a lot of other road riders who were completely out of it.



Past Horsefrith Park for Blackmore High Woods

Dagenham! What sport we have had from there this season. From the very commencement of cub-hunting we have had runs that were well worth chronicling; but the *crème de la crème* was that of Monday, January 29th. Hardly a breath of wind, merely the whisper of the departing gale, ushered in a lovely hunting morning—a morning at which to linger at the meet, and do justice, as we did not fail to do, to the hospitality of one of our oldest and most open-hearted members, Mr. Sands.

In addition to the Master (Mr. Arkwright), I noted Mr. Bowlby; that youthful member of the Hunt, the Rev. F. A. S. Fane, who has only hunted, he told me, sixty-eight years with the Essex Hounds; Col. Lockwood, M.P., Messrs. E. and F. Ball, Mr. W. H. P. Barnes, Miss Buxton, Mr. E. Caldecott, Mr. Christy, Mr. Chaffey Collin, Mr. W. Cook, Mr. P. M. Evans, Mr. F. Green, jun., Miss Heseltine, Mr. Horner and his boy, Miss E. Morgan and her niece, Miss Oliver, Miss Tait, Mr. J. Pelly, Mr.



L. Pelly, Mr. J. Sands, Mr. D. P. Sellar, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sewell, Mr. G. Sewell, Mr. D. Smith, Mr. R. Smith, Mr. A. J. Tweed, Mr. W. Westall, Capt. H. F. Wilson, Mr. A. E. Woodward, Mr. Helme, Capt. Ricardo, Messrs. F. and S. Pratt, Mr. Miles, Mr. Patchett, Q.C., Mr. Lawrence, Messrs. Avila, Crosse, Morris, Tippler.

The little dark bay Irish horse "Victor," standing 15.2, purchased from Mr. Alexander Ward, Hon. Sec. of the Essex Union Hounds, upon which Mr. Sands is here depicted, may be taken as a fair type of the class of animal upon which he has always gone so straight with hounds. The following lines



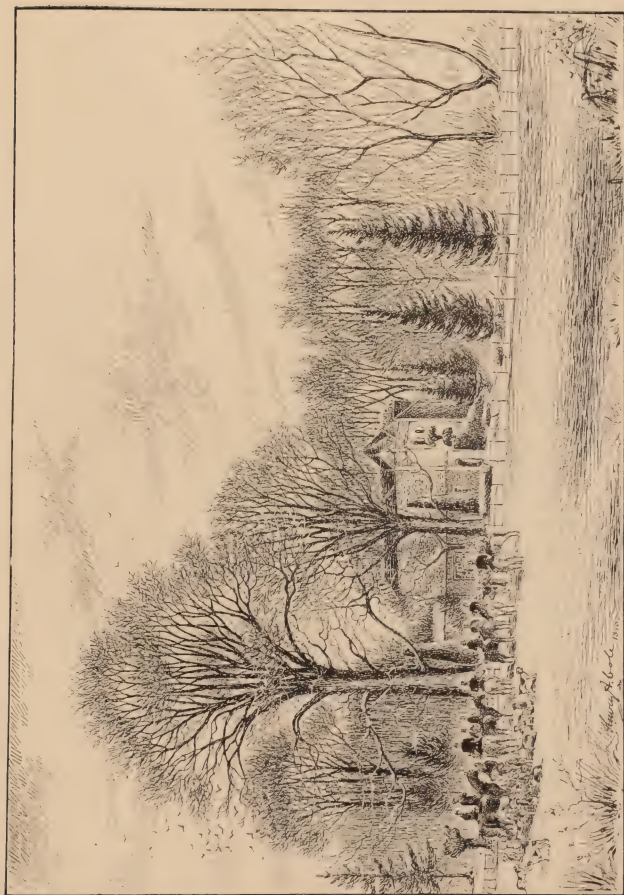
John Sands on "Victor"

from Mr. Bevan's poem of "Matching Green" give a good insight of his kindly qualities. He had been ridden into, and knocked down :—

" And Johnny Sands, no ruffian's charge  
 His genuine pluck could shake.  
 When prostrate by that cruel blow  
 He lay but half awake.  
 Men say they heard his kindly lips  
 Utter no other sounds  
 Than, ' Friends, don't let me keep you here,  
 Go on, and join the hounds.' "

The late rains had fairly settled the ground, and by the time we reached Mr. Pemberton Barnes' coverts only one opinion was held, viz., that on such a day there must be a scent; and hearts beat high with expectation





Dagnam Priory



when hounds were thrown into the Bower Wood. At the first cheer of the huntsman, a bold, straight-necked fox took his departure; but not unseen, as the echo of Bailey's horn to the lusty "Holloa!" at the far end of the wood brought the dog pack out right on his heels. Away over the two grass fields with the drop fence at the bottom, they swung up the hill, threading a narrow plantation, and were over the rail-guarded park. Bailey and Mr. Collin were off simultaneously, struggling with the fastenings of two gates. Twenty-five seconds accomplished one, thirty the other, and we raced over the park to catch the leading hounds, three couple of which had gone clean away from the rest.

The line was over a heavy wheat field, and not many followed the huntsman, but held down the road or turned in with Mr. Collin and others to the plantation, through it, and out on the road.



Bedfords

The hounds got together as we turned over a quickset fence to the left, and galloped down a narrow meadow to a thick thorn fence, which the leaders, suspicious of a hidden wire, were carefully refusing. It was easily turned, and I can only note that the fences came thick and fast, that there was no time for picking and choosing, and that Bailey got off well with the loss of his cap as he led us over a trappy double into a road. A heavy field, upon which I, for one, devoutly hope that the next time we cross it the draining operations will have been completed, brought horses to a trot.

To the right of the plantation with Mr. Pemberton-Barnes was the best line, but lost you a brook to your credit, for we got it nicely bridged. And then a steady pull up hill, with a real Essex bank at the top—not a weak place to be seen; no, not after Mr. Collins' and Mr. Sewell's horses had airily scaled it. One or two more heavy fields, then another road, and we struck the grass beyond and raced down to the railway, reaching it half way between Harold Wood and Brentwood Stations. The approach to an



inviting archway under it was guarded by a sinuous and serpentine brook. Some called it a river, others a yard-arm of the sea; but steep and rotten were the banks, and deep and murky flowed the stream, and few showed a disposition to have a cut at it. But Mr. Tweed, riding "Woodside," was not to be denied, and, taking it in his stride, landed handsomely over, only to fall back as the rotten bank gave way, causing him a *mauvais quat d'heure* trying to recover his horse. He deserved a better fate.

The knowing ones never left Bailey, for if there is a way in and out of any brook in Essex, he is the one to find it; and they were well rewarded, for he soon discovered one. On your luck in getting your turn to follow him entirely depended your place for the rest of the run. Capt. Wilson, Mr. Arkwright, Mr. Sewell, and Miss Buxton were among the first six who got over. Mr. Caldecott, on a horse that had the legs of most of us, made for a bridge, and was the first to catch hounds as they led us over a nice country, easily fenced, to Mr. Ind's house, Coombe Lodge.\* Mr. Caldecott again got away with a few leading hounds that kept to the line; but, after leaving the park behind, Bailey had to "throw up the sponge" and confess himself beaten by a rare good fox that had done the six-mile point in forty minutes. Such, I am assured, was the time and the distance. Mr. Caldecott was in his element, leading the van, as he always does in the Dagenham country; and he will have to be a bold man and well mounted who will throw down the gauntlet to him in his happy hunting ground. All, however, were delighted with the run, for all got a cut in either at the start or the finish.

Meeting at Shonks Mill on Monday, February 5th. No one could catch Mr. A. J. Tweed, who was riding his horse "Woodside," in the screamer we had from Mr. Christy's cabbages to the big woods. How your horse was blowing, Mr. Jones, as we scrambled through the fence into the Toot Hill road together, but not worse than the grey cob; but they had recovered their winds by the time the fox had been marked to ground at the Rifle-butts.

Saturday, February 24th, brought together a large field, the greater part of whom were doomed to disappointment, as covert after covert was drawn blank, and carefully drawn, too. Likely fields were cracked up; thatched sheds and ancient elms, the assured haunt of well-known foxes, proved equally abortive; no wonder, then, that there was hardly anyone left to lead the forlorn hope to try a few rough fields, as at four p.m. horses' heads were turned kennelwards. Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., had gone, Major Riddell and Mr. Tresham Gilbey had trains to catch, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby, and 150 more of those who had assembled with the disappearance of the frost at White Roothing, had taken their departure.

Only twenty, or perhaps thirty, remained to tell the tale, or to take part in the stirring gallop that commenced at five minutes past four with the "toot, toot," of the Master's horn, as the keen eye of Mr. Chaffey Collin detected the thief of the world, the robber of hen roosts, stealing out at the bottom end of a long straggling field at the back of Hatfield town. There was no time, much as you would have desired it, to take it easy over the first deep stubble, as Bailey, with lightning speed, clapped the hounds forward. Still less was there room for hesitation as you reached the boundary fence—a wide and rotten banked ditch, that landed you into the three grass meadows down which the bitches were racing. Single file we clattered over the wooden bridge, Mr. Gurney Sheppard with the lead; a gate into the road at the end of the meadow, a man in the act of opening it, Mr. Sheppard

\* Mr. Ind was standing near the lodge gates as we galloped past, and cheerily he waved us on.



jumping it, and Bailey, with a broad and delighted grin on his countenance, enjoining us to hold to the left as hounds crossed the turnpike, are pleasant thoughts that come back to us now. Not so pleasant, the man in a grey coat who came cutting in as we scrambled out of the road up a steep bank. Then bearing left-handed, the field spread out and selected their places in the next fence, which brought at least one man to grief.

On, up the headland, after Mr. Howard Fowler's good grey, if you would be near them, and we struck the road from the Heath that leads past Row Wood. Right-handed up the grassy lane, a momentary falter, and the pack were racing on again towards Hatfield Grange. Mr. Sheppard was down, getting a nasty kick on the face; Jack caught his horse, and



"Cedric"

seeing him making good tracks, you could sail on with a clear conscience; but very possibly at the pace the ladies were going wished you were riding "Correze," "Covertside," or one of the other candidates for the G.N. Turning sharp again to the right, for hounds were fairly pressing their fox, they crossed the Down Hall brook, only Major Carter going with them. Fortunately they turned parallel with us, and we skirted a wire fence and snicked them at the bridge at the bottom of the hill.

For a few seconds there was some uncertainty which side of the road to select, the Man Wood or Down Hall. It was soon settled as the pack got together, and ran on very fast over some heavy fields to Man Wood, the Master on "Diana," Mr. Chaffey Collin and Mr. Jones being nearest to them. Here, my friend, if you were well mounted you ought to have put on the steam, for, as events turned out, it was the critical point, the very best part, the cream of the run. A few fields ahead Man Wood loomed up clear and distinct, and experience had taught how often a fox will try every nook and corner of this big covert before facing the open again. Contrary,



however, to custom, the one we were in pursuit of never dwelt an instant, but went straight through. Mr. Chaffey Collin seemed to divine this, for he had a clear lead of every one as he rode hard for the right-hand corner of the field that skirts Man Wood, and as he jumped in and out of the lane he was near enough to hounds to know that there was no time to be lost as they raced on for the open again.

Those who kept nearest to the leader, including Mr. George Sewell, were in time to see him in the grass field with hounds flying towards White Roothing. Very few, however, were near enough to relate how Mr. Collin jumped what has hitherto been looked upon as an impossible place, and which brought Jack, who was riding "Catapult," the only other one who



C. Chaffey Collin

attempted it, to grief. I know by the time the majority of us, who were on the right, emerged from Man Wood that we were at least in time to see some turning back towards Man Wood, evidently to avoid what will henceforth be known as "*Collin's leap*," and others returning down the meadow seeking for a convenient place in another very unnegotiable fence. Personally I was too far behind to see hounds, until the huntsman pointed them out on the sky-line near White Roothing, and said, "Yo-onder they go, and only Mr. Collin with them."

There was nothing for it but a hard, stern chase, in the hope of catching hounds. Passing close to White Roothing village, they turned slightly to the left and ran up to Cammas Hall, which lies on the right of Row Wood, and here, at least, the right-hand contingent got up to them, the man in the grey coat coming to the front again, being in such a hurry to do it that he cut in at a half-open gate, caught it with his knee, closed it on his horse, and came a rare buster. His horse getting away, he was not seen again. In the meantime those on the left who followed the Master—who, by-the-



bye, was the first to catch hounds—fared well or badly according as they were mounted. Certainly, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Sheppard for smashing a thick bar that blocked one gateway. Mr. Waters earned similar gratitude for making matchwood of another.

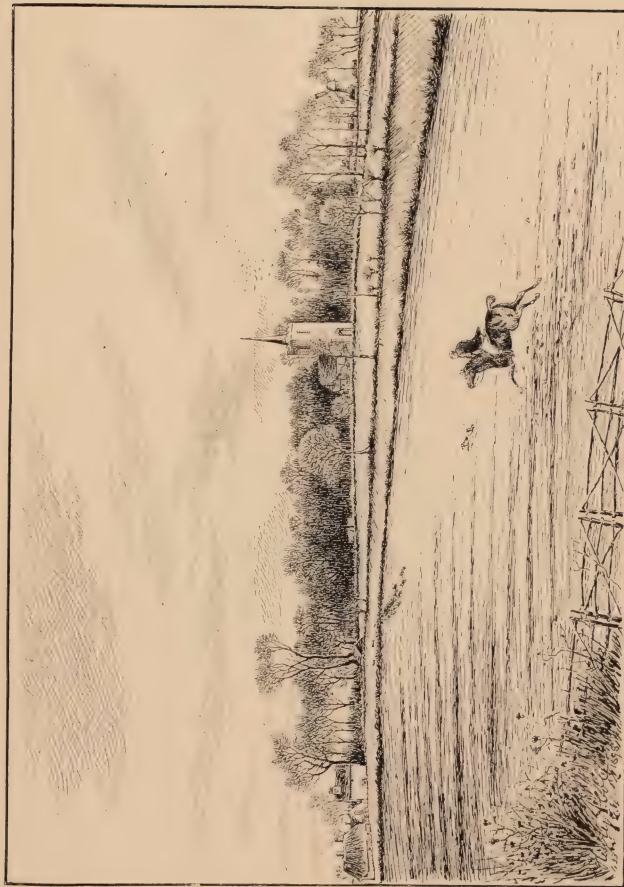
Horses were evidently getting blown, and Mr. Jones's coming down for about the fourth time was not asked the question again. Those who in this stern chase had not pressed their horses beyond their stride now came to the front, for the run was not nearly over, and they included the Master, Messrs. Ridley, Fowler, E. Ball, Waters, Hull, and a man\* on a wonderful chesnut pony. Crossing the road, we ran up to Broomshaw Bury, and leaving it on the right, hounds ran over a beautiful line of country and easy fences at a somewhat reduced pace. The huntsman's horse, thoroughly cooked, refused to jump any longer, and still hounds ran on. Mr. Chaffey Collin most generously lending Bailey his horse, he soon caught them; nor did they require any assistance before Barrington Hall was reached, when fifty minutes from the find the curtain fell on as pretty a play as was ever placed before Essex sportsmen. I regret that I cannot add sportswomen, for not one remained to see it. There was a great demand that night for gruel, tea, fresh-boiled eggs, and the last cigar at the hostelry in Hatfield town, and it was nearer eight than seven before many of us reached home.

Mr. Chaffey Collin, whose portrait, together with that of his good horse "Cedric," adorns these pages, comes of a good old Essex family which for many years had been identified with fox-hunting in their county. Known as "Long Collin" by his friends, and their name is legion, he has never taken for his motto, "Look before you leap," or, faith, he would never have got over so many of the big places with which he and his good horse "Cedric" have been credited. A notable jump was that near Man Wood, the great evening run alluded to before, when he brought Jack Turner, the only one who attempted to follow him, on that grand performer "Catapult," to fearful grief. The mare split her pastern on landing and rolled over, but, strange to say, got over the accident so well that it did not stop her winning a brace of point-to-point races in subsequent seasons. Twenty-six feet four inches this little leap measured. Mr. Collin generally rides in mufti, and his brown coat, if a stranger can keep his eye on it, is a beacon good enough to follow. No one loves the Essex country more, and after a few days in the fashionable grass countries in 1898 he remarked to me that he preferred a blank day in Essex to a day in a strange country, however good the latter might be. Mr. Collin, however, would rather that I should sing of his horse than himself. "Cedric" had only seen hounds once when Mr. Collin purchased him in 1891, but in such hands he soon became a very clever and accomplished

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\* Lord Brooke's tutor.





Full Cry past White Roothing Church



hunter. Tis wonderful what a horse can and will do if the rider's heart is in the right place. Standing 15.3, well ribbed up, "Cedric" was a capital stayer, and until he passed into the possession of Mr. Newman Gilbey (I think in 1897), carried his owner pretty regularly two days a week. Although he never won a point-to-point race, he went very near it in 1885, when he was only beaten by a head.



Gilston Park





Gilston Park

## CHAPTER IX

*Gilston Park—E. Salvin Bowlby—The Annual Meeting, March 17th, 1894—The Mark Hall Run—Full Cry past Marles—Andrew Roddick—The Duke of York's Own Loyal Suffolk Hussars—A lovely country bar the wire—The Admiral to the rescue—The Lea Valley—The Melles Family—Bones and Brigadier—The German Officers—A late draw—Golfing weather—The Essex Stag Hounds—Grange Farm—A scent on the dusty ploughs—Sampling a blind 'un—Sheffield Neave, M.S.H.—Stratford—Captain Digby Neave—Leinster—False Prophets—Luffman's Earths—Twenty good days—Newman Gilbey—The Challenge—The Dénouement—John Swire—York.*

**B**OSLEY'S Fox. Monday, February 26th, 1894. Passingford Bridge Hounds slipped away by themselves from Ongar Park to Blake Hall Station, and on by North Weald and back to the Woods, Mr. A. Darby catching them as soon as any one. In the evening ten only of us remained, for a good run with an outlying fox of Bosley's, at the back of Weald Church. Messrs. E. and F. Ball, Miss Morgan and her nephew, Messrs. Caldecott, Darby, Arkwright, and two men from Brentwood. Found him again, and he gave us a capital gallop by the wood near the "Talbot," up to Blake Hall Station Wood, and on to Dewley Wood and Blake Hall.

Wednesday, February 28th, 1894, Little Laver Mill. A regular Essex morning. To the meet in a driving sleet, the country quite under water. A good many out, including Col. Lockwood, Lady Warwick, Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., Major Riddell, Capts. Ricardo and Bruce, Sellar, Messrs. H. E. Jones, F. Ball, G. Sewell, Hull, Christys (2), H. Fowler, C. Collin, Lee, Evans, and Buxton, Miss Jones, Miss Morgan, and many more. We found a fox at Brick Kilns, and he took us along well to Man Wood, entering the lower end, and going out towards Row Wood by Cammas Hall, and lost at Poplars; 25 minutes' very nice hunting run, and quite fast enough with the country so deep. Found again in some cabbages near Matching Park, and ran very fast through there and on to Down Hall and Man Wood, and out towards High Laver, where we lost. Found again at Matching Park, and went a splitter to Moor Hall, through and on to Hobb's Cross,



and back to Matching Tye, to ground in a summer house (Sir Evelyn Wood being about the first up), from which Jack and I and T. Matthews eventually bolted the fox after hounds had gone home.

Major Riddell will never forget the good hunting run of an hour and fifty-five minutes from Menagerie Wood, on Monday, March 5th, when we killed in one of Mr. Fane's coverts. I say Major Riddell, for he and the huntsman were the only two who rode every field with the hounds, or could stick to them all the time. The best part of the run was the first, as our fox went straight away from Park Wood, and nearly up to Brentwood before he turned. Mr. P. M. Evans went home before the run was over, and the Mate on his young mare was out of it—why will he ride young ones?—though he managed to drop in in time for some refreshments at Captain Ricardo's afterwards.



E. Salvin Bowlby on "Foxmaull"

I should like to have had a photograph of his favourite grey hunter which carried him so well for so many seasons in Essex, and must have jumped nearly every ditch in the Roothings.



"Do you like the Roothings better than other parts of your country?" was a question I put to Mr. Bowlby, late one afternoon, near Row Wood, in the season of 1897. "I did when I was younger," was the reply. Those who witnessed the straight way he rode across them some years ago, when



E. Salvin Bowlby

no longer a young man, will readily believe this. What is bred in the bone will out in the flesh, and Mr. Bowlby's family, portraits of some of whom will be found on page 265, inherit



his keen love of sport, and do not know what fear is when it comes to jumping blind ditches. From 1893 to the end of the season 1897-98 Mr. Bowlby held the joint mastership of the Essex Hounds with Mr. Arkwright; he now holds the same position with Mr. C. E. Green, of Theydon Grove, Epping. Each year as it goes by finds the members of the Essex



Mrs. E. Salvin Bowlby on "Charlotte"

Hunt more keenly alive than ever to the fact that it was a lucky day for them when at a critical period in the fortunes of the Hunt, Mr. Bowlby was induced to come forward in conjunction with Mr. Arkwright and undertake the onerous duties which attach to a Mastership of Hounds.

'Tis well for any Hunt when a Master's wife is as devoted to the sport as her liege lord. 'Tis fortunate indeed when the





Miss Kitty Bowlby  
on "Imp"

Miss Eleanor Bowlby  
on "Mite"

Walter Corben  
on "Christy"

Miss Eva Bowlby  
on "Maloon"



wide influence she exercises is all for good. 'Tis doubly so when that influence which gives the tone to a Hunt, welds it and binds it together in a chivalrous band, is shared and advanced by a kindred spirit, by one holding a similar position, the wife of a brother Master. In Mrs. Bowlby and Mrs. Arkwright all these conditions are fulfilled.



Arthur Salvin Bowlby

Arthur Salvin Bowlby hunts his two or three days a week regularly ; dislikes jostling for a gap in the crowd, but dearly loves a good gallop in the evening. To his skill in amateur photography I am greatly indebted for several of the best illustrations in these volumes, notably the meets at the "Green Man," Harlow, the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby and Mrs. Arkwright, Parndon Hall, &c.

Monday, March 12th.—Blackmore, a blustering windy day, with falling glass, did not portend good sport, but the unexpected often happens, and if we did not have the run of the season, we certainly had a most enjoyable woodland day, winding up with a fast straight scurry in the open.



3.30 saw us at Forest Hall. Not many had gone home, for a fox of renown was known to haunt those good vulpine preserves—a fox who had the credit of having stood up before the hounds for one of the best and fastest forty minutes which they had had that season, and to have fairly beaten them, and who with a more catchy scent simply laughed at hounds when they went away from the bottom end of Witney Wood on this occasion.



Mrs. Loftus J. W. Arkwright on "Charlie"

A light-coloured fox, he was first viewed in the covert by Mr. Ridley, and then by Mr. Dunlop; but not a man, including the keeper, viewed him over the second ride, so Bailey did not get away upon quite his usual good terms. Over the first two grass fields we rode in desperate haste, for some of the leading hounds had already crossed the lane. Getting together on the plough, they ran steadily on, coming to a check in a road; fortunately a hedger had viewed the fox over the grass; hounds commenced to run at a great pace. Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., quietly selecting his own line, led the left-hand contingent, while the Master on his grey, Miss Morgan, Mr. Helme, and Mr. Cowee, were close in the wake of hounds, and Major Riddell, Captain Bruce, and Mr. Dunlop were taking all that came in their way on the right. Just a little more pace would have converted this fast gallop into a steeplechase. As it was, at the end of twenty-five minutes we



pulled up at the High Woods, hot, and thankful for such a good spin, only lamenting with the fast waning season that we could not expect many more like it.

Through the sad death of Mr. Theobald, who, though not a follower of these hounds, was universally esteemed and respected, the meet which was to have taken place that week at Dagenham was postponed to the next.

The annual general meeting was held at the Green Man, Harlow, on Saturday, March 17th, Lord Rookwood presiding. Few were sanguine enough to anticipate the capital gallop that was in store for us—one that quite upheld the phenomenal sport these hounds have invariably met with on the day of their annual meeting. Last year was, perhaps, the only exception, and that is easily accounted for by the state of the ground. Whether it is the country, the season of the year, or whether Bailey keeps the pick of the kennels for this occasion, I do not pretend to know; but I venture to prophecy that as long as an Arkwright lives at Parndon the annual meeting will be synonymous with a good day, for the Arkwright coverts and Arkwright foxes are second to none in England.

The following were present at the meet:—Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby and Mr. Arkwright, Mr. Bevan, Mr. E. Ball, Mr. F. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton-Barnes, Mr. Basham, Mr. Benton, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Bevan, Mr. G. Brown, Mr. G. Buxton and Misses Buxton, Mr. Carr, Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Chaffey Collin, Mr. and Mrs. Weston Crocker, Major and Mrs. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Docwra, Mr. P. M. Evans, Mr. Howard Fowler, Mr. J. Gingell, Mr. D. Gingell, Mr. Green (Parndon), Mr. F. Green, jun., Dr. Grubb, Mr. G. Gilbey, Mr. George Hart, Mr. J. Harris, Mr. Horner and his boy, Mr. T. R. Hull, Mr. H. E. Jones and Miss Jones, Mr. P. S. Lee, Colonel Lockwood, M.P., Mr. R. Lockwood, Mr. R. C. Lyall, Miss Mann, Mr. T. Mathews, Miss E. Morgan, Miss Oliver, Mr. Oldham, Mr. E. Pelly, Mr. J. Pelly, Mr. L. Pelly, Mr. Patchett, Q.C., Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. E. Quare and Miss Quare, Rev. L. Scott, Mr. J. Sands, Mr. Shapland, Mr. J. Scruby, Mr. G. Sewell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sewell, Mr. Single, Mr. Drummond Smith, Mr. Tyndale White, Mr. A. Waters, Miss Georgie Waters, Mr. W. Westall, Captain H. Wilson, and Mr. A. E. Woodward.

It was past mid-day before Bailey with the lovely lady pack rapidly threaded his way through the crowd of horse, carriage, and foot folk that thronged the street of the pretty little town of Harlow, and perhaps a quarter past before he cheered hounds into Barnsleys, where the run commenced for many of us; for not finding, he slipped quietly off towards Mark Hall. Was it a ruse? If so, it came off very well; and the Master piloting us out through the wood, we could see hounds in the distance, just entering the Mark Hall coverts. "It was no time for dallying," as old Johnson says of a man of forty who talks of taking a wife; and only those who set off at once, at a smart gallop, for Mark Hall were in time to hear the view-halloa away, and to see how quickly Bailey laid the hounds on.

"One moment, if you please!" from the Master; "just let them settle, and then catch them if you can." As they raced over the grass, up to the plantation, near the road, through it, and straight on to the rectory, swinging round it, and just touching Vicarage Wood; one at a time, over the rabbit netting surrounding it, and then down to the left-hand corner of the next fence. If you followed the hounds, and had jumped through the next hedge, you could take a pull at your horse, for the fox, having been headed, hounds were over the line. Quick as thought, Bailey cast them to the left, and settling down, they ran on at a great pace by Gravel Pit Wood, two narrow hand-gates threading the field out, and sending them, single file, up the headland to Bays Grove, where already Jack was waving his cap as he viewed the fox away to Latton Park.



The Meet at the Green Man, Harlow, on March 17, 1894



R. Lockwood  
W. Sewell

R. T. Grubb  
E. S. Bowlby

E. Quare  
G. Buxton

W. S. Horner



How the field loosed out over those next two big fields, without gaining a yard on the pack! Bailey was nearly down as he jumped out of the first field, for the ditch was wide, and the fence concealed it. Up to the corner, near the stile, and his horse flew like a bird into the grass meadow, over the dead bushes, and six-foot drop, quickly followed by the Master, Mr. Howard Fowler, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Collin. Three more narrow fields, three more fences, and we were over the lane, down which pressed an excited band of flying horsemen; through the farmyard, on to the common, which was soon dotted with panting steeds, as they were urged over its ant-hill-covered and holding surface. Nor could you have covered the hounds with a sheet, for they were fairly tailed out as they entered Latton Park.



Full Cry past Marles Wood

Our fox, in the meantime, too quick for the whip, had gone out at the bottom of Rundell's Grove, and a minute was saved—or lost, which you like—before we were away once more, over the grass, pointing for the steeple-chase course. Nearing the road, which drew many out of the line, like a magnet, our fox never crossed, but ran straight on past Horse Shoe Farm. The rails were low, and the next fence jumpable, but right in front a horrid strand of barbed wire! To turn to the right, over another fence, and seek egress lower down the hedge, was the work of a few seconds; but you had to be quick, for the going was all grass, and the *pace quite ultra*.

With a regular scramble for place, we reached the Rye Hill road one at a time, and 200 coming at it like bees to their hive. First a squeeze through a gap, then a ditch-defended bank into the next field, a sharp slew round and a drop over a briery fence into the lane, followed by another ditch and bank out—all within fifty yards—brought us on to the arable. Never were two ploughed fields more welcome, for they brought hounds to their noses, and gave us all time to get up.



Picking out the thread again in Mr. Rickett's long meadow, 800 hoofs came thundering down it after hounds. Through the gate at the bottom they turned up the hill, Mr. Tyndale White, in quite his old form, quicker than anyone. Over the next razor bank, with a deep drop beyond, into the wheat. Still on, over the stiff trimmed blackthorn hedge, past Marles Wood. Mr. White skimmed the rails while Major Carter flew the brook, and we reached the road, where the Master got us well in hand.

Getting on Mr. Kemsley's land, hounds ran on towards the old church, Mr. Kemsley himself being on foot as the chase swept by, and if the smile on his face is any indication of what he felt—well, we can make ourselves easy about any future bill of damages. Leaving the church on our left, and safely over the water jump in the corner, we could loose our bridle reins again. Down the pastures to Chambers' Farm; crossing the road by a scratchy bank, the Master's horse refused, but soon yielded to the pressure behind. Down the hill to the lane, hounds crossed it, two fields from the road, a weak place by a tree made weaker by Messrs. Fowler and Caldecott. The dead branches crunched and crackled under their horses' hoofs as they scrambled down the bank; on through the splashy and boggy lane for a hundred yards; then right-handed we turned down hill, towards the Cobbins Brook. Mr. Buxton's mare was being sent along best pace, and when he remarked that we were heading for Luffman's Earths, which, as luck would have it, he had neglected to have stopped that morning, one could not help recalling the anecdote of the famous Will Dean, who, when his hounds were running hard in a line with Daventry, whence they were at that time many miles distant, swore exceedingly at the whipper-in, saying, "What business have you here?" The man was amazed at the question. "Why, don't you know," said he, "and be — to you, that the great earth at Daventry is open?"

But the great earths at Luffman's our fox was never to reach, for his bolt was well nigh shot. Passing the keeper's house he ran the brook side, by Spratt's hedgerow, and the pack, running from scent to view, went tumbling over him into the brook. Forty-five minutes; a six-mile point, and at least eight as hounds ran. If not quite so fast as some of the thrusters would have wished, it was fast enough for most, and afforded the greatest enjoyment to the greater number. Mr. R. Lockwood, better known as Bobby Wood, said that it reminded him of old times—as it certainly reminded me, to see the masterly way in which he, Mr. George Hart, and Mr. George Brown steered their own course and rode every yard of the run.

On Wednesday, March 21st, in a bright sun and easterly wind, we met at Copped Hall Lodge gates. No prettier place could have been chosen for the purpose. Standing on the edge of the Forest at the junction of three roads and surrounded by well-kept greensward, it looks its best at a bumper meet of the Essex hounds, and a bumper meet in March goes without saying.

From far and near they gathered—on wheels, on cycles, and on foot. To give you half the names of those present would be quite the impossible thing. Lady Leucha Warner drove up before hounds moved off, also Mrs. Gerald Buxton, while on horseback I noted Mrs. Bowlby, Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. W. Sewell, Mrs. Redwood, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Waters, Miss Webster.

There were many surmises as to the draw—none, I believe, were correct, for we went straight off to Mr. Edwards' coverts at Beech Hill Park; our first visit this season, and probably the last, for it is a wire-begirt region. Very little enthusiasm was exhibited when hounds were thrown into the first covert, yclept Poplar Shaw. I felt none myself, for driving past the day



before I had noticed on the adjoining farm barbed wire stretching along by the side of the road nearly to Waltham Abbey. However, our fox, when he broke, took a very good line, and although we rode with fear and trembling at nearly every fence, we managed to get along and to see hounds.



\* Andrew Roddick

In full war paint (by my special request) as a yeomanry trooper in the Duke of York's Own Loyal Suffolk Hussars, whose headquarters are at Waltham Abbey. Mr. Roddick is a familiar figure with the Essex Hounds, and is as fond of making young horses and shoving them along to the front as his father, Andrew Roddick, is of slipping a good greyhound at a strong hare. In '98 he steered his own horse to victory over the big Stondon course in the Farmers' Welter Point-to-Point, and given luck, it is not the last victory of this description that he is likely to win.

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\* He was one of the first to volunteer for the front in December, 1899.



It is a lovely country, *bar the wire*, all grass, and it seems a thousand pities that, for all practical purposes, for the past few years it has been lost to the hunt. Let us hope, under the new, or rather the old, *régime* of the Arkwright family, that we shall make more frequent visits to this part of the country, as I think it is generally admitted that nothing so conduces to losing a country as not drawing it. I remember the time well when we used to have capital sport from the Rolls Park coverts, and not unfrequently ran through Chigwell; but now that part of the country is nothing more or less than a rusty bird cage, for it is wired in in all directions.

But what of the run from Beech Hill Park to the Forest? As we reached the top of the first grass field we got a capital view of the pack running down the vale towards Waltham Abbey. To turn over the hedge with the huntsman, Mr. Roddick, and Major Carter, into the same field with hounds, seemed quite the most sensible thing, but parallel with them a long stretch of grass, and no iron rails in front. Right or left-handed, which would they turn? The huntsman thought left, for he was coming back into our meadow as fast as his horse would let him, for at first he whipped obstinately round at the fence. By all that was unfortunate, hounds were coming through on the left, and straight in front at the end of the long meadow was a thick, forbidding-looking fence. Only one, I believe, took it, as he always takes everything that comes, Mr. E. Caldecott, while the rest sheered off a hundred yards to the left.

In the meantime the pack, carrying a great head, were going very fast on their right. "Yo-onder he goes," shouted Bailey, as he got a view of the varmint stealing over the grass in the distance, but hounds required no cheering, but only sitting down to and riding at if you wished to see anything of the fun. Straight on over the rails, and the first three took them as they came—Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Price, and the huntsman—but the leaders all pulled up at Arey Lane. Capt. Wilson was the first to slip in and out. The Admiral did yeoman and herculean service, removing two locked gates from their hinges, and we thanked him heartily as we rode through. A man at the corner of the next fence warned us of wire, which glistened in the sun in all its native and snaky hideousness. Squeezing through by a tree, we were able to turn right-handed over the next fence towards the hounds, who with breast-high scent were running in a bee line through the two small plantations, Thompson's Spinneys, on the hill.

Here one luckless rider, coming to grief at a trappy fence, went a purler on to the plough beyond, but he quickly mounted again. Misfortunes rarely come singly, it appears; or was it his double we saw later in the day wandering in the Forest inquiring pathetically for a steed which had unshipped him at our last fence, and disappeared in the trees? *N'importe!* no one was hurt, and a handy line of gates brought us to the hounds as they swung down the hill to the left and crossed the road by the cottages on to the grass beyond.

Up the road you could keep beside the leading dogs, who, coming in again, turned to the right up the hill into Mr. Melles' covert, Fernhills—where there was a check of some five or six minutes, allowing a few of the stragglers to fall into line. We had done the 3 miles to this point in ten minutes, so no time had been lost. From Fernhills there is a fine view of the Lea Valley, and it is said parts of six counties can be seen. Bailey, however, did not call our attention to this, but having hit off the line of his fox (who had gone out at the top end across the plough) on the grass beyond, we ran down hill by Springfield, where a flier narrowly missed landing into the spring of that ilk. Over a few flying fences into the Forest, across Almshouse and Blackbush Plains, and running to ground at



Cuckoo Pits thirty minutes from the find, we enjoyed with zest our *al-fresco* lunch, while the staff went to work with great vigour and success to provide the hounds with theirs. Well! a Forest fox can be spared, for there are still plenty of them.



W. E. Melles  
on "Jumbo"

J. W. Melles  
on "Solomon"

H. Micklem, R.E.  
on "Polly"

In the days that Mr. Melles rode hard across the Roothings and indulged in a lot of steeplechasing, and scaled two stone less than he now does, "Bones" and "Brigadier" were his favourite mounts, after which he pinned his affections on a little dark bay mare "Polly," which is represented in the above picture. "Polly" was one of the best animals he ever owned, and always had a leg to spare except on one occasion, when she tore her shoe off on a stub in a bank. "Solomon" also was another hunter clever as he was useful: while as for the rider of "Jumbo," it is very satisfactory to note that he is being trained up in the way he should go.



Two gallant strangers—officers, I believe, in the service of a friendly State—were with us in this run. To one, at least, it was his first experience of fox-hunting in England. I hope not his last, for like a good sportsman he went through the qualifying experience of being blooded, remarking that "*Foxhunting was very good sport, and Bailey a very pretty fellow.*" They stuck to us to the end of the day and went very hard and straight. A regiment commanded by such as they could be relied upon to give a good account of itself either in charging the enemy on the open plain or cutting them off across a country.

That there was a good scent on the grass was fully proved by our next fox. Going away from Griffin's Wood over the Copped Hall estate, he led us along merrily up to the Bury Farm plantation on the hill, and then turned towards the keeper's house, crossing the brook, and so at the same pace up to Spratts (Hedgerow). Mr. R. Lockwood and the huntsman came up to it as the pack bustled together after the three leading hounds, who had jumped the gate into the covert. Not right but left they turned, over the wheat and down to Mr. Pryor's farm, and raced along through the plantations that border the estate up to the lodge gates, and into the Forest, which was reached some fifteen minutes from the find. After having essayed Luffman's and one or two other earths, he managed to get to ground. A narrow squeak, too, for there was a better scent than usual in the Forest, and hounds gave him no rest for about five-and-forty minutes.

The Master declared, if necessary, he would draw on till seven to find another fox; and he was as good as his word, for it was close upon six p.m. before the few who remained to the end saw the hounds get away with one from Tattle Bushes: it turned out to be a vixen, so they were shortly stopped.

Of the 200 who had assembled in the morning only a dozen, including the two gallant officers already mentioned—shall it be told?—shall it be whispered that five of our own service had left us?—remained to the finish, and they were: The Master, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. W. Sewell, Mr. H. Fowler, Mr. W. Buckmaster, Mr. G. Buxton, Mr. Benton, Mr. G. Sewell, and Mr. R. Lockwood. Still, it is more than doubtful whether even these would have borne the burden and heat of the day so long, had it not been for the free hospitality they encountered by the way, commencing early at Mr. Pelly's, continued at Mr. Chapman's, Hollyfield Hall, and winding up at Mr. Charles Bury's. There was absolutely no excuse for falling away, hardly even for that half-expressed wish of one lady for a cup of refreshing bohea. The wind blew keen and the moon rose full and bright over a landscape which never looks better than when riding home in good company, on a sound horse, and cheered by the reflections of such a happy and eventful day.

Saturday, March 24th, was certainly more like golfing than hunting weather, and though your regular stagger may affect to despise so tame a game as golf, it certainly numbers among its most enthusiastic votaries many ardent foxhunters. So I confess I was not surprised, but certainly pleased, to receive a post-card from a friend on the morning in question saying that, as O. was going staggering, of course the foursome we had arranged (by-the-bye, we were all fox-hunters) had fallen through.

It was short notice for a man with a limited stud, but the groom said that *the cob would do it*. I notice *the cob always has to do it* when it comes to *extra days* and hard work. Driving to the fixture, some eight or nine miles distant, I met two of the delinquents, but the fourth—perhaps out of consideration to our feelings—never turned up. Having mutually congratulated ourselves on the turn of affairs, we proceeded to do every





The Essex Stag Hounds, 1893



justice to the capital spread which Mr. Lucking, of the Grange Farm, offered to all comers.

Not a very larger muster; but Saturday's meets are never so large as on Tuesdays, for which the best country and the best deer are always reserved. The Master, his brother, Captain Digby Neave, Mr. Harrison, the keen, hard-riding secretary, who has probably seen more stag hunting than any other man in Essex, Mr. Brindle, who whips-in to Mr. Neave, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pemberton-Barnes, Mr. Craig, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Upton, and Mr. H. E. Jones, were among those present.

It was somewhat later than usual before the deer was enlarged in the meadows near the house. At ten minutes to one Mr. Neave cantered down the road with his eight-and-a-half couple of well-matched and level hounds. I have always noticed that he likes to lay them on quickly, very much like a huntsman who gallops up sharp to a fox covert. Leaving the grass at once, they ran well over the plough to Brick Kilns, which, to say the least of it, was encouraging, for in the dry state of the ground, when as you galloped the dust flew, you could hardly expect to have them run a yard; thus Mr. Neave's system comes in well, for he insists upon his hounds hunting, and they have to use their noses, and not rely upon view holloas and exceptional scenting days for showing sport. Therefore, however bad scent may be, you are always sure of a gallop.

Running well through Brick Kilns, we turned sharp left for Man Wood, just the opposite direction to that the carriages had taken, and this induced Mr. Lawrence, an old hand too, to hang back a bit. On the opposite side of Man Wood we all got together, the stag in the meantime having taken the lane to Row Wood.

Mr. Jones, Mr. G. Brown, and three or four more who preferred good going, even though it involved several extra leaps, kept on the left, and so on over the brook at the bottom, while the remainder of us floundered along the lane, which, once in, there was no getting out of. The deer, jumping up in view, near Hatfield town, took us along at a rare pace a biggish ring by Lancaster Springs back to Row Wood towards Barrington Hall, where Mr. Borrow, on a good-looking four-year-old, cut in with us, running up to Takeley at a pace that kept us moving over some very blind ditches, from one of which Mr. Upton emerged with a very scratched face.

Pace improved as we turned along the meadows for Wilson Springs, where, in the brook, our deer had soiled. Jumping up in view of the pack, they went away a cracker, Mr. Barnes, being on the right side of the brook, with Mr. Hull, who jumped in at once, getting away with the Master on capital terms. The next three or four miles it was a regular steeplechase, Mr. Barnes making the running in point-to-point form, and the light Roothing ploughs rode like a flower garden. Personally (I know that it is not orthodox to say so) I like this phase of stag hunting when hounds get a view, and, if ever you gallop in your life, you have to gallop then. The pace, however, began to string the hounds out, so Mr. Neave stopped to get them together again, the stag having run clean out of sight, though the country was very flat and open. Putting her up in some grass meadows, we had some very pretty but slow hunting by High Roding Street up to Garnett's, where, at the end of something over two hours, we came up with and took our deer.

All sportsmen in Essex, fox hunters as well as stag hunters, were very glad to learn that Mr. Neave has consented to hunt the hounds next season. There is no more popular man with farmers in Essex, for they know him to



be a keen and thorough sportsman, always willing and *ready to ride any of their young horses at the local chases*. In fact, it is only a week or two back since he steered the winner home for one of them in the welter class of the point-to-point races, and farmers also know that when his hounds cross their land they do little damage, for they come and go like the flash of an express train, leaving little trace behind; for horses have to jump clean and big to live with them across the Roothings when the country is deep and scent is holding.



"Stratford"

In the portrait of "The Essex Stag Hounds," page 276, Mr. Sheffield Neave is depicted on "Tallyho," and Alfred on "Satanella," two of Mr. Neave's five good horses, "Tallyho," a bay 16.2, nearly, if not quite, thoroughbred, was bought at Tattersalls' from Mr. Stirling Stuart. That gentleman had purchased him to win the Ladies' Plate at Rugby, but bolting through a fence he broke Mr. Stuart's thigh. He tried the same game on with Mr. Neave, but the ditches gave him such an ugly jar that notwithstanding the evil prophecies of those who knew him (but evidently didn't know Mr. Neave), he took to jumping properly.



"Satanella," a black mare 16.2, Mr. Neave found at Banks', having been returned as vicious by the Belgian Cavalry. Never having been hunted, she promptly fell at the first and many succeeding fences, but in three days she so thoroughly mastered the business that she became as well known for her prowess as an enormous jumper as she had been for her kicking propensities.

"Stratford" (Mr. Sheffield Neave's horse). This horse, a chestnut gelding, standing 16.2, well up to 14 st., was one of the five really good hunters Mr. Sheffield Neave confesses to having owned in his life, and the only one of the five that had good manners. He was purchased by Mr. Charles Page Wood from Mr. Barthropp in 1885; he was not a horse for a veterinary to fall in love with, as he was suffering from sub-acute laminitis, which might easily have developed into acute, and much time was spent by Mr. Neave in coping him up between his runs. That he was worth all this attention the sequel showed. A good-looking horse when on the move, he was too long in the back to please the eye when standing; but what did this matter? He was a perfect mover, marvellous fencer—bank, brook, or rail—very fast, and could last for ever. Often has this character been conferred on horses, but nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand would not have stood the test that Stratford was put to on February 7th, 1888, when he was called upon to carry the Master in the best stag run he ever had in his life. It is described in Messrs. Ball and Gilbey's book; but if people will remember that the ground was deep, and that the Master's horse was going all the time, even at the only check, they will admit that he had had enough of it at the end, which no one but the Master would have seen, had the field not at a distance been able to keep their eye on him, and so get home. The horse came up all right next season, but on the opening day in the first two fields he broke a blood vessel, and eventually had to be killed; on making a *post mortem* a large blood clot was found in the left ventricle of his heart. Fourteen days had he done in 1885-6, nineteen in 1886-87, and eleven in 1887-88.

A good many will agree with Mr. Neave that unless people keep a diary they seldom realise how few times in a season a horse comes out to do a really hard day. Mr. Neave tells me that on an average about sixteen to eighteen times is as much as he could get the best horse in the world to do, frost, thorns, and strains all having to be contended against.

"Leinster," the big bay gelding, standing 16.3, upon which



Captain A. T. Digby Neave is here depicted, came into his possession as a four-year old, and for seven seasons carried him in Essex, rarely if ever making a mistake. Got in Kilkenny by "Knave of Hearts," he became, during nine years of Captain Neave's soldiering, quite used to crossing the Irish Channel, as he made the journey at least seven times. That he was the best mannered horse and second best hunter Captain Neave ever had, will be readily believed.



Captain A. T. Digby Neave on "Leinster"

*Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni!* Such, at least, must be the reflections of many to whom the close of the season 1893-94, with its hopes and disappointments, its trials and triumphs, has come only too quickly. No season probably in the memory of living man witnessed more changes, experienced more vicissitudes. Robbed at its very commencement of some of its brightest, ay, of its best and most respected votaries, ushered



in by the utter absence of any sport, no wonder that its keenest adherents grew slack; no wonder that farmers grumbled to see hounds without followers, and that there were not wanting those who went so far as to declare that hunting in the Essex country was on the wane. But like the dull grey sunrise that proclaims the approaching triumph of the day, so was the season's gloomy birth but the harbinger of its ultimate and its unqualified success. Did time permit, space would not allow that I should enter into any lengthy dissertation or review of the chief events of the past season. I must therefore content myself, after giving a brief account of the last day I was out with these hounds, the last but one on which they took the field, by merely jotting down in index fashion the days on which I was fortunate enough to be out, and upon which memory loves to linger.

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.

Wednesday, March 28th, was the penultimate day I have alluded to, a day on which the butterfly-catchers were abroad, for the sun shone out of a cloudless sky and summer scarce deigned to wait for gentle spring. It was a day for a picnic, a day for sauntering in the deep coombs and shady dells of the forest, anything but a day for foxhunting, and many doubtless found their way to the lawn meet at Birch Hall with no other motive in view. Straw hats, mufti costumes, were surely pardonable on such a day, or, 'faith, there would have been many sinners.

Deep as the belief of Essex men may be in the woodland craft of their huntsman Bailey, yet in this wild unexplored forest the neat brown uniform of Mr. Barclay's chief *aide-de-camp*, young Will Hurrell, was a welcome addition to the *ménage*. Born and bred a forest lad, early instructed in the mysteries of venery by a most capable father, the postman on his round, the policeman on his beat, are not more familiar with their paths than he is with every nook and glade of this wide-stretching forest, his nursery, his home. Every corner has a name, every clump of trees an appellation, and not a glade or a ride but has its distinguishing marks, and were he by my side I would tell you in what order we drew through these sylvan glades, by Debden side, and Luffman's Earths, by Monk Wood, Wake Valley, and the deep coombs of Woodridden.

He is not; so I must content myself with saying that only half our number went with us in the open—alas, only to gaze at, not to ride over, the scene of last Wednesday's exploits, as seen from Poplar Shaw. Half only could have been with us when the deep-throated hounds opened on the line of a travelling fox in one of the wildest parts of the forest, and less than half saw the great yellow fox steal out of the drain behind Golding's Hill. Ah, if he had launched out into the open country! I might have had a run to chronicle, and Bailey one scalp less at his saddle bow.

For a few brief hot minutes the woods echoed with the deep chorus of the great dog hounds as keen for blood they raced him from glade to glade. Then near the reservoir, close to his old haunts, came the smothered growl, the whoop; the gaping rustics were satisfied. Poultry keepers will sleep o' nights, and two at least of Britain's sons were blooded.



From grave to gay, from lively to severe, from poetry to prose, from fact to fiction, may be only a step; but from making a guess where to find hounds with a second horse in the afternoon, to publicly advertising the fact that at 3.30 the hounds will draw the Lonely Spinneys, is, I trust, an unbridgeable abyss: otherwise we might expect to see something like this in the precincts of Liverpool Street and the Bank:—

Special edition. A special train will leave at 2.30 for Loughton Shaws, when the Essex Hounds will run a special fox; the double journey at single fares, a capital view to be obtained from the company's line.

Well, 3.30 did find us at Loughton Shaws, and the navvies on the line saw all that I have to tell you, saw the little terriers at work (for Loughton Shaws are thick, thicker than any fox-hound will face), heard their sharp



Luffman's Earths, Epping Forest

"yap, yap," as they drove their fox out to the opposite covert, and witnessed our disappointment, as with open country before him this dog fox fell a victim to his own craven heart.

Starting with the admission that the hounds have been out on 102 hunting days, have been stopped by frost nine days, and have killed thirty-six brace, and run another twenty brace to ground, I would remark that the following brief notes, culled from the leaves of a hunting diary, only represent some of the best days in the Monday and Wednesday country. Unfortunately, I have no record of the Friday country, and very little, indeed, of the Saturday, but that the Fridays and Saturdays were productive of many equally good, if not better, ones can hardly be controverted.

Owing to the hard state of the ground, six weeks of the time allotted to cub-hunting slipped away without a run worth speaking of taking place,



the first being on Saturday, October 21st, Sheering-street, 8 a.m. A very good gallop. W. Sewell got a fall.

Monday, October 30th.—Havering at 10. Great run from Mrs. McIntosh's gorse. F. Green, jun., broke his arm.

The month of November, a blank, as far as good runs were concerned.

Wednesday, December 6th.—Hatfield Heath. Good sport. Running foxes all day, ending up with a quick thing to Poplars in the evening.

Saturday, December 9th. Bobbingworth Mill. A clinker from Ongar Park Woods—our steeplechase course—to Rundells, with a kill.

Monday, December 11th.—Dagenham. Another clinking good run of an hour.

Wednesday, December 13th.—Nasing Common. Those who were lucky enough to see the run from the marshes, behind Hollyfield Hall, to the Forest, will never forget it—pasture, pace, point.

Monday, December 18th.—Swallows Cross. A most enjoyable day, ending in a good gallop from Hylands to Galleywood Common.

Wednesday, December 20th.—Thrushes Bush. "Good wine needs no bush," so from Harlow Park to Luffman's Earths (50 mins.) speaks for itself.

Wednesday, December 27th.—Kelvedon Common. A screaming twenty minutes from Mr. D. Christy's cabbage field to Ongar Park. Gerald Buxton carried a lead.

Monday, January 1st.—Dagenham. One hour and twenty minutes of the best from Mrs. McIntosh's, with a kill in the open. The late Master was out.

Saturday, January 13th.—Fyfield. Great run, after the frost, with the Forest Hall fox, to and through High Woods. Mr. Price got a severe fall.

Went down into Northamptonshire about this time, so have no further record until

Monday, January 29th.—Dagenham. A memorable run from Mr. Pemberton Barnes' covert to Coombe Lodge—a six-mile point—in forty minutes.

Wednesday, January 31st.—Hatfield Heath. A real good day from the Down Hall, Brick Kilns and Man Wood coverts.

Monday, February 5th.—Shonks Mill. A very fast thing with Mr. Christy's fox in the morning; another with Mr. Bosley's in the evening. A day no one ought to have missed.

Wednesday, February 7th.—Nasing. A teaser from Galley Hills, over Nasing Common to ground at Parndon.

Wednesday, February 14th.—Thrushes Bush. The plough at its best in the evening run, with a fox from Harlow Bury Farm, killing him in the open beyond Sheering Street.

Frost set in on the 19th; disappeared suddenly on 24th.

Saturday, February 24th.—White Roothing. The evening gallop of fifty minutes (with an outlying fox at the back of Hatfield town), better known as Mr. Collin's run, ranks second to none this season.

Monday, February 26th.—Passingford Bridge. Hounds beat us all in the morning in a very good and quick thing from Ongar Park, and Bosley's fox scored again in the gallop (which only ten stayed for) from North Weald to Moreton Wood.

Wednesday, February 28th.—Little Laver Mill. No day for feather-bed sportsmen; easterly wind, with great driving snowflakes, but undeniable scent with undeniable sport, commencing with the gallop from Brick Kilns to Poplars, and finishing up with two fast runs by Matching Park.

Monday, March 5th.—Swallows Cross. One hour and fifty-five



minutes with a kill from the Menagerie; ask Mr. Fane about this run—it was his fox and his country.

Monday, March 12th.—Blackmore. Those in the know scored with their second horses in the run from Witney to the High Woods.

Saturday, March 17th.—The Kennels. Forty-five minutes on the grass with a kill sent a big field home in a very contented frame of mind.

Wednesday, March 21st.—A great scent on the grass, not only in Essex, but in the Midlands. The Pytchley scored two very good runs, a kill, and to ground; we did the same.

To have been out only *thirty-five times*, including cub-hunting, and to have taken part in over a *score of such good days*, will be admitted by all as a *high percentage* of fine sport. The writer only trusts that many others have been equally fortunate, and that should he be permitted to chronicle the sport with these hounds another season, he may have as good if not a better record to show, and he would finally hope that all those who, by dire stress of circumstances, have been unable to participate in the fun this winter, will be in our midst in the thick of the fray when another season dawns.

Very early in the cubbing season of 1894, we had a foretaste of the good things to come in a fifty minutes' burst in the open from Garnett's, when a gentleman,\* who had only recently taken up his residence in the country, scored all the tricks, and one of our hardest thrusters† came to grief on a hireling no less than four times.

Wednesday, October 10th, 7 a.m., at Latton, was the first appearance of a good many of us at the covert side this season, including the Master, Mr. Arkwright, fresh from Scotland, looking bronzed and well. It was hardly a morning on which to expect any of the fair sex to turn out, as the rain came down in a real steady downpour, but neither this nor the early hour deterred Lady Warwick and many other fair sportswomen from gracing the meet with their presence. Latton Park without cubs may be looked for when fair ladies have no admirers but not before, so having routed the cubs, as well as a fair scent would permit, hounds were taken on to Parndon Woods and Mr. Todhunter's spinney, where there was a good show. A short spin in the open brought a by no means unsatisfactory morning to a close, and those who are fond of jumping big blind places could not complain of lack of opportunity.

Saturday, October 13th, found all who had assembled at Sheering Street, at 7 a.m., shrouded in mist, including the Master, Mr. Arkwright, and his wife, Lord Rookwood, Mr. R. Bevan, Mr. H. Fowler, Mr. Crocker, Dr. Grubb, Mr. Chaffey-Collin, Mr. Swire, Mr. N. Gilbey, Messrs. T. and G. Gilbey, Mr. H. E. Jones, Mr. E. Quare and Miss Quare, Messrs. G. and W. Sewell, Mr. Lobb, Mr. Lines, and others. Before the curtain of steamy fog had risen hounds were thrown into the Down Hall coverts, which were alive with cubs, three going away at once.

Hounds could be heard but not seen, as they crossed the Down Hall brook, and the field scattered right and left to find a place over, but the music came floating back before they had crossed, and hounds returned with a cub towards Matching Tye, but soon were at fault—just as well, for every minute the mist was disappearing, and by the time we reached Matching Park it had rolled away before a brilliant sun. For some ten minutes hounds rang the changes with three cubs, which crossed and recrossed the rides, while most of us having safely negotiated one, of the

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\* Mr. Newman Gilbey, who has taken Mark Hall.

† Mr. Chaffey-Collin.



worst rides if not quite the worst ride of any Essex covert, waited the holloa that should proclaim the flight of a cub, for the order was to let hounds go, and a loud challenge had been thrown down that if they did get away a certain horse that had never seen an Essex ditch before would be found at the end of the gallop closer to their sterns than the galloping hack. It was a sporting challenge: the *dénouement* later on; for at last a shrill holloa sent us all flying down the covert for a start. Headed at first the fox broke at last, and we were fairly away in the open towards Down Hall, as hounds came quickly out of the covert, and disappeared through the leafy wall that bounded the far side of the first stubble field.



Newman Gilbey

Newman Gilbey always takes his place in the van when hounds are running; about £100 to £150 he gives for his horses, and generally receives good value for money (horses that know their business); therefore, if ever he offers you a mount, you may accept it without any qualms, even if there has been a six weeks' frost, as he keeps his horses in splendid condition. I have never known them curl up in a run.



Mr. Sewell hit off a weak place, and hounds swung down the fence, and then turned to the right for a small plantation, single file through the corner, and then at the bottom of the next field there was apparently no way out until Mr. Fowler had pulled up some hurdles in one corner, and Bailey, tucking his head down, had squeezed the black cob over a blind ditch through another. Anthony, with the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, has no more numerous and confiding followers than Bailey has when the leaf is on, so we gladly followed as fast as turn and politeness would permit through the only available gap in the next fence, and then turning sharp to the right, through a narrow plantation, rose the grassy slope to Down Hall, where close to the stables hounds ran handsomely into their fat cub, one of the first up being the galloping hack,\* but where, oh where, was the bay?† Many besides his bold rider did not see the finish of this good burst; a rattling fall, a cut knee, and lost hat settled his hash. I am told a hedge as thick as a small plantation proved too much for another,‡ and following the wrong man at the wrong place for the rest, for they came clattering up when not even a tatter of brown was left.

Eight a.m. is a fairly early hour to reach a meet 12 or 15 miles from your door, but the Essex Hounds stick to old traditions, and their popularity is confirmed by the number of those who, despising feather beds, turn out for an early gallop. The King William is always a favourite meet, better attended perhaps by-and-bye when sharp frosts and autumnal gales have done their work and stripped the leaves off the hedges and withered the grass on the banks of the deep ditches which interlace the country for miles in the well-known Roothings. It certainly requires a good horse and a good man on his back to ride straight to hounds in leafy October in any country, but the horse must be bold and clever indeed, and his rider equally keen and fearless, to see the end of a fifty minutes' burst across the heart of the Roothings at the present time.

Each year it becomes more difficult, for with wheat going down and down there is very little ready cash to spend upon trimming up hedges, and they are growing up to formidable dimensions. I have no intention of inflicting the details of Wednesday's sport upon you, but would remark, thanks, I believe, to Mr. John Gingell, who holds the coverts, Lords and Leaden provided a capital show of cubs—cubs, too, of a good stock, judging by the way they went for the open country with very little persuasion, one leading us a dance over a big blind country for some three or four miles before being lost near Pleshey. Several men credited themselves with the High Easter brook early in the run, including Mr. Chaffey-Collin, who had the first cut, Mr. Crocker on his new grey, Major Carter, Capt. Bruce, Mr. Swire and others. It was a nice gallop, and would have been voted a good thing in the middle of the season.

Saturday's meet on October 20th at Netteswell Cross was largely attended, and included the Master, Mr. L. Arkwright, Mr. Todhunter, Mr. Green, Mr. R. Bevan, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Neale, Capt. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Miss Steele, Capt. Wilson, Mr. Harris, Messrs. E. and F. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sewell, Mr. G. Sewell, Messrs. T. and G. Gilbey, Mr. N. Gilbey, Mr. Jones, Mr. Chaffey-Collin, Mr. Lines, Mr. H. Fowler, Mr. E. Pelly, Mr. Swire and Mr. Caldecott.

There was a good scent at first, proved by the way hounds raced a cub from Weir Hatches to Harlow Town and back, but a heavy shower about the time they got away with a second cub from a small covert near Parndon Hall did not improve it, so that Bailey must have been more

\* Mr. Chaffey-Collin's.

† Mr. H. E. Jones.

‡ Mr. Swire.



than pleased when, at the end of a long, slow, hunting run of about an hour and a half, he handled his fox in Latton Park. A good run for trying hounds, a good run for conditioning horses, a good run for children on ponies, but not quite the class of thing for the cut-and-thrust division. Luckily the Master was always on the spot to check vaulting ambition. The bay horse, or rather, mare, to which I made previous allusion, in the hands of her bold and fearless owner has developed into an Essex hunter of the first class, and has gone up in price accordingly.



John Swire on "York"

A good photo. of a good-looking man and a good horse most people will admit ; none will deny it who have seen them go, that they know how to carve their way across a country. Mr. Swire keeps his horses at the "Green Man," Harlow, where, he assures me, he has always been made most comfortable. The animal upon which he is here shown, "York," a bay, standing about 15.2, he purchased from the late



Mr. Toynbee in 1894, only a few months before that excellent judge of horseflesh died. Mr. Charles Green suggested that parting with the horse killed him, and Mr. Swire says that he could almost believe it, for a better and bolder hunter it would be hard to find; a high recommendation, for Mr. Swire has some clinkers. "York" also has done park hack for Mr. Swire for the past two seasons, and very nearly "did for" the camera when he was taken, as he reared straight up directly he saw it, and then bolted. He was most difficult to take, and the shot was instantaneous.

Monday, Coopersale at 8.30. It is a matter of congratulation to the Hunt that the well-known covert of Beachetts has fallen into the hands of such a good sportsman as Mr. Gerald Buxton. With good luck we are likely to have sport from there, if Monday morning's experiences go for anything. Mr. Buxton, who, with his sisters, made his first appearance this season with the hounds, must have been heartily pleased, for not only did we find some rare straight-necked cubs, which went away over a very good line of country, but he was one of the fortunate few who were lucky enough to get away with the hounds when they drove their first fox out of the deep recesses of the covert and embarked upon a sea of grass. Passing close to Mr. T. Miller's farm, they turned over the road, leaving Mr. Jordan's on the right, and ran fast over the grass meadows past Barbers without touching it, and over the brook, which nearly brought Bailey down (the rotten bank giving way with his horse as he landed). On and over the Abridge road, leaving Garnish Hall on the left, they turned up to the Priory, and crossing the road, swung down towards the river, but headed by some ploughmen, the fox kept to the right, through a small covert, and passing close to Theydon Hall he made his point on to Loughton Shaws and the Forest.

What all the field were about to get left behind I don't know, but out of about a hundred who were in the big wood when hounds first spoke to the line of a fox, it is sad to relate that absolutely only four, besides Mr. Gerald Buxton and his sister, can say that they saw every yard of the run, from start to finish, though a good many nicked in when the cream had been skimmed and the tale had been told near Theydon Hall. All, however, vowed that they would not be left behind again when we returned to the Beachetts; but how rash to make such promises, for although hounds came away with a fox which went field for field the identical line his friend had travelled, certainly not more than eight or nine were aware of the fact, and had it not been for failing scent the disastrous loss of another good run would have occurred.

Wednesday, October 24th, Hatfield Town, will long remain in the memories of all who stayed for the finish as one of the wettest days on record; at about eleven the rain, for which all seemed unprepared, came down in sheets, penetrating the thickest meltons and pouring mercilessly into the best fitting boots. Several ladies, including Lady Warwick, Mrs. Arkwright, Mrs. Neale, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Crocker, Miss Jones, and Miss Steele, were caught in this downpour.

No fox was found until we reached Canfield Hart, by which time the wind had risen considerably, and it was with some difficulty that hounds could be heard running in covert. A holloa away towards Wilson Springs



sent all the field galloping round the wood only to find on arriving that the fox had turned back. Nearly all plunged into the covert, but were too late to get away with hounds, who had gone out on the opposite side towards the Forest with very few followers, Mr. C. F. McKee, who was paying a visit to his old country, being one of the lucky ones; by the way he sent the new purchase<sup>1</sup> along it was quite evident that his right hand had not forgotten its cunning, and that eye and nerve were as good as ever.

The run, which commenced before the rain, might have developed into something really good had not the fox been headed back towards the Hart, where he was soon lost. Home now you would have gone had you been a weather prophet, for how could hounds be expected to do anything with the fox they afterwards found in the open in the large mustard field at the back of Hatfield Town? Hardly enough to warm you up, as they drove for a few brief minutes in a circle round the scene of the morning's meet, in pitiless storm of rain and wind. A sigh of relief when the order came for home, and horses were called upon to hack the 12 or 14 miles to their stables without a break; and a hot bath, I ween, never seemed such a luxurious necessity before.

A capital show of foxes at Easton on Friday, I was told, and also a very good sprinkling in the Pleshey country on Saturday, but wind and rain prevented much sport.

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. G. Sewell's new bay.





Trouncer

## CHAPTER X.

*Trouncer—Forbidden Ground—More Vulpecide—Passingford Bridge—A Successful Cubbing Season—Col. Cook His Observations—Parson Fane—Lady Warwick as a Whip—Matching Green, 1894—Man Wood blank for the first time in 11 years—Were they Satisfied?—R. Tilling—Mrs. McIntosh's Gorse—The Fox of the Year—The Old Hero Dies—Easton Lodge—Good Sport—Empty Stalls—Brook House—Lockjaw—A Sad Fatality—Bobbingworth Wood—Daybreak—Cart Shed Wood—Mr. Millbank's Fox Escapes—Nasing Common—Mr. C. Bury's Foxes—Nicking In—Foxes' Wood—A Real Clinker—Sonnet—Really the Briars Concealed Him—High Roothing Springs—Mr. P. Gold's Bad Luck—Jacob Marriage—A Good Purchase—A Contrast—The Doctor—Away for the Lavers—The Double Ditch—Parish Councils—A Happy Village—The Beachetts—Mr. Bosley's Fox—Peterboro' Show—The Pick of the Kennel—Mr. Benton Stakes his Horse—Sam Fitch—The Grey Cob—The Evening Gallop—Only Three Left—'Ware Wheat, Sam.*

On the straightest of legs and roundest of feet,  
With ribs like a frigate his timbers to meet,  
With a fashion and fling and a form so complete,  
That to see him dance over the flags is a treat !

Here, here boy ! Trouncer,  
Handsome and good.

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

WE have substituted "Trouncer" for Whyte Melville's "Bachelor," the "king of the kennel," but the lines are equally applicable. "Trouncer" who was bred at the Essex kennels by the Whaddon Chase "Tuner" out of "True-lass" by the "Grafton Dancer," was quite the pick of the basket of the Essex Hounds and carried off 1st prize for Stallion Hounds in a class of 13 at the Peterboro' Show in 1894.

Monday, at Passingford Bridge, at 9.30, a fox was found at Curtis Mill Green. Thrice he essayed to break at the bottom end towards Dudbrook, and thrice was he headed by the whip, as on no account were hounds to



be permitted to run through the Navestock coverts, as they had not been shot; and here I would remark that, much as hunting men may regret the restrictions imposed upon them by owners of coverts, yet they have no real cause to grumble when the coverts are thrown open to them after they have been shot through. Let any hunting man inclined to cavil put himself in the shooter's place, and he will at once fully sympathise with those in similar circumstances. It is, I think, admitted by all—even by gamekeepers—that in big woods and coverts, pheasants are little disturbed by hounds running through. It is the small ones where the mischief is done, and when pheasants, driven out, do not return. These considerations, however, did not enter into the head of the Curtis Mill Green fox, for slipping past all opposition he went away towards Shonk's Mill, and hounds came away in pursuit, and there was a strong injunction to stop them should they approach any forbidden ground.

About a mile from the Green, however, our fox went to ground in a



Passingford Bridge

drain, from which, after some delay, he was evicted, but managed to elude hounds, which were shortly afterwards whipped off. Several spills occurred in this short run. Miss Buxton was thrown and dragged, but fortunately not hurt. Mr. Jones took a toss, and another sportsman's face presented the appearance of a butcher's shop. Mr. Sworder, however, on his young one, got over the country as quick as anyone. Mr. Waltham was in his usual place, while Mr. Miller and his son might both have been riding old and staid hunters instead of precocious young ones. The rest of the morning was spent in a fruitless endeavour to find a fox in Sir Charles Smith's coverts, winding up, as a forlorn hope, at Shalesmore, where early in the season some dastardly and cowardly ruffian succeeded in poisoning a fine litter of cubs. A man who secretly poisons foxes is quite capable of stabbing you in the back in the dark. Of such an one let all men beware:—

“The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.”



Home after Shalesmore, not, however, without first accepting Mr. Sworder's kind hospitality.

On Wednesday, October 31st, in fog and mist, after a ceaseless down-pour of close upon twenty-four hours, we met at Nasing. In common with a good many more registering a vow not to lose sight of the hounds for a second in the big woods at Galley Hills, they were running a fox from end to end before we fully woke up to the fact that an impassable gulf separated us from the pack, for the rides were up to your hocks, and not a man who was in the middle of the covert when hounds broke ever caught sight of them again.

Easterby, with lusty shouts of "Get away to him! Get away forrard!" and vigorous cracks of his whip, led a forlorn hope on the right, for when the open country was reached nothing but a few scattered horsemen could be seen sinking away in the distance. Even the huntsman had a hard and stern chase before he could catch hounds. Coming out at the Nasing end by themselves, luckily they did not escape the keen eye of the Master, Mr. Arkwright, who, with the few near him, including Mr. and Mrs. W. Sewell, set to work to ride in their wake. Crossing below the old turnpike they turned sharp to the left, up the hill, past Mr. Bury's, and crossing the narrow lane at the back of the house, swung down for Hollyfield Hall, by which time the remnant (under twenty) of those who were destined to see anything of this nice gallop on the grass managed to cut in, while the remaining sixty or eighty were scattered far and wide.

Capt. and Mrs. Bruce, Capt. Wilson, Mr. S. Fitch, Mr. Ralph Bury, Mr. and Miss Peel, Mr. Howard Fowler, Mr. Chaffey-Collin, Mr. Newman Gilbey, were there, as leaving Hollyfield Hall on the left hounds swept swiftly and silently down the hill. Skimming along with undeniable scent over the marshes, they tell me that nothing but timber jumpers could live with them, and that Mrs. Sewell on her chestnut led all the way, and that the pace was too good to stop for lost hats or lost shoes. Twenty minutes of the best before the burst was over, and a cast back in the direction of Mr. Bury's brought us all once more within touch of hounds and Mr. Bury's freely offered hospitality. Few, I think, passed his house without accepting it. Mr. Sam Fitch's face was a study—of a regular fog-dispelling hue. I caught sight of it long before I saw the hounds, and required no further proof of what a duster they had had. "Why weren't you there? Not a yard of plough! Lovely timber! A screaming scent! A select circle to see how the bitches drove along! Nothing better this season!" "Oh, rub it in; you didn't kill him!" and buoyed up with the vain hope of finding another fox, we went on to Tattle Bushes and Roydon Park.

This brought the cubbing season to a close. Taking it altogether, it has been a most successful one, for success in this case must not be gauged by the number of cubs whose masks have gone to swell the triumphs of the huntsman's skill, but by the way the survivors have been hunted, and the young hounds upon whom so much of our future sport depends have done their work. Those who have been out in the early mornings can answer for the thoroughly efficient manner in which all the younger members of the vulpine tribe have been routed, and the keen way in which the new entry have settled to their task. So that were times better, and could the gloom of agricultural depression be dispersed, enabling our chief and best friends, the farmers, to join in the sport which they so dearly love, then, indeed, we should have had double, aye treble satisfaction in anticipating the rise of the curtain when the play commenced at Matching Green.



A volume might easily be written about Matching Green, and the famous meets and coverts with which its name is associated in the hearts and memories of all Essex sportsmen, for since the days of Col. Cook it has always held its own, and if we do not see the big runs which he avers so frequently took place in his time from Man Wood, the usual line being across to Dunmow High Wood, then Lord Maynard's, yet we have sport of a character which maintains the reputation Essex has always enjoyed for being one of the best rural countries.

Writing in 1826, Col. Cook, in his observations on fox-hunting, says :—

"The country is chiefly under plough, but well drained, and it rides light in comparison with other ploughed countries ; the ditches are rather wide, NOT NOT BLIND (the capitals in which these words appear are mine), and the scent after Christmas is invariably good."

All these remarks are equally applicable to-day, with the exception of the one I have emphasised, for perhaps no truer indication of the gradual decline in agricultural prosperity exists than these ditches, for each year they are growing more choked with vegetation, and are becoming as hard to define as the banks of an overflowing stream.

Of the foxes, Col. Cook says (in those days they were all stub bred) :—

"I believe there never was an instance of an old Roothing fox having been killed with a hunting scent ; if you do not get away close at him, at the very best pace, he never will be caught, and if you come to a check with a hunting scent it is twenty to one he beats you."

Here again we can cry ditto to the Colonel, for if foxes are not so stout as in the days gone by, yet favoured by the blind ditches, of which they take every advantage, running up and down them, they certainly take quite as much killing, and a pack of hounds that can kill an afternoon Roothing fox in the present day might be trusted to give a very good account of themselves in any other country, for they must be steady, staunch, and true, with noses as keen as mountain air.

Could Col. Cook have been with us this day he would have voted it a gay and stirring scene, but I am very much mistaken if he would not have pined for the smaller fields of the days gone by. What a bumper gathering ! Where could they all have come from, for in my short time how many old and familiar faces have disappeared from the ranks, but how true it is that no sooner does one man fall out than another steps in to take his place. There are, however, certain gaps which can never be adequately filled by any new-comer, the last being—alas, that I should have to record it—

Parson Fane, *the father of the Hunt*, almost one of the last survivals of the race of hunting parsons—kind, courteous and considerate, a sportsman every inch of him, never neglecting duty for pleasure, a favourite with young and old, rich and poor :—

He was a man, take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again.

I cannot pretend to give you a full list of those who were present to meet our joint Masters—Mr. E. S. Bowlby and Mr. Loftus Arkwright—though possibly, if the suggestion of a writer in the *Field* of non-subscribers having to buy a 5s. badge for their day's sport, ever comes to be adopted, it may become feasible. Lady Warwick drove a large party over from Easton (the distance being covered in a remarkably short time) with a hired team, which she had never handled before, but even if they had been as bad as Dick Vicker's Oswestry team, "three blind 'uns and a bolter," with her perfect hands she would have brought them up to the



meet in time. Lady Rookwood and Lady Gilbey with her daughter Mrs. Routledge, drove to the meet, while among the mounted throng I noted the Masters of the Essex and Suffolk and the Essex Stag Hounds, Lord Rookwood, our Secretary (Mr. R. Y. Bevan) and our late Secretary, Mr. R. Lockwood; Mr. Avila, Messrs. E. and F. Ball, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. W. H. P. Barnes, Mr. Basham, Mr. Benton, Mr. Baddeley, Mr. J. C. Borwick, Mr. A. Bowlby, Mr. Ralph Bury, Capt. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Borrow, no Buxtons! the Misses Blyth (2), Mr. R. Caldwell, Messrs. Christy (2), Mr. E. Caldecott, Major and Mrs. Carter, Mr. Carr, Messrs. Charrington (2), Mr. and Mrs. Cockett, Mr. C. Chaffey-Collin, Mr. and Mrs. Weston Crocker, Rev. L. Capel-Cure, Mr. Capel-Cure, Miss Colvin, Mr. C. Doxat, Mr. G. H. Dawson and Miss Maud Dawson, Mr. E. and Miss Docwra, Mr. Foster, Mr. H. Fowler, Mr. Newman Gilbey, Miss Gilbey, Mr. Guy Gilbey, Dr. Grubb, Mr. Green (Parndon) and brother, Mr. Goffe, Messrs. J. and D. Gingell, Mr. Howard, Mr. George Hart, Mr. J. Harris, Mr. T. H. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hill, Mr. Horner and Son, Mr. G. Harris, Mr. Heinemann, Mr. H. E. Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. Leatham, Mr. Littler, jun., Mr. F. Loyd, Mr. G. Lobb, Mr. R. C. Lyall, Mr. B. Lines and Miss Lines, Mr. H. J. Miller, and his two boys, Mrs. McIntosh, Mr. Chisenhale Marsh, Mr. Meyer, Mr. W. Morris, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Neill, Mr. New, Miss Oliver, Mr. Patchett, Q.C., no Pellys! Mr. and Mrs. Hine, Mr. H. J. Price, Mr. Poole, Mr. E. Quare, Miss Quare, Major Ricardo, Mr. Simonds, Mr. H. Swarder, Mr. G. Sewell, Mr. R. Smith, Mr. A. R. Steele and brother, Mr. A. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Swire, Mr. G. Sheppard, Rev. L. Scott, Mr. J. Todhunter, Mr. Tweed, Miss Tait, Mr. Osborne and Son, Mr. Tyndale White, jun., Mr. Wombwell, Mr. Willis, while of others on wheels the following names occur to me: Mr. and Mrs. W. Alger, Mrs. Balloch, Mr. G. Brown, Mr. Lucking, Mrs. Patchett and her niece, Mrs. Quare and party, Mr. Littler, sen., Mr. Glyn, Mrs. Rowland, Mrs. Arkwright, Mrs. N. Gilbey, Miss Gold, Dr. Druitt, Miss Wilson, Miss Green, Miss Webster, Mr. A. Poole, Misses Young, Mr. and Mrs. Brumskill, Mrs. Chalmers, Mr. Kirby, Miss Bambridge and Mr. J. Furze.

Of the day's sport itself very little can be said: it certainly did not reach the average of a Matching Green day—lack of scent rather than scarcity of foxes readily accounting for this, for with the exception of Man Wood, *which was drawn blank for the first time for eleven years*, all the other coverts, Brick-kilns, Down Hall, and Matching Park, responded to the call made upon them, the most lively item in the day's programme being with a cub—forgive the word—from the last-named covert, who was killed close to Matching Hall. There were numerous casualties during the day, one of the most serious being caused by a second horseman, whose horse having got out of his hands, cannoned into Mr. Borrow; knocking him and his mount all of a heap into a ditch, cutting his face badly. Several ladies were thrown; and if when hounds ran for three consecutive fields, loose horses were at a discount, active young ploughboys were at a heavy premium.

The shades of night were fast falling ere we started for a ride home in the dark, satisfied or dissatisfied mortals, entirely depending upon individual temperament and circumstances. The Masters had no cause for dissatisfaction that the opening day was over. The huntsman, in spite of a coat which no renovator will ever restore to its pristine hue, was, I venture to say, satisfied. Those who made their first acquaintance with Roothing ditches were satisfied to have escaped such undesirable lodgings for the night. Those, and they are not a few, who count Matching Green as one



of, perhaps, the only three or four chances they get of seeing a pack of hounds, had surely no cause for grumbling, for they were with them all day! Those, and they are, perhaps, fewer, who make a point of revisiting the old country and notching another mark in Time's rapid flight, were they satisfied? Ladies all, were they satisfied? Those topsawyers who missed if only one of the five chances (one from Brick-kilns, two from Down Hall, two from Matching Park) of getting a start, when with a better scent and an older fox a big run might have been brought off, could they be satisfied? But why ask any more questions? Why hazard any more impressions? The new horn, the new coat, the new boots, the new saddle bars, the new pocket syphonias, doubtless played an important part in the retrospect of Matching Green of 1894.



Richard Tilling on "Star"

Mr. Tilling may be fortunate enough to secure as good, but he will never possess a better hunter than his compact little horse, "Star," and Mr. Tilling has a wide choice, for the firm



of which he is a member, Tilling Bros., Peckham, own some five thousand horses. Hunting one day a week pretty regularly throughout the season, he is a good example of the busy London man, to whom hunting is such a benefit. Mr. Tilling always looks the picture of rosy health. No distance, no weather ever deters either him or Mr. Samuel Fitch; they generally hack or drive on together, and it would be a very extraordinary thing if they ever came home without having picked the kernel out of the best day's sport the Essex can show. Mr. Tilling is a very liberal supporter of all claims that invariably fall on every hunt outside the Master's sphere, and that he is one of the most popular members of the Essex Hunt all who know him will admit.

I am very glad that I am not compelled to turn out so many leaves per week, or verily four such days as Wednesday, November 7th, when we met at Swallows X would probably yield four blank ones. But would this be the case? I don't know, for even out of the worst day's fox-hunting something can be gained, something learnt, some consolation extracted, for now, as I am penning these lines at 6.30 p.m. on the day in question, I congratulate myself that the rain and wind, which are threatening to dash the windows in, held off until the warm fireside was reached. I am afraid the hunt servants will get wet jackets. More's the pity, as they drew on late, for a rapidly thinning field in their endeavour to show sport. Horse-frith Park at 4.10 p.m. on a November afternoon would have satisfied our late Master, I think.

Home in company with a man\* who only gets his one day a week, and would not have exchanged even to-day for a gallop with stag—(N.B.: He took a toss after 4 p.m. You don't often get a chance as late as this with venison)—set me at least an example of resignation. It has been a wild, stormy day, but this alone should hardly have accounted for such a large tract of country being drawn without a whimper after the first catastrophe in the morning at Fitzwalters. The usual thing, all coffee-housing (a golfer † got hold of me), and the hounds away down wind. Not even a tail hound for Easterby to rate, as we flew round the corner of the second wood, but plenty of fences to show a bold front over, if you like a gallop in the dark—not for me.

Give me the Queen's highway, if I can't see hounds and have no clue to them. Was it fortunate or unfortunate, do you think, that the fox slipped into a hole in less than five minutes? Ask Ray, late huntsman to the Essex Union; he'll never get such a chance of dishing an Essex field again. Back through the no longer timber-stopped gap came the huntsman with a comparatively jovial and lively following, for hounds were recovered; the day was young. Shenfield, Thoby, Blackmore, ancient strongholds, were they not before us?

But I can't pass that gap; it has left far too vivid an impression. "Don't go through the wood," said my pal, as we stood in the ploughed field and gazed over the blind ditch down the narrow ride that bisects Fitzwalters, "can't you see the post and rails at the end?" Yes, but possibly

\* Mr. R. S. Tilling.

† Mr. A. C. Oldham.



we can turn them. The idea of breaking, let alone jumping, was not on the *tapis*. But it was a veritable *cul-de-sac*: no going to the right, no turning to the left of the ride, for the undergrowth was thick and the ditch much too blind, and by the time we reached the end our retreat was cut off, for the ride was full of confiding followers.

Will no one have a cut at them? was freely asked. A fair four-foot they stood, with ditch beyond, but looked like breaking, when Mr. Caldecott, with a "Here goes; I never rode the beggar before," to our dismay cleared them handsomely. He was only just in time, for Miss Jones had made up her mind to have them, and, quietly collecting her horse, she landed him over with a yard and a half to spare, giving a lesson in horsemanship to my craven heart that I shall never forget, and shall always be proud to remember.

There were now lusty calls for a welter, and Mr. Price, accepting the challenge almost before it was offered, launched his blood chesnut, but the rails were a trifle too high even for that good performer, and dropping his hind legs on the top bar, amidst hearty blessings and wide-echoed congratulations, smashed it to matchwood. Who finished off the remaining two feet must be left to the Archaeological Society to discover. I can only affirm it had gone when we came back. If not re-erected we shan't count the time misspent, having learnt a very useful way through this and many other coverts that came under survey during this long and dragging day: but all this is forgotten, all buried in the sweet remembrance of one of the most stirring gallops I have ever had with hounds.

Let me jot it down this Monday evening while memory runs hot within me, and ere its colours fade away. Methinks the 70 all told, mostly mackintoshed and covert-coated individuals, had little notion of what was in store for them as the hounds were waved into the gorse at Havering-atte-Bower, which has become one of the most famed coverts of the hunt, the scene of nearly all our best sport last year. What a debt of gratitude we all owe to its most kind and hospitable *châtelain*, for while I write *the fox of the year* has gone out on a journey he'll never take again, and in hot haste we charged down the grass ride past the gorse. The kick methought would soon be out of the chesnut in front at the pace hounds were going. Away down hill to the spinney near the brook, over the slippery black bridge, Henry John leading,\* hounds holding their own with ease, as horses plunged through a deep root field, and crossed some more holding ground to the Forest. A stout strand of roped wire lined it for some quarter of a mile to our front. Hounds were running to the right, so we galloped back 200 yards for the iron gate in the wire fence. Locked, by all that's exasperating! It wouldn't come off its hinges. Mr. Christy had a key—how it seemed to stick in the lock, which yielded at last, and with a "*Yonder they go*, up the hill towards Stapleford Abbots," we charged in line over the

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\* H. J. Miller.



fence that runs up to the Forest. Mr. Sworder coming down narrowly escaped being jumped on.

Not crossing the road, hounds turned sharp to the right, running at a great pace, straight for the osier bed at Bourne Bridge. Here our disasters began. The huntsman's horse, making no attempt to clear the brook, which was full to the brim, fell back, and Messrs. Foster and Avila and two or three more were soon in the same plight. Hounds were rapidly disappearing through the next fence, which not a man or horse could tackle. The major's† chesnut, luckily for him, obstinately refused. The majority coasted along it, and at the first



Mrs. McIntosh' Gorse with Hainault Forest in the distance

opportunity turned right-handed through a gate, not realising that hounds had come back where the fence joined a narrow belt of trees. A lucky few, there were only seven, Messrs. W. and G. Sewell, Mr. Pemberton-Barnes, Mr. Brindle, Major Carter, Col. Lockwood, and Miss Morgan, went straight on, and just caught a glimpse of hounds as they flashed through a fence in the direction of the old mill. Leaving it on the left, the pack drove on over the small enclosures, and crossing the road, ran on as hard as ever over Pyrgo Park, just touching

† Major Carter.



Bower House, and then bearing down the hill, reached Foxborough Wood, where the huntsman, Master, and many more of us caught them; for what with iron fencing, locked gates, and some unjumpable rails, those on the right had been caught like rats in a trap, while man after man of the rearward contingent rode to the holloa of a fresh fox over the park *and rode never to see hounds again in this grand run.*

Foxborough Wood was left behind; a single hound running ahead of the pack to the four cross roads, where Bailey got hounds together, and they flew over the very cramped but well grassed Dagenham Vale. How keenly they ran. Did we ever know hounds go better in a storm of rain, but wasn't there just a touch of east in the wind? The old line—it must have been the old fox, the hero of so many fights. Now up hill he turned to Hatters Wood, the shortest way out (if your horse had it in him, and hadn't been going at large in a brook) with the Master, the Major, Miss Morgan, and some half-dozen more, over the sunken post and rails. If not?—through the gates on the left, and you could nick hounds as they raced round the park before crossing the brook near the double-gated bridge. Thank you, my Knight of the Velvet Cap,† for so deftly opening them. On, still on; no summer condition could live with them, through Duck Wood and away to South Weald, where in Vicarage Wood hounds got up to their fox. What a crash of music; death in every note! Could he leave the covert alive?

“— Ha! yet he flies, nor yields  
To black despair. But one loose more, and all  
His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now  
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots  
And leafless elms return the joyous sound.  
Thro' ev'ry home-stall, and thro' ev'ry yard,  
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies.”

Weald village was left behind, Rochetts touched and passed ere we left the road, then over several banks, to splash through a ford, and breasting the hill near Dagenham gravel pits, once more swung down to the brook, to view the fox up the root field beyond, with the leading hounds racing to catch and roll him over in the open fifteen yards from the fence. Few faced the brook at the end, for its brown waters swirled viciously between its steep and muddy banks. Many did not get within sight of it, but two ladies at least got over successfully, Miss Morgan and Miss Buxton. One hour and a quarter—hounds must have

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† Mr. Harry Sworder.



covered fifteen miles of country, the farthest points touched half that distance. Only one other covert was disturbed during the day, Pyrgo Wood, and it provided as good a hunting run of 40 minutes as one could wish to see. Away over the park in a straight line for Col. Lockwood's coverts, skirting Big Wood, and just touching Cranes, they turned sharp to the right and reached Curtis' Mill Green before hounds were whipped off. No one asked for any more; nobody wanted it. None, however, who, homeward bound passed Tawney Hall, refused the hospitality of one who, in spite of a young horse and two rattling falls, saw as much as anyone else of the great run, if he did not see more.

Ah! if we could always choose the right day! What pleasant reading would the most prosaic diary afford; no blank days to remember, no twisting, ringing runs to record. Take Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, last week. Who went out on Wednesday to Fyfield, when the very elements seemed to combine to destroy all chances of sport, and reached home, without reflecting that it was a day wasted, a day thrown away? Yet I know one man\* who enjoyed himself, in spite of being drenched to the skin and foot-sore and weary from a twenty-mile walk; for a sight of the scenes in which in the years gone by he had so often participated yielded a pleasure known only to those whose lines are cast in the close atmosphere of crowded towns.

Friday, "Great Easton," was a day fit for the gods—a day which saw the reel of sport freely unwind, and its golden threads worked into the warp and woof of three of the choicest patterns, such as only the deft fingering of the huntsman and the lady pack of the Essex Hounds could possibly have accomplished. What say you? Two runs of thirty-five minutes each as hard as hounds could race, winding up with one at a similar pace with a kill in the open. "Ah! where is the heart wishing more?"

What a lottery! Wednesday, Friday, Saturday—and the middle one, for those who have tasted the sweets of life, and have got over the first blush of youth in the field of sport, the only one worth recording.

Saturday, November 17th, Harlow. Sweet mingles with bitter, and bitter with sweet; but alas! the empty stall shall tell a tale of all bitter to one who makes a friend of his horse—the partner in our sport who gives everything and asks nothing in return. Do we all—do any of us—treat our horses as they deserve? But Saturday, at any rate, was a day of sunshine above, a day of mud and water beneath, but a day on which the pent-up exuberance of a Saturday field (to my thinking, worse than a Pytchley Wednesday) could not expend itself with a home-running fox. No! though the line, after he had quitted Mark Hall and its precincts, and had left Barnsleys behind, was lengthened out into an oblong mile, with a dozen at the most, who rode the inside circle at its head.

In Leicestershire the first fence, more often than not will decide your place in a run. It rarely so happens in Essex; but the first fence from Barnsleys, in this hot sharp scurry, proved the exception, settling most of those who had not drawn rein, after leaving Mark Hall, before rounding the wood. The sun glinted fiercely through the only weak spot in the fence,

\* Rev. G. Ward Saunders.



A Meet at Easton Lodge in 1884



"Jack"	Bailey	Mrs. Waters	F. Avila	Mr. Budd	Mr. Piper	Mr. Scruby
	Capt. H. Meyer	H. Keppel	G. Dawson		on pony	
				Mr. Crocker		



as the Master landed Diana over it, in spite of the overhanging boughs of a tree, right at the tail of the hounds; but what Diana can romp over, even in her old age, another horse must extend himself to cover. No wonder, then, that the next man came down.

The way was blocked, and Mr. Sheppard's lead out into the lane on the left was the only thing offered, and it answered very well for the first six fields, as hounds drove parallel with it, but they were bearing slightly, almost imperceptibly to the right all the time; and wide was the gap between the left-hand gallopers and those who had come away from the middle of Barnsleys, or better still, made pivots of themselves as hounds, running at a great pace—for it was all grass, and they were close at their fox—swung round them to the right, by Kitchen Hall (famed for supplying the Abbots of olden times), and regained Barnsleys. Fifty minutes by



Brook House

the clock, and a pad apiece to two pedestrians, and the brush if he had cared to claim it, to Mr. Guy Lobb, for I swear he was the first man in at the death.

A dozen men will tell you that this was a rare good gallop, and so it was, from Barnsleys to Harlow Common and back at a pace that would, I fancy, have almost satisfied "Q" of the Quorn; but who comprised that happy band I cannot tell you; I was much too far behind to note, but I can honestly affirm that I never saw a huge field (there were quite 200 out) so completely spread-eagled in such a short time. Second horses, cigars, coverts many, foxes few, the day rapidly waning, before we were all galvanised into action by the mysterious fox of Pinnacles, who one minute was viewed almost in the jaws of the pack, the next had vanished into thin air. So home in the rising fog, *via* Weir Hatches, at 4.30 p.m.

Monday, November 19th, the venue was at Brook House, a very suitable name for a trysting-place just then; but it would hardly have



been available three days before, for the surrounding country was under water, and you might have punted from Hobbs Cross to the meet. There were serious doubts as to whether the ford *en route* to the coverts would be available, and it was only on the understanding that Mr. Sworder would play the pioneer that hounds were taken that way.

They found at once in Col. Lockwood's coverts a leash at least that kept hounds busy for an hour or more before one paid the penalty of his timidity. Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits, and so have homedwelling foxes; but he was a sensible old dog fox who went straight through the gorse for the Forest, and left some of his progeny to settle accounts with the hounds. Thus early in the day a good run was nipped in the bud. But ill is the wind that blows no one any good; so the carriage folk revelled in the fun that went on around them, of which they managed to see a good deal more than the riders.

Havering gorse; another quick find, a sharp burst up to the Forest, a ring round it, back again somewhat slower, patient hunting in the gorse, out of the gorse, back again, worry and whoop! while we eat our sandwiches, and then home, altogether a capital cub-hunting day. All heard with great regret that the chesnut mare which carried Jack so brilliantly in Monday's run has succumbed to *lockjaw*, the result of the loss of half a shoe: real bad luck this—for man and masters.

Tuesday, November 20th.—Two hours with Mr. Barclay's Harriers, at Marles Farm, by the kind invitation of Mr. Lewis Phillips. Not a yard of scent with a brace of hares found in one of Mr. Boram's fallows—certainly not enough to warrant one in following the Master over hog-backed stiles. Quite a treat, however, to watch the masterly way in which Mrs. Rowland took the young grey across country never honoured with sight of hounds or press of side-saddle before—the mare took to leaping like a duck to water. Mr. Boram seemed very happy, too, on the Master's 300-guinea chesnut, and Messrs. Parham, Rickett, Willis, Hart, Sewell, Dent, G. Buxton, Rev. Jones (no one else out) bent on enjoying themselves. I reluctantly left hounds, but horses are not cast-iron, and the grey cob voted it pretty close work three days running. So, home in time for a hot luncheon, with a shrewd suspicion that there will not be a yard of scent to-morrow. *Tempus monstrabit.*

Wednesday, November 21st.—Prognostications about scent all wrong after all, but a complete change in atmospheric conditions, none of that blue mist, with a cold flashy wind and a falling glass, but a bright sun, Favonian breeze, and a rising barometer, all pointing the other way, recalling, as we drove to the meet, George Herbert's well known lines:—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky—"

Very bright; but I have not yet come across the man or woman who cares to have a bright sun in their eyes in a quick thing across our Roothings; nor have I ever heard any one say that it interferes with scent. Jim Cockayne, the huntsman to the Old Surrey, who had come out to have a look at his former country, talking of sunny days, reminded me of a good run we once had from Belgium Springs in a bright sun, when eleven came down at the first fence. I remember it well; also the Parson's gate out of the next field. A new one now hangs in its place.—But what of to-day, my friend; tell us something about that; where hounds went? and what they did?—get on to the line, don't stand babbling; skip Hyde Hall springs, and the abortive try for an outlying fox *en route* to the Forest, but don't call a fox a hare again, when he slips away from the small wood just outside it.



Very quickly threading its outskirts for some half-a-dozen fields the fox set his head for Barrington Hall, and foiled in this attempt, swung back to the right over a very heavy country, intersected with some particularly grassy ditches straight in the face of the sun. No one down, I think. I was well in the ruck, but all the rear contingent shoving for the same gaps. No! half a minute! The Parson taking his own line on the chesnut, I can't say for how long, and Mr. Furze on the old roan mare\* picking himself off his head; she never used to fall, but, weight for age, three stone extra is a heavy impost—this *en passant*.

Horses swerved out from the traction engine at the bottom of the big field, at least all those who had funked the brook where hounds had crossed. A nice judicious little check on the Heath road, and then another turn to the left, and a capital view of a fox through an open gateway making for the mustard field, and hounds tearing away by themselves on the right, and not going after that fox after all, as many of the riders did, but sticking to their hunted one and leading us over some very interesting brooklets—the huntsman's horse skipping them with ease, Capt. Bruce's jumping short every time in his wake; so to the Heath, and a kill in the farmyard.

No! *yo-onder he goes*, with that peculiar curl of his brush which only a good fox, and a hunted one, has; back out of the road, up the steep bank with Mr. Sedgwick, away down the meadows toward Barrington. Again they settled to run with a will, crossing the road at the back of Hatfield town, up a steep bank into the stubble field beyond. They tore along without a check until reaching a big newly ploughed field near Lancaster springs, they faltered for a moment in the hedgerow just beyond a handy ford. Jack and some thirty more couldn't resist it, and were shut out from the rest of the gallop. Not so Bailey, Capt. Bruce, Mr. Cooper, Messrs. Horner (father and son), Mr. G. Sewell, and many more, who kept hounds in view as they ran parallel with the brook, crossing it just below the wooded heights of Down Hall. They ran on without a whimper, for they were running to kill if the fox could not gain the big earths.

Nothing but the sound turf which fringes these hanging woods for half a mile enabled the leaders to keep hounds in view, while the woods soon echoed with the thunder of a hundred hoofs as horses were urged on at their topmost speed; then shriller than any pibroch rang the whoop. Not, my tender-hearted friends, over the mangled corpse of a good fox, but over the open earths in which he had found a sanctuary, having beaten hounds, fair and square, in this rattling forty-five minutes.

Mr. Swire had the misfortune to lose a very valuable horse just at the end of the run—a broken blood-vessel, I believe, the cause. I don't think they found again. Leaving early, in company with several other horsemen after the first gallop, a careless, happy group, we little thought that we had exchanged our last greetings, said a final farewell to one of our cheeriest comrades.† It seems too sad to relate, too hard to tell, that one who had endeared himself to all with whom he was brought in contact should on the very threshold of life, when all seemed bright before him, be snatched so suddenly, so fearfully from our midst. The old story: a small fence, a riderless horse; a helpless figure on the cold brown earth, silent friends proffering help, no pain, but God help the man with a broken back. Struck down on Friday, he lingered to mid-day on Saturday, conscious almost to the last.

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\* Formerly the property of the author. † Mr. C. Meyer.



Monday came round, bringing us altogether at Bobbingworth windmill, and the sad event of last Friday: "It happened with Mr. Barclay's Harriers," was mentioned with bated breath. It seemed to cast a cloud over everyone, as dull and heavy as the grey sky above, while a penetrating east wind, pregnant with coming snow, had a further depressing effect, which not even the soul-stirring run that was so shortly to be enacted could dispel. "Truly, in the midst of life we are in death."

Five-and-forty minutes! how much that makes life enjoyable may be condensed into that short period of time. What trouble—what expense—will one undergo to have the chance of spending those brief moments alongside a good pack of hounds! Tell me if you know a prettier covert for



Bobbingworth Wood

a find than Bobbingworth Wood, as it stands out clear and distinct against the winter sky: crowning the summit of a gentle hill, encircled by old pastures, which to the west slope gradually down to the little Cripsey brook. Tell me if you know a happier, though non-hunting man, than Mr. Millbank, whose covert it is, as he is the first to catch sight of the old dog-fox going away before hounds were scarce cheered in. Answer me! where would you have been if he hadn't given us honest rails instead of wire?—as your horse flung the



first fence behind him, and landed over the drop into the grass meadow beyond.

But through the open gateway into the next one, as hounds turn over the bank up the hill to the left of a small clump of trees, the furrows lie the right way, and the Master's grey sluthers into the road at the right place for the gate beyond. Clear now of the crowd, carriage and foot folk, we ought to be in for a run. Up by the hedge side to Dewley Wood, left-handed through the bridle-gate, and you are clear of it as quick as hounds. There is another bridle-gate to the left, but the pace is too good, and the huntsman's lead over the ditch-guarded fence under the tree is freely accepted. Past Pevril's Farm, we cross the line—luckily the railway gates are open. A slight check, and hounds are on again, in and out of the lane, fence after fence. Miss Morgan's horse does not often refuse, but he quickly follows Sir Evelyn Wood's lead over the rail. Who wouldn't follow a V.C.? Sharp to the left over two more banks, another scramble into a lane, through the bottom of Greensted Wood, out at once over the boggy brook, with Major Carter and Mr. Pemberton-Barnes to the right, into the road and out on the stubble beyond, hounds carrying as good a head as on the grass, they drive along for Mr. Christy's cabbage field.

'Ware wire! 'Ware wire! And the leaders are already turning away from the fence running up to Kettlebury Springs—with the exception of Mr. Barnes, who unknowingly jumps it, while Mr. Cowee shoots by on his little blood bay, with "Here you are, here's a hole to the left." Never a more welcome one. It saves at least half a mile, and opens out splendid galloping ground, as hounds race parallel with the springs; Captain Bruce's black rapidly overhauling them on the right; a man at the end of the springs has headed the fox, and it requires the horn to bring the bitch pack back, for they are dreadfully jealous, and they have been coming a rare pace. Twenty minutes to here; the fox has only run the covert for a hundred yards before they are out again on the right. Picking it up most beautifully, they race down the side of the bean field, bearing away for Marden Ash. We clatter past Mr. Jones's house; every groom is out on the *qui vive*. A slight check on the road; Bailey holds them down it to the right, and nearly all the local contingent set off at once for the ford. Hitting off the line in the meadows that run down to the river, they cross it near the mill—a greasy bridge over it, but no apparent outlet until Mr. Mugglestone good-



naturedly removes the iron hurdle—a work of time, for which Mr. Caldecott will not wait, and quite in his old form (he is the quickest man out of a difficulty, I know of). “Daybreak” has landed him over a boggy hole with a scramble, followed by Mrs. Bennett.

All grass again for the next mile up to Myless Lodge and on to the Menagerie. Captain Wilson's little grey and Mr. Barnes fanning along in front, up to the right of the wood, so to the road to jump out at once, for hounds are running on hard to Poles Wood, and bearing to the right, reach Beacon Hill. The huntsman narrowly escapes a broken leg from the



Cart Shed Wood

kick of a colt (he is quite disabled for a minute from the pain) at a gateway into the road. Then in the covert beyond, forty-five minutes from the find, they have him dead beat—bad luck for the huntsman, good luck for the fox. Hounds get on to a fresh one, who rings the changes on these woods for some half-hour, while men and horses shiver in the icy blast after their fast gallop. Later on we were warmed into life with a woodland hunt from the Beachetts.

Out of respect for the comrade whom we had so recently lost, Wednesday's meet at Nasing on November 28th was postponed until the



following day, with the result that there was a much smaller attendance at what certainly used to be a very popular tryst, attracting many from over the border; but its ancient glory has departed, for we rarely get the big runs so common in days gone by, when the owner of Galley Hills lived at Monkham.\* Thanks, however, to the staunch support of one of the strongest pillars of the hunt, Mr. Charles Bury, we are sure of a find. His son, I am glad to say, is following in the footsteps of his sire, and is a very keen sportsman; so much so that his father, who has, in common with most of us, a partiality for jugged hare, tells me that he has not been able to taste his favourite dish once this season, as all the hares are now kept for the harriers, and that his son would not allow a pheasant to be shot until the coverts had first been drawn for fox. Yes, there are three foxes there; they were all seen on Thursday, and at present they laugh at Bailey and the Essex Hounds.



Nasing Common

Do you know what it is to leave home late on the chance of finding hounds? Do you know that some will tell you that it is unorthodox—equally unsportsmanlike? But if stolen waters are sweet, so is the pleasure and excitement enhanced—provided you disturb no coverts—should you have the luck to nick in for an afternoon run, perchance after a busy morning in town. But the meet must lie handy at your door, every

\* Mr. Colvin is back again at Monkham, and was it thirty or thirty-five cubs, Capt. Wood you tell me were found there the first morning's cubbing in 1899?—Ed.



yard of the country familiar, or you will probably be done to a turn, and your disappointment and chagrin baffle description.

Surely that was the roar of the foundry dinner bell,\* as, the busy town being left behind, the hard road was exchanged for velvety turf, and a jog of an hour, by bridle path and gate, should bring us in touch of at least some of the vedettes, or some of the camp followers of the Hunt. Twenty minutes have gone by, field after field left behind; not a sign. Even far away, as seen through the dim and hazy atmosphere, the cattle and horses are quietly grazing. Hardly a sound falls on the ear, all alert for the faintest echo of the distant chase. Another ten minutes, the gates click back with an audible bang; the young ploughman is appealed to in vain. Hark! what's that? Your heart stands still for a second; then in go the spurs as the piercing scream is re-echoed again and again, and you are galloping for bare life to the front. You can hear nothing while you are in such haste. Pull up when you have reached the road. "They're running! they're running! Go hark!" Too late. The music comes floating back, fainter and fainter, like the distant echo of tinkling bells, and you may gallop your heart out ere you catch them, as they disappear up the hill from Obelisk Wood, if the fox is a bold one and the scent is good. A moment: they are turning back, by all that's fortunate, and coming straight down the brookside for you, and flash after flash of scarlet is seen through the parallel fences. You have got them now; your own fault if you lose them. That man with the plough is waving his hand to the right, over a rugged bank at the top.

Mr. Peel turns at once, but not even on the grass can hounds go any pace. Leaving Cobbin End lane behind (it cost me twopence to get into it, and, I believe, Mr. Swire the same, for there was a deuce of a drop), we held on over the grass up to Ball Hill. No occasion to jump more than two fences, and we were at Spratt's Hedgerow at 2 p.m., seeking for another fox, which in the Rookery, Orange Wood, Parndon, Pinnacles, &c., was sought for in vain; but it was a bad scenting day. The morning gallop I hear was distinctly good, with one of Mr. Charles Bury's foxes, much the same line as before, breaking from Galley Hills and running past his house, where they probably changed, for scent, I am told, became very much worse. The fun was lively while it lasted, one fence early in the run accounting for a lady† who had secured a very good place, together with a yellow-legged sportsman on a bay. The Master did not come off scathless, and the Parson's coat will take some cleaning. I am indebted to a friend for the following spirited account of an extraordinarily good day in the Friday country—one of the many that have fallen to their share this season:—

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\* Messrs. Wm. Cottis & Sons' foundry. † Mrs. W. Sewell.



"On Friday, November 30th, about fifty at Thaxted met the dozen who, with Bailey and hounds, trained at Dunmow. Thaxted plantation was drawn blank, and we then rode a biggish half circle to Avesey Wood, the Master wishing to get the field well to the further side to prevent the fox breaking towards Bigods and the eastern coverts, but alas! twenty or so more knowing ones had made a short cut utterly preventing this arrangement, thereupon it was wisely decided not to draw. So we trotted straight off to Lubberhedges, where we found a brace, but could do very little. We again found at White House Springs, crossed the road, passed Lerels Green, and through Boxted Wood, where Bailey cast beyond and hit the line off, but all in vain, and our fox was too far ahead.

"We then drew Newpasted blank, which brought us to 2.15, and our train left Dunmow at 4.40. (Here Macadam remarks THAT TRAIN is the bugbear of your Friday country, and will always keep it select), but the Master gave the word FOXES WOOD! from where we had our run, a regular clinker. The fox luckily broke, pointing for White House Springs, and took a good time through the Salings. Hounds up to this running best pace for fifteen minutes. We then swung right-handed, which allowed four or five of us who had a baddish start to cut off a big corner. Of these I noticed Messrs. H. W. Gilbey and H. E. Jones. The former did us (as it happened) a good turn, as, viewing our fox, which was pointing for Lubberhedges, he rode for all he was worth (I must own in front of hounds), halloaing them on. This turned the fox left-handed for a mile or so, and from here about five couples of hounds practically coursed him for another ten minutes as hard as ever I saw hounds run, and not a single check.

"The fox was not done yet, as it took Bailey and hounds another thirty-five minutes' work round and round covert before he gave up his brush. I noticed a delightful piece of hound work in the early part of this run. The bitches running hard along the top of a ploughed field, overshot the line; but that good bitch Sonnet never left it by so much as an inch, and put us straight without any loss of time."

It formed quite the chief topic of conversation, I can assure you, at White Roothing, where a very brilliant and very representative gathering of the clans had assembled on Saturday, December 1st—no more orderly field in England than the Essex, none more anxious to obey a very popular field-master. Witness the first two coverts drawn—Row Wood—everyone at the bottom corner. The further wood, Cammas Hall Springs, drawn, and huntsman and hounds well on their way to Poplars before the Master turned back with his field to the road to overtake them. The next covert, a small shaw near Poplars, the whole field drew up in the long, narrow meadow that commands a view of both, but only the tops of the trees of the former. Not a man moves from his place as hounds, huntsman, staff, disappear over the rise of the seed field into the covert; certainly, if you don't like the rush for the ford, you have a good five minutes for selecting your place in the fence. Several of us on the right could hear the music of the hounds, the twang of the horn.

Not a man moved from his place, but, brave as the Spartan boy who allowed a fox to eat out his heart, waited for the Master to drop the flag. It came at last, but not before the huntsman had come back and waved his cap for us to come on. Like a pent-up flood we burst the barriers; those on the headland who had slipped through the ford called out "'Ware seeds!" while all rode desperately to catch hounds. Luckily not a yard of scent at first, and with the sun on our backs we soon overtook them, and held them in hand at a canter for the first fifteen minutes.

We had to put on the steam a little more as we returned with the sun in our eyes, and as we set out on the first ring we were going quite half pressure, and horses were beginning to fall. A brute of a fence at the side of a wood brought down the Master and a good many more, and those who got over only did it by the skin of their teeth. I wouldn't have had a cut at it for a fiver. Luckily hounds turned to the right in the wood, and a couple of fences brought us out level with them as they were away in the open *sans masters*, for Mr. Bowlby was down on his grey, and Mr. Arkwright's horse was going the pace by himself. Thirty-five minutes, and half pressure was increased to three-quarter, and the valves were



opened to their full extent in another ten, as we swept round in a big circle for the final fifteen minutes of this sunny gallop, running to ground at New Hall, fifty-five minutes from the find.

I am not going to tell you who had the best of it, for I don't know, but I could name a dozen men, including Mr. Marriage, and half-a-dozen ladies, including Miss Blyth, who were never shaken off at one of the numerous turns. I could tell you how old George Dawson (this isn't personal, is it?) on his young grey cob saw just a leetle more of the thick of the fun than most of us. How a certain black horse\* acknowledged to his first fall in two years; how cheerfully Mr. Brindle sang out "All right," but he wasn't under his grey in the ditch at the time, do y' know! *How gaily another horse cleared a man in a ditch, but really the briars concealed him.* How another man got into a farmyard and couldn't get out again! How



High Roothing Springs

if you went steady at your fences you couldn't live with the hounds, and if you went fast you had the huntsman's nerve. How beautifully hounds hunted! How you could have covered the dogs with a sheet; not all the time, mind you. How a rabbit was only looked at as he jumped up in the middle of the pack; and, finally, that I was really blood-thirsty enough to hope that they would kill the fox, for he certainly knew a most awfully blind but limited country, and wouldn't run road a yard.

I didn't get down, but I came to the conclusion that I had been so precious near it so many times that I would let well alone, missing thereby a very good gallop from High Roothing Springs by Canfield Thrift to the Mount, and over the line, eventually running to ground at the Mount.

\* Mr. Guy Gilbey's.



Altogether a nice, straight run, I am told, but unfortunately accompanied with very bad luck, Mr. Philip Gold losing a valuable horse from a broken back. So far the season has been very disastrous for horses. I know of five who have succumbed.

The fastest weight-carrier in Essex, says Mr. Marriage, who heard of him from a friend in '95, and immediately set off for the northern borders of Essex to buy him. He was to have hunted him, but heavy snow coming on he had to content



Jacob Marriage on Elias II.

himself with a gallop in the snow. Regretting that he could not jump the horse, the farmer, the breeder of the animal, took Mr. Marriage into two large yards parted by a gate. "There," he said, "take him over that gate,"\* and over the gate went Mr. M., backwards and forwards, with two feet to spare each time. No wonder that he bought the horse then and there,

\* Most of us would have said, "Take him yourself"—a strange horse, a five-barred gate, and a snowy morning. Bravo, Mr. Marriage!—ED.



and that he has been looking out for some more like him ever since.

Mr. Marriage has hunted over 20 years with the Essex Hounds, and rides as hard now as he used to ride in the days when he never saw a wife and family on the other side of a Roothing ditch.

So he is "a rum 'un to follow, a bad 'un to beat."

Only two days have lately come under my notice, and perhaps no two could have presented a greater contrast, a statement which, I fancy, the bare recital of what took place will fully corroborate. Monday, a day of sunshine, with an absence of foxes. Wednesday, a typical day for good sport in Essex—a drizzling mist, easterly wind, plenty of foxes, and the maximum of divarshun. Different countries, too. Monday, the unfashionable one of banks, woods, and undulating stretches of hill and dale (I like it best). Wednesday the ultra-fashionable flat, open, and monotonous in the type of fences encountered. Let me, however, jot down in fuller detail that which I have already anticipated.

Monday, December 3rd, was, I believe, the first visit of hounds this season to the Kelvedon and Navestock district; certainly the first since hunting proper commenced, partly owing to Mr. Fane's death, and partly attributable to shooting arrangements.

Never was bright sun more welcome on hunting day; for hour after hour were we called upon to ride the country, searching, but searching in vain for a fox, hoping against hope for a find. Park Wood, Waterworks Springs, Church Wood, Poles Wood, Menagerie, Cook's Wood, and all the small woods adjoining, also those surrounding Kelvedon Hall, but not a sign, not a trace of a fox, and hope at last yielded to despair, as single file we threaded the narrow covert on the margin of the Navestock Lake without feeling the least uneasy at being separated from Bailey and the hounds, who were then drawing a part of the covert some distance away on our right.

At the end of the narrow ride was a locked gate, which defied the united efforts of three of our most muscular stalwarts, when all at once the music of hounds running fell on our ears. Bad as it had been not to have found a fox before 2.45 p.m., *it was maddening to be cooped up like this when they had found at last.* One final despairing effort and the gate was down. Another minute and it would have been too late, for we had to gallop to catch hounds as they struck over the road into the Horse Shoe Wood at Rose Hall—everyone, mad, keen and sticking like glue to the hounds, went in and out of that wood with them, Mr. Price on the left, his own selection, being the quickest away from its entanglement and the delay caused by someone falling at the place (of course the easiest one) which the majority had picked out. At a good pace up to the Navestock-road: just short of the Heath, they turned for a field to the left, and then made for the small springs which run down to the Bentley Mill road, going as fast through them as horses could gallop in the furrows of the parallel field. The Master, huntsman, and Captain Wilson were the first three into the road over an awkward jump by the side of the bridge; across it and clear of the opposite plantations they ran very smartly over the grass by Bois Hall; not a moment to dwell for a gate, straight in and out of the road a dozen were over together, Miss Morgan, Mr. Tyndale White, Major Carter, Capt. Wilson, Mr. Giles, I could note. Hounds flew down the hill



and up to Cook's Wood, and two fields beyond marked him to ground—a *real, sparkling fifteen minutes*; a real treat to see Mr. Tyndale White cutting the work out just in his old form; a real consolation to know that Major Carter recovered his hat. Ten minutes more, as Mr. Price remarked, would have made it perfect, as the fifteen had been so good.

Now for Wednesday, December 5th. Even my friend, the Parson, lamented leaving the second waistcoat at home ere we had driven three miles into the mist out of the eight to be faced, but it was no use lamenting, and when his mount was shortly overtaken half-an-hour behind time on the road, owing to his breaking loose and cutting capers on someone's front lawn, the seat of the cart was readily exchanged for the pig-skin, and the well-balanced sixteen stone brought the capers to an end, and the old grey to the meet at 11 o'clock to the tick.



R. T. Grubb on "Ardilaun"

"What's in a name?" A good deal, thought Dr. Grubb when he purchased "Brown Stout" by "Double X" from Mr. Thomas Carr, of Waltham Abbey, and decided that so aristocratic a looking horse was worthy of a more aristocratic name. 'Twas no great stretch for fancy's flight, especially as the Doctor hails from the Emerald Isle, from Brown Stout to



Guinness's Stout, nor from Guinness's Stout to the title of Ardilaun, one of those possessed by the family who brew the most noted stout in the world. No Arab sheik was ever more devoted to his Arab steed than Dr. Grubb to his "Ardilaun." A day on his back is worth a king's ransom. Full, as the Doctor describes him, of the poetry of motion, he is an undeniable hunter. You can count on one hand those who have hunted longer with the E.H. than the Doctor and not find one that loves the sport more. So much so that he will tell you

'Tis better to hunt in the fields for the health unbought  
Than fee the doctor for the nauseous draught.

I have seen bigger and I have seen smaller meets at Sheering Street, but never such an unexpected, never a nicer draw for a fox. By lane towards Down Hall, and by field to Heathen Wood; crack of whip in the rough fields beyond; so by friendly gaps to Moor Hall and its tenantless elder groves. Very little undergrowth there for a fox. Single file over the Harlow road to the snug little osiers near the line; expectation high, disappointment great, in the Harlow Bury cabbages.

The Doctor,\* off duty for an hour, nicks in, looking uncommonly pleased, and by a masterly movement Thrushes Bush was attacked from the rear; no foot people about, no one to disturb this warm covert; we ought to have found. We reached the old corner for a start in twos and threes, and no one was left in the ditch by the road, and we went through another five minutes of futile excitement ere, with the execution of a right-about turn in the direction of Matching Park, conviction dawned upon us that we should find at last, for *it had never failed us this season*; but for the first time that day faces grew long as minute after minute went by and half the covert was drawn. Was there a scent in covert? Not much, I think, for the big bold fox that crossed the ride right under our feet went leisurely out of the covert, and the hounds could scarce own to his track.

Three abreast we rode down the wood to the "holloa away," and we spread out like a fan as we cleared it to a fair, even, and honourable start, as with heads up and sterns down the dogs were *away for the Lavers*. Two small fences, and the huntsman, Master and Capt. Bruce chose the low gate, and Mr. E. Ball flew the fence—four feet higher, ten feet wider, the chesnut would have cleared it in his free, rocketing bound. A moment's halt to see hounds race round the big piece of water, and turn sharp to the right, through the



railed fence, down the meadows for the Leather Bottle Springs. The right hand contingent came at it first. The rails were a fair jump without the wide ditch, but the bay mare cleared the lot. Her rider,† however, unluckily caught his foot against one of the posts, lost his stirrup, and with it his place in the van. The rails crackled and splintered as the next comers went at them, and the huntsman was over on the left and skimming the next fence by the small shaw before anyone else. Up the headland, good sound going, and the ploughman had turned the fox. Only one field was he baulked, and the right-hand and forward course was the one.



Envilles

In and out of the road, and High Laver Hall on the right was left behind. Through the thorn fence and down to the brook rode the van. The Master, huntsman and the Captain's grey‡ were over together, and jumped into the road beyond as Major Carter left it. Straight for Moreton Park, hounds checked for a moment in a big rough field, and then crossed the road. The Major first out again (I fancy he can't help himself on that bay), but forward's the motto of all good men, and all good foxes. Two more fields and some of us came to

† Mr. W. Sewell.

‡ Captain Bruce.



a stopper, but Jack, squeezing himself up like a well-trussed fowl, showed how it might be done in twice without breaking your head or a knee-cap, and we had Norwood on our right, and hounds going straight through both the coverts of Envilles.

Crossing the road near Rookwood Hall, twenty-five minutes from the start, hounds went into Brick Kilns with a chorus; and first in the van was the cunning young man \* (I called him old last time, but I hate personalities) that rode on the young grey mare, every yard of Brick Kilns, every yard of Man Wood. Never stopping for a second, but hunting out every inch of his line, hounds pushed him out from the latter, and *into the lane by the double ditch*. The huntsman knew it, and had it. Mr. Charrington didn't, but took it, and went into the opposite ditch; and Captains Bruce and Tufnell, with a few others, got over with varying success—while some, shall I relate it?—

For a place they liked better they hastened to seek,  
But the place they liked better they sought for in vain;  
And they honestly owned that, had hounds gone the pace,  
They scarce would have seen them on that day again.

Down the muddy lane or over the brook if you liked, with Captain Tufnell. Hounds drove steadily on for Row Wood, the plough riding well and the fences presenting no difficulties; through the wood and out to Cammas Hall Springs they forced their beaten fox, but he managed to struggle back to Row Wood, where this good run of seventy minutes was practically over, for with no scent in the covert they couldn't dislodge him. Nearly all but the two horsemen had had enough, and not more than twenty stayed for the evening gallop from Down Hall with a twisting fox to Man Wood and back; the old line losing none of its charm in the repetition of a good hunting run.

Notes upon Parish Councils would be very appropriate just now. The air is full of nothing else. Oh! what a tale I could unfold of nomination papers rejected, of candidates elected by beardless youths, anticipating with a vengeance universal suffrage, when even the infant muling and puking in the nurse's arms shall have a vote; but the chairman's nod is infallible.

But many a hunting man must be pining for the sweet simplicity, the real rusticity, the calm repose of villages like Creslow, a few miles from Aylesbury (is it not in the celebrated Vale?), where there is only a *single elector on the register*.

This is Mr. W. R. Rowland, landowner and farmer, who, having duly called the meeting at his own fireside, nominated himself chairman of the

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\* Georgie Dawson.



parish meeting, and also rural district councillor for the parish. Unfortunately he had necessarily no seconder, so that the nominations are invalid. The only way out of the difficulty seems to be an appeal to the Local Government Board.

If foxes are as plentiful at Creslow as those we came across on Wednesday, December 12th, when we met at Thornwood Common, what an Elysium it must be; for with foxes galore in Gaynes Park, Ongar Park, and the Beachetts, we were running from daylight till dark. A very sporting day, an equally tiring one for men, horses, and hounds. The first item, thirty minutes as hard as we could go through the woods without a check. I never saw a much hotter or steamier crowd at the end of a gallop. I can't say, however, that they were all bubbling over with joy.



The Beachetts

Next item, a good bold fox away over the grass vale below Beachetts for Barbers (we picked him up by-and-bye), and we thought we were in for a treat, but hounds were back with another, and in vain the huntsman blew his horn, for they were streaming through the woods right at his brush, running him into a drain at Gaynes Park—I believe the squire was the only one with them, and the whole field, including the huntsman and staff, would have been completely dished had they gone out in half-a-dozen possible directions—Shalesmore, Knightsland, Bobbingworth, Rough Talleys, &c.

But everything comes to the man who waits; so the hounds came back to us by the time we had finished our sandwiches. At Barbers we got on to the first fox, and ran him by the Rectory to Brook House, and over the Park to the Beachetts, where we commenced another woodland hunt, which terminated somewhat abruptly at the Gaynes Park gravel pits.



Not much to chronicle at present, but quite time to get on your second horse if you had one, and time to go home if you hadn't, for we had been galloping more or less for two hours and a-half. Not more than fifty, I should say, at the outside were with us, when at 3 p.m. hounds came away from Weald Coppice on the back of a rattling good fox (Mr. Bosley's old friend, I feel sure). No conjecture necessary about the scent, as they drove over the grass towards Canes, and swung to the left over the clover, and struck over the road—the line, I remember, of an old point to point, which Mr. E. Ball won, I have forgotten how many years ago. "No skirting!" was shouted, as one of our smartest men in a quick thing, or a long run, turned sharp down the road at right angles to the line hounds were taking for the



H. Easterby                      J. Bailey                      J. Turner  
And the Hounds, Trouncer, Tyrant, Trimbush.      Shown at Peterborough

*From a Photograph by A. Salvin Rowley*

Little Weald Brook. The huntsman, riding wide of his beauties, with the Master, Miss Morgan, and Mr. Price, each taking their own line, were over it first.

Beyond the church the fox was headed, and turning sharp to the left, we drove over the stubble for a few fields before swinging back to the right,

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Mr. Pemberton-Barnes.



over a delightful country which we rarely cross. A momentary check in a ploughed field, and one of our best sportsmen\* was in terrible plight with a staked horse—I am afraid, a hopeless case.

What a run of bad luck we are having with our horses! Mr. Chaffey-Collin losing a valuable one last Wednesday, the result of a fall. Why don't all hunting men insure their hunters with the company† whose managing director is one of the oldest and keenest followers of our hounds? They will be well treated, and it adds 50 per. cent. to your confidence crossing a blind country. I speak from experience.



Samuel Fitch on "The Grey Cobb"

Crossing the lane we turned to the left, through the Talbot Wood. Take my advice, and never coast that wood to the left if you can avoid it, for you will need an uncommonly clever and free horse to do it, and a pilot as good as Jack on the black. Turning to the right, over the Ongar road, they ran on over the big rough fields in the direction of Blake Hall, and then turned back to the right by Ongar Park Farm, and crossing the Ongar line opposite the Fort, entered the woods near the keeper's lodge, where the huntsman slipped us all, and most of us rode for Easterby

\* Mr. Benton.

† The Horse, Carriage and General Insurance Company, Ltd.



(I wish his figure wasn't so like Bailey's); it was really too disappointing as we emerged from the woods near Toot Hill and discovered our mistake. He had a good following as he turned into the fields by the side of the woods. I fancy that they encountered some funny fences, and I know that those who trotted and cantered down the road reached the hounds quickest as they came out over it and crossed the open for Knightsland—as pretty a bit of hunting as you could wish to see, if you saw it; I didn't, but I saw Jack's horse come down at the brook, leaving me on the wrong side with a blown cob. I saw a little further on a well-known\* pink, who rides a well-known grey, very busy pulling a rail out of the fence on the further side of one of the bends of this tortuous brook, and further down, just in time, a brown-coated sportsman squeezing through the bushes, where a clever horse could scramble in and out of the brook.

While further away on the left, in line of the regular ford, came a rearward contingent who had been left behind in the woods; while further away on the right I know of some who never went near the brook at all, but, like Sam Fitch, *stuck to the road*. It was the bit of wheat leading down to it that frightened him. I'll remember that, Sam. Leaving Knightsland behind, it was a pretty, if rather provoking, sight to see hounds a quarter of a mile ahead with only half-a-dozen near them, but, as they turned to the left, through some small spinneys before entering the Beachetts, we cut off a corner and nicked them. We had been running an hour, and most of us in the woods cried "a go!" Running on through Gaynes Park, *only three*—I am told young Miller was one of them—saw hounds whipped off in Ongar Park Woods.

Samuel Fitch comes of a good sporting stock of farmers, and is a very popular member of the hunting field, and a very hard riding one to boot. In the forty years he has followed the Essex Hounds he has seen as much sport as most, for no matter what horse he was on, unless led astray, he always took a very forward position; and when he rode his favourite black horse, in 1879 and 1880, no one could beat Master Sam over a stiff country. He has a son, Master Bernard, who for a dare-devil young rider takes the cake—five-barred gates in cold blood on any horse when and where you like. He has missed his vocation going into the ironmongery business.

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\* Mr. R. Y. Bevan.





Gaynes Park

## CHAPTER XI.

*Gaynes Park—The Romford Vale—Mr. Frank Ball to the Rescue—Gamecock—Bower Wood—Badger Digging—W. H. Pemberton-Barnes—Claybury Wood—Easter Monday, '96—The Wire-Haired Terrier—Barking Side—White-chapel—Norton Heath—What Sport?—A Good Run in a Gale of Wind—Braunston Gorse—The Charm of the Midlands—Back Again—Lords Wood—In Spite of Fog—Ball Hill Woods—The Army and Navy—Cheating the Frost—Nearly Too Late—Sir Charles Smith's Coverts—Short but Sweet—Another View of the Beachetts—Fox Hunting Statistics—The Advantages of the Game—A Conditioning Day—Little Laver Mill—Willingale Spain and Willingale Doe—Capt. C. D. Bruce—Roy—Capt. G. M. Tufnell—E. Tufnell—A Trappy Double—Sleigh Bells—Havering Park—Edward Barclay—Greystoke—Lucky Fridays—M. Tosetti—The Martyr.*

**D**O you like a damp, misty morning for hunting, with a warm southerly wind?

Do you like a hearty welcome when you arrive at the meet?

Do you like a small field, forty all told, keen men and fair women?

Do you like to witness that increasing years and silvery locks are not synonymous with failing nerves?

Do you like a screaming forty minutes on the grass, over bank, ditch, and rail, to the piping notes of the lady pack of the Essex Hounds?

Do you like to go home with hounds at 2 p.m., when a generous horse has had enough, and before the glow of a vivid gallop has had time to grow dull?

All this, and more, you might have had on the mid Friday of the month of December, in the year of grace, 1894, if your lucky star was in the ascendant,



No occasion to dilate on the preliminary performance of a hunting run over a rough country after a fine but cunning fox from Dagenham Wood ; but a case of necessity to hurry back over the two slippery bridges, and up the hill by the side of Beech Wood, as Jack, on the right, had viewed him away, Left-handed you started with hounds on easy terms ; right-handed you had to ride to catch them, for ere you started the whip's grey was already jumping into the wood, and if you had missed the spot you would have missed the run ; for by the time you had cleared the covert hounds were a field to the good and over the road, and flying down the grass lane beyond for the Romford Vale, and horses were being sent at the banks in steeplechase form.

A lucky turn to the left just short of Gidea Hall, for those who had got away badly, another turn to the left, over three upstanding fences—never go for a gate Jack when they are running like that. A wide stretch of open country before us, all grass, sloping gently down hill, and rising again where a high bullfinch cut the horizon. The huntsman was the first to pierce it, and Mr. Caldecott left his hat in the thorns ; down hill again, and over the drop to the left. Miss Oliver unluckily came down, and she had to scramble up the next hairy bank on foot in pursuit of her dun and the hounds, who were at fault for a moment, near the Grange Farm.

But moments are precious in a run like this, and I am afraid she never caught hounds again, though Mr. Frank Ball caught her cob : over the Gallow road they ran on like smoke, and only those who were as close to them as the Master, huntsman, Messrs. Tyndale White, father and son, Mr. Price, or Mr. Horner, sen., could possibly see them, for the mist grew denser as the run went on, *and the steam from the horses hung in the fences*, as the game of follow-my-leader began to be played in a very intricate country. About a mile of this to a wood below Dagenham, Mr. White, sen., going to the right with a large following, while Mr. Horner and a few more of us stuck to the son and the huntsman, as they dropped over the small brook into the corner of the wood, and squeezed out through the trees. Two more fields, all up hill, and we were in Dagenham covert with the sunk rails on our left. If you didn't turn over them at once with the huntsman, young Mr. White and the Master, you were out of the hunt, and if you didn't follow Jack pretty sharp, as he rode to the music of the hounds (for you could not see a field in front of you), you would have arrived at Rochetts a little too late to see



what happened, but you might have learnt later on that hounds had crossed the Dagenham brook, where neither man nor horse could follow, and had disappeared from sight long before the bridge was reached, but in these brief unattended minutes they could scarcely have eaten their fox. But if not, what became of him? Eh! Mr. W.H.P.B.?

This horse, purchased in November, 1886, carried his owner, Mr. W. H. Pemberton-Barnes (present Master of



"Gamecock"

the Newmarket and Thurlow Hounds), for nine seasons, and for six of these he came out regularly twice a week with fox and stag; an extraordinary stayer, no day was ever too long for him. In 1892, when the ground was particularly heavy, he ran second to Mr. G. Sewell's "Duchess," in the welter point-to-point at Epping, beating Mr. Chaffey-Collins's good bay, "Cedric." He lies buried in the Bower Wood, fit resting place for so game an animal, since you may search the country through ere you find a covert round which linger more sporting traditions; for have there not been fox and badger earths in this sandy wood for fifty years, at least—probably for centuries? There has, I believe, been a litter of cubs in this wood every year for twenty-five years, with the exception of





Bower Wood



94-95. In 1895 a vixen fox and a litter of badgers were in the same earth. A neighbouring shooting tenant wrote to Mr. Pemberton-Barnes saying that he had heard that there was a litter of badgers in Bower Wood, and that he (Mr. Barnes) would not move them for fear of disturbing the foxes in the same earth, but as the badgers were doing him a great deal of damage, digging out rabbit nests, if Mr. Barnes would not dig the badgers he could not expect him to keep or tolerate the foxes, &c., &c. Mr. Barnes, therefore, had to dig them, and a pretty tough job it was, for his eight men were hard at it one day from daylight till dark, and 8.30 still found them hard at work in the sand with lanterns. Eight feet below the surface they secured three young ones, but had to leave the old sow and one young one behind, for the sides were cracking in, and by light of lantern, even for the prize they were seeking, the risk was not worth the candle. The old badger got away, the young one was smothered. A fortnight afterwards another badger came into the next best fox earth some 10 yards away; him they dug and secured; he proved to be an old boar weighing 26lbs. So both these two best honeycombed earths were destroyed. In April, 1896, another badger came into the earth that had last been dug in the previous year, but he was not left long in peace, for on May 6th, 1896, they dug and got him, a 24lb. one-year-old boar, with very fine coat. Four days after the owner of the adjoining property sent word that he had a litter of foxes on his estate and wanted them moved. At Mr. Barnes's request they were allowed to remain a few days longer, and when smoked out they came into the earth out of which the last badger had been dug only twelve days previously. So that in 1896 there was another litter in the famous covert, The Bower Wood.

To close the account of the Bower Wood without giving some short sketch of Mr. W. H. Pemberton-Barnes, who has taken so much trouble with it in the interests of fox hunting, would be to leave it incomplete. I feared that I should be unable to give a portrait of him, as Mr. Barnes said that he had not been photographed for twenty years, and did not intend to be, not being good or nice enough. Mr. Barnes, however, must permit me to say he is too modest, for he is as good-looking as he is a thorough sportsman, and not many have been associated with a more sporting event than the one here recorded. The expression of my regret at this omission was actually in type, but Mr. Barnes having since relented I have secured a photograph of him; he is now Master of the Essex



Stag Hounds, having taken the Mastership upon Mr. Sheffield Nease's resignation at the end of the season 1898-99.

For years and years there have been good fox earths in Claybury Wood, near Woodford Bridge. The Essex Hounds



W. H. Pemberton-Barnes

sometimes drew it, and where Claybury Asylum now stands Mr. Vigne's Harriers killed a fox, April 7th, 1891. Although the Asylum had ousted the foxes from that wood, they still



hung about the little coverts below held by Dr. Sewell, the attraction being the refuse from the London slaughter houses brought down and thrown on the manure heaps. During the last two years on several occasions Mr. Barnes' drag hounds have hunted these foxes, once running to Havering, where, although the fox was only just in front of them dead beat, Mr. Barnes whipped off.

Hearing that they were still there on Easter Monday, 1896, he took 4 couple of hounds, 2 couple of seasoned hounds he had just bought from the Essex, and 2 couple of his old hounds that Mrs. Pemberton-Barnes kept back for her own pets when the rest were sold, and a wire-haired terrier, and went to try and find one. After drawing all Dr. Sewell's coverts and adjoining hedges blank, he was just on the point of returning home when up jumped a whacking great dog fox off Mr. Lamb's fallow, half-a-mile from Wanstead Park and 8 miles from Whitechapel. Mr. Barnes had his small pack on his tracks like a shot, and for twenty minutes they stuck to him like glue until they reached the boarded fence at Claybury, under which, by the scratching and whining of hounds, there appeared to be little doubt that he had escaped. Now came the turning point in this hunt, for had Mr. Barnes set off immediately, having to make a wide *détour* to get round the fence, the fox would probably have escaped; but like a prudent general he determined to make all his ground good. Making nothing of it, he was moving off, and was already some 100 yards away, when the *wire-haired terrier*\* found and bolted him from a drain close to the place the hounds had marked under the fence. From this point he had no respite, for the pace quickening (scent throughout had been very good, rye and wheats were all well up), they ran into and killed him at Great Gearies, Barking Side, forty-three minutes from the find, a big old dog fox. Among the fortunate few who were present on this eventful Easter Monday in 1896, to see perhaps the last really wild fox that was legitimately hunted and killed by hounds within 8 miles of Whitechapel, we find, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pemberton-Barnes, Miss E. Morgan, Messrs. Ingram (2), Lambs (2), J. Hatton, and J. Fardell.

How fast Hounds seem to run when you are not with them is no less true than the varying accounts you hear from different individuals of a day's hunting; and to these accounts

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\* Bravo, "wire-haired!"—ED.



alone am I indebted for any details of the sport of the past week. First intimation of the rainy Monday at Norton Heath. "A solitary horseman riding back through the gas-lit town at 5 p.m." "Hounds had run right to the other side of Chelmsford." "Second horse not to be found, still out looking for him." Second intimation, the 5.30 p.m. train for London; seeing a friend off *en route* for Russia. The General,\* deep in despatches, looked up as the carriage door swung open, and his eagle eye brightened up, as in answer to our eager inquiry, "What sport?" "A VERY GOOD 25 MINUTES." A glance at the



Norton Heath

adjoining carriage; *encore deux chasseurs*." This may not be correct French, but it expresses my meaning. A tap at the window, and the answer came readily to his lips, "THE NICEST GALLOP OF THE YEAR." The train steamed out, and the night looked blacker than ever as we dragged back up the hill and thought of what we had missed; but bright shone the fire, and merry looked the pink-clad one whom we next encountered, deep in the enjoyment of well poached eggs and buttered toast; and if the mud was on his coat, the truth was in his heart, when he said, "Yes, nice gallop; nothing extraordinary, you

\* Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.



know, from Willingale Spain to Roxwell boundary, but you ought to have been out."

Wednesday, December 19th, Tyler's Cross. Egotistically summarised, "Duty before pleasure, or virtue rewarded"—for I had to miss a favourite meet, but as events turned out, a very bad day. The only redeeming feature—fortunately sufficient in itself to make up for many bad ones—the return to our midst, and to the sport which he so dearly loves, of our late Master, Mr. Charles E. Green. May he never have to relinquish it again is the sincere wish of us all! But what did he think—how could he have felt when a youth, not even a member of the Hunt, told him in Parndon Woods to make room for the huntsman? Perhaps nothing more than pity supreme at ridicule so sublime.

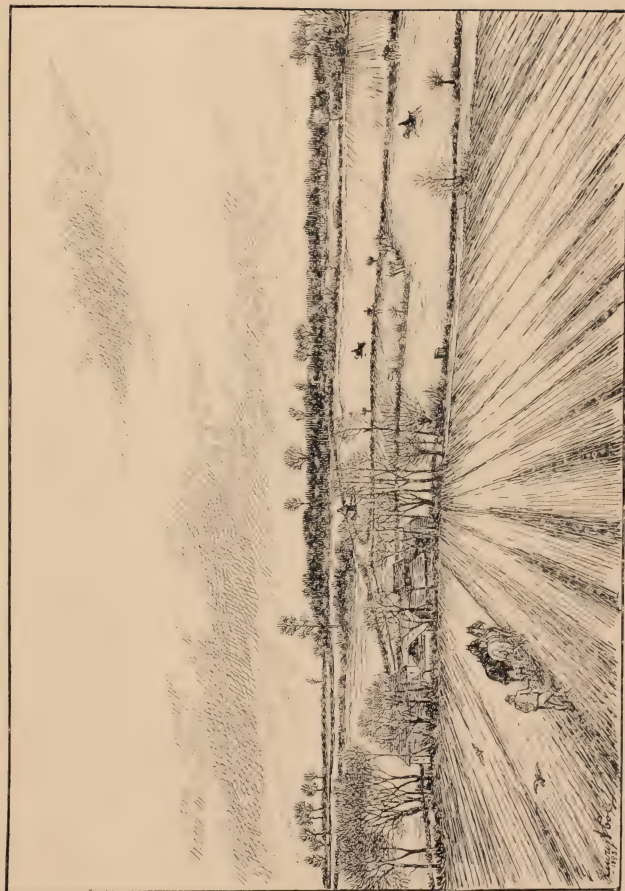
Saturday at Hatfield Town, December 22nd.—What of this in a gale of wind? Everything good as far as I could glean on Monday from the privileged few who saw it, among them being Mr. A. Waters and Mr. G. Sewell. (*Sic!*) About 2 p.m. they found him in High Roothing Springs, and one hour and ten minutes afterwards pulled him down in Screen's Park, the line being by Dobbs Wood, through Lord's towards Good Easter on to Screens—real good hunting, with lots of pace.

This was a good deal better than fell to my share with the Pytchley, with whom I threw in my lot that day; though, considering the gale that was blowing, they did a good deal better than might have been expected, killing their fox in the open at the end of 25 minutes from Badby Wood. The Wheatsheaf, Daventry, wasn't two miles from the meet, but it might as well have been six for the two other Essex men\* who drove into the yard inquiring for their horses as I slipped into the saddle and started for Badby Wood, reaching it just in time to hear the musical cry of the Pytchley bitches, as, borne on the gale, and echoed from tree to tree, coming closer and closer, the volume of increasing sound burst like the roar of a cataract on my ears as the bitches tore past after their fox, and swung out to the left. "This way," called a man,† whom I knew well and could trust; but the fox was headed, and we turned back through the wood and left it to a very bad start, as we could see a straggling line of sportsmen drawn out for a mile to our front; but the hounds were turning for a plantation on the crown of the hill to the right, otherwise we might as well have stayed where we were as to try to catch that fleeting pack. But down the side of the triangle we rode for the hounds; through many a gate, over many a fence, and we caught them on the hill; lost them again near the end of the gallop for a few brief minutes as we followed Goodall round Staverton Wood, instead of going through it with Brooksby, Messrs. Loder and Muntz. But a mile down the grass-

\* Mr. Walter Buckmaster and Mr. Rex Caldwell.

† Mr. Darby.





Lord's Wood



bordered road they had come to a check and the fox doubled back down the side of the hedge, and I wondered whether an Essex scream astonished the Pytchley nerves—one twist over the road and he was done.

Later on, as the gale increased in violence, we reached Braunston Gorse (a favourite covert of Lord Spencer's, who was in command); a covert I am not likely to forget, as the last time I was there, nigh twelve months ago, I had the misfortune to kill a valuable horse a few minutes after we had started, and I caught myself wondering whether I should do it again.

There were the two weak places in the old fence if you didn't care for the gate. There was the long, narrow meadow by the side of the gorse, the scene of many a rush for Shuckburgh. They tell me that the gate at the bottom has been widened.

To keep ourselves warm, as the keen blast swept round the gorse in bitter fury, we all kept trotting out and coming back to the line, which the Earl would let no one pass, like starters for a race, as for twenty minutes from point to point of this thick gorse the bitches drove their fox; but he would not face the open, and the day was spun out in one or two fruitless draws, the field gradually slacking off, leaving few indeed to see hounds blown out of the last covert. *Five miles at least of the ten home lay by field, bridle path, and lane.* This is certainly one of the charms of the Midlands, the ride to and from covert over these wide-stretching pastures.

What a treat to be out again with one's own pack on Monday at Nasing Common; even if the day's sport was not up to the accustomed Christmas Eve bill of fare. After having been jostled and jammed at every gateway as we rode from covert to covert on Saturday in the fashionable shires, where each one is for himself, some of the ladies being worse than the men, what a comfort to get through a gate in peace and in good time, and with good grace. Perhaps, however, rough Boreas upset everyone. It certainly made it a most difficult matter to open or hold a gate.

How nice to know everyone, recognise every face. Surely this is one of the charms of hunting from home. I haven't much of a yarn to tell of Monday. It was plucky of the masters (both were out) to let the hounds go into Nasing Coppice, as a thick shroud of mist settled down on a comparatively small field on the Monday to which, for the third and last time, I am going to allude. How many rode left-handed into the fog with Mr. Arkwright, Capts. Wilson and Bruce, as a fox broke for Harolds Park, I can't say, nor yet how many went to the right and could not find us again in the fog until all was over; but I can vouch that we had to ride right on the backs of hounds to have the slightest chance of not losing them, and consequently that they were hustled all the way to Deer Park, and they didn't get away from us as they made for Galley Hills, and running through it crossed the lane for Monkham.



The fog, however, was too thick for the huntsman; he would not lift hounds over the hill into the vale beyond—a vale of wire, it might in the fog have proved a vale of tears. In the green ride near Deer Park we laughed and chattered like a lot of starlings, waiting for the fog to lift, scarcely expecting it, but it did; but there was little life in the forward movement, for there was small hope of finding in the Copped Hall country.

In Ball Hill there are pheasants, and as it happened there was even a fox, and he was away like a shot for Nasing Coppice. On the road between the two coverts we wondered who the pink was who charged the rails, followed by a black. As it ought to be, as it was, and always will be, in this merry little isle of England—the army and the navy,\* but the navy was the first, and the admiral showed the way into the road and out over it to the right of the wood.



Ball Hill Woods

To the left hounds were tailing out over the half-dozen grass fields to the coppice, and one at least of the hedges had been lopped and trimmed in time, if the bushes were not all cleared away down by the side of Nasing Coppice, and five couple of hounds were away over the common. With the five couple we had the huntsman, and I would sooner go with one couple and the huntsman than fifteen without him. So we plugged on over the common, crossed the Nasing Farm, and entered Parndon Woods by Mr. Burchell's; splashed our way through these boggy rides, to lose our fox, who undoubtedly went for Latton, and at 3.30 p.m. we rode home on an evening which ought to have seen a great gallop, for there was an undeniable scent, a rising glass, and a nip of frost in the air. To all Essex men, whenever they go out in a strange country—

\* Capt. Bruce and E. Pelly.



"I wish them good speed, a good line and a lead,  
 With the luck of each fence, where it's low:  
 Not the last of the troop, may they hear the 'Who-Whoop,'  
 Well pleased as they heard 'Tally-Ho.'"

### HOW WE DID THE FROST OUT OF A DAY.

With the ebb of life the circulation of the Old Year fairly froze in his veins, and the New was born in frost and snow, fairly putting a stop to hunting or any thoughts of it, and we resigned ourselves contentedly for a fierce, sharp, crisp, three weeks' frost, which the farmers were, or ought to have been, pining for—*vide* "Rural Notes" in *Field*.

On the night of Friday, January 4th, it was Lombard-street to a china orange that there would be no hunting on the morrow in our part of the country, and valetless men went to bed without thoughts of airing the white breeches or dusting the tops, for the streets were clad with iced snow and the pathways were given over to the sliders.

But a change came o'er the spirit of our dream as the grey misty dawn crept in with splash of rain, and the grass yielded to the prod of a stick, and the headland of the plough to the heel of a shooting boot by the time we had broken our fast; but still the roads looked dangerously slippery as they glistened under their snow coating. It didn't take long to send round to some neighbouring stables—Egg Hall, Theydon Place, Hartland Road, but their owners had fled to town. Ah! how we missed the telephonic communication from Theydon Grove to the Kennels,\* but the telegraph office was not far off, and the reply came back within the half-hour, "WILL MEET AT 11.30." Hurrah!

How I should have jumped for joy ten years ago; now, however, I took it more soberly, but with news of the heavy snow-fall in Berlin and on the Continent generally, none the less earnestly. Nor did I hesitate for a second which horse to take; of course, the pick of the basket,† for he is as quick on his legs as a cat. You want something pretty quick on slippery roads. My choice is limited, but the mare has long, slippery, sluthering action, which does not inspire confidence on ice-glazed paths. Mufti and a covert coat seemed good enough, for the north-east wind was laden with sleet. *Two miles to the meet—it took me twenty-five minutes*; and, in company with two other mufti-clad‡ sportsmen whom I overtook gingerly skirting the road where the grass offered the securest foothold

\* Mr. C. E. Green when Master of the E. H. had a telephone erected from his house to the Kennels, and now in '99 it is up again.

† "Berserker."

‡ Messrs. Tilling and Fitch.



as it ran through the Lower Forest; we reached the tryst just five minutes too late, for we could see the pink coats on the point of entering the big woods of Gaynes Park. No hurry, we thought; not so the horse. He didn't know he was out for a hunt at first, couldn't make the snow out, but now he began to bore and pull to get to the front.

Skirting the deep lane which runs between the woods, we expected to come across hounds in the covert; but they had gone on, leaving the woodlands behind, to draw Beachetts, a covert lying some mile beyond, and had plunged into it before we could get there, and only a whip and three or four horsemen were doing sentinel duty where the roads branch off.

For those who know these woods, and the run of the foxes—lessons gained by early cubbing experiences—*there is a short cut, and if we hadn't taken it we should still have arrived five minutes too late* in the side ride, in which at its topmost point, where it commands the best view of the deep recesses of the covert, the Master, Mr. Chaffey-Collin, and Mr. Howard Fowler, were already grouped on the alert. Hounds found the moment we arrived, and in less than a minute a ringing "View halloa" from the south side proclaimed they were away.

What mattered the snow and the frost now, as we flew down the road and branched off down one of the side rides just in time to see Easterby capping them on. How one bungled and fumbled at the little hand-gate, dropping the reins altogether in eager impatience to open it. Clear of the wood, hounds ran parallel to the road on the left and crossed into Hill Hall Park, but in less than five minutes the excitement of a good start and the prospect of a good run had come to an end—not, however, before the huntsman as representing the staff, and Mr. Sworder the field, had demonstrated that the frost was not quite out of the banks.

But there was little left on the plough, still less on the turf, and the slow hunting run by Shalesmore to Suttons afforded, at all events, the opportunity of taking stock of those who had either the hardihood, good luck, or temerity to cheat the frost out of a day. Who were they? From the Harlow side: the Master, Mr. Loftus Arkwright, Capt. Bruce, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Steele, Mr. Swire, Mr. Barclay, M.H., Mrs. Barclay, Mr. C. Collin, Mr. Lyall, Mr. Hart, jun., Mr. E. Pelly, Mr. N. Gilbey, Mr. Crocker. From Abridge: Col. Lockwood, Mr. D. Cunliffe-Smith, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Avila, Mr. Sworder, Mr. J. Miller, Miss G. Waters. From Ongar: Mr. Price, Mr. Hull, jun. From Loughton: Mr. C. E. Green, Captain



Wilson, Mr. Horner, Mr. Heinemann, Mr. Tilling; and later on, but too late for the run, the three Miss Buxtons. I really don't think there was anyone else—*under forty, if you'll count them*. Just the number we are always sighing for, but not the number we really want, or we should migrate to Devonshire.

Depend upon it, hunting folk are very gregarious, and a regular field of forty would offer too little contrast, too little shade and colour, too little variety. The cut-and-thrust brigade would have no fun cutting down, nor being hung up by, their best pals every day. The *débauchés* of coffee-housing would grow wearisomely monotonous in their chatter to their small circle, and the heavy gap-riding, or happy back-seat contingent,



Sir Charles Smith's Coverts

would find no gaps to ride through—no clue to lead them on to the end of a straight gallop. No, the happy medium is 300 subscribers, and forty of them out occasionally and 100 to 120 regularly. No grumbling at the small field to-day. Where were the rest of our Three Hundred? Saving themselves for Monday and Wednesday! Vain hope; for as I write the snow is blotting out the first, and looks like erasing the rest of the hunting days of the week.

I suppose we had covered seven or eight miles of country by the time we arrived at Sir Charles Smith's coverts, and



horses had fairly got their second wind before being called upon to play their part in a stirring THREE-MILE POINT IN 15 MINUTES. Berwick Wood after Knightsland was the sequence, and it offered scant shelter from the smart snow shower which the biting north-east wind swept over us. Fortunately of short duration, it had spent itself ere Bailey had thrown his hounds into the twin wood in the hollow. Jack had galloped on to the further end, reaching it just in time to view a real varmint away.

Hounds swarmed out together, and settled to the line with rapturous chorus. Running the next covert on the right, they had cleared the wood quicker than Jack on the grey could gallop through, though only impeded by two small hand-gates, and were a field away before the last of us had swung the bridle gate on the outside of the wood—one fence out of plough into plough, where a mould-covered tree-stump offered firm landing. With hounds well away on our right driving along in the direction of Greensted, they suddenly swung right across our bows over an awkward bottom (some drainers at work had evidently turned our fox). With only one feasible place, the advantage of a small field fully asserted itself; one after another, no one funk'd jumping through the boughs on the landing side into another ploughed field. Galloping up it, we struck the road, out of which the Master had already jumped before we could open the gate of ingress.

Leaving Berwick Farm on our left, hounds stretched along over some billowy grass, converging to a corner where the fence ran thick and blind. It would take a rum 'un to stop Mr. Collin's bay; and with the ease of a girl taking her skipping lesson he left it behind, as the huntsman and Captain Bruce struggled through on the right, and turning sharp right-handed over another ditch-faced bank into a ploughed field down which the Master, Captain Wilson, Mr. Swire, Mr. Barclay, the Admiral, and Mr. Price were making all the play they could (for hounds were going a rare bat). Another road, I believe a gate into it, but can't remember; but I just caught sight of Mr. Swire jumping out at once. Did he corner himself? I fancy not! But while the huntsman and half-a-dozen more of us were fumbling with that gate out of the road, the hounds were stealing away over the grass towards Little Tawney Hall. A rustic had viewed our fox, and though hounds didn't require his assistance, we did at the gate into the lane, for the bars were broken, and he would persist in trying to open it the wrong way.



Sharp out of the lane, over the briar-covered ditch, and skirting some small spinneys, we launched out over the big grass fields that, intersected with timber-mended fences, stretch down past Colman's Farm, hounds going a splitting pace, and reaching Beachetts, near the Hill Hall brickfields, before the foremost skirmishers had risen the hill, Mr. Chaffey-Collin giving a lead in over some low rails where hounds entered. Racing on through the entire length of the wood, we had nothing but their music to guide us. Unfortunately headed



The Beachetts

near the Gaynes Park end, our fox doubled back; and putting up a brace of fresh ones, the pack divided. We spent another half-hour in the woods in fruitless pursuit without grumbling, for the gallop from Berwick Wood had warmed us up, and *we had stolen a march on the frost*. Mr. Fowler came down --where, I don't know, for there was no time to look about you, otherwise a certain young lady\* would not have confessed that on her polo mustang she couldn't get near them. No! it was a cracker. Don't accuse me of spinning it out, for you haven't had my statistics yet, and if this frost continues they are bound to come.

\* Miss G. Waters.



## THE STATISTICS.

Eleven million pounds capital invested in hunting, and six-and-a-half millions spent annually in pursuing it, sounds incredible, but by quoting freely from a very able article on our national sport, written by Mr. Harry R. Sargent, which appeared in the *Sportsman* of December 8th last, I shall have very little difficulty in bringing these facts home to the minds of those most acquainted with the expenses of hunting and its unrivalled powers as a circulating medium of the coin of the realm.

In the annual table of packs of hounds kept in Great Britain, which was given in the *Field* of October 20th, we learn that there are no less than 364, which includes stag, fox hounds, and harriers (it is worth noting that this is an increase upon all previous years), and that the number of couples of hounds which go to make up these packs is no less than 10,267, and that between them they meet some 928 times per week. Now, the cost of hunting a country, which includes keep of hounds and of the Masters' and hunt servants' horses, saddlery and livery, also poultry and damage fund, has been found to work out, one country with another, at £650 per day for fox hounds, £550 for stag, and £200 for harriers.

Thus, a four-day-a-week pack like the Essex would cost £2,600 annually. As a matter of fact, it costs a good deal more, but there are others which cost less, so we will be content with this average, and also for the sake of easier calculation take the number of packs as 360, and couples of hounds at 10,250. We will further assume that each hunt averages 100 men, who keep three horses apiece, and that the same horses are worth at least £80 each, costing 15s. a head per week to keep, and 15 per cent. on the original outlay to replace, and further in explanation of the figures of the capital account (the cost of renewal has been already dealt with), that each hunt averages out ten horses, worth £50 each, for the use of the staff, and not less than £35 worth of saddlery, horse clothing and stable furniture, and £10 worth of livery, not forgetting that the ordinary man who follows hounds cannot hunt without clothes—(by-the-bye, Mr. Sargent in his interesting figures says nothing about the ladies who hunt; he ought to have clapped on another million under this head)—and that a £30 wardrobe costing £10 a year to keep up, and £25 worth of saddlery, with a 5 per cent. depreciation, are figures well within the mark, and that even in these impecunious times hounds are worth not less than £500 a pack (the Essex would be cheap at £2,000). We shall, without taking breath, arrive at the following figures:—

	Number	Invested	Yearly Cost
PRIVATE STABLES :			
Hunters ...	108,000 at £80 ...	£8,640,000 ...	£4,212,000
Renewal of ditto at 15 per cent. ...	—	—	£1,296,000
Clothes and saddlery...	—	£1,960,000 ...	£540,000
HUNT ESTABLISHMENTS :			
Packs of hounds ...	360 ...	£180,000 )	
Servants' horses ...	3,600 at £50 ...	£180,000 )	£450,000
Clothes and saddlery...	—	£19,800 )	
360 packs ...	111,600 hunters ...	£10,979,800 ..	£6,498,000

These figures are not at all overdone, but very possibly give rise to the question on the part of many—Why spend so much money on sport? Let these, however, reflect upon the numerous channels through which this money circulates. Commencing with the farmer, who breeds and sells horses for the purpose, finding also a ready market for his best oats, hay and straw; of hay I would remark that hunting men will have the best. What they don't like, and that which so often makes them resort to the middleman, thus



*robbing the farmer of a profit which ought to be his, and his alone, are the half-dozen trusses, tops and bottoms, perhaps a streaky one or two included in the load, for which they pay top price, and which trusses the hay merchant eliminates.*

Keeping, as the majority of hunting men, who have to buy hay, do, no stock, or cart horses, they have absolutely no use for dusty, coarse, or mouldy hay: it has to be thrown away. Therefore, let those farmers whom it concerns take the friendly hint of one who knows. By all means charge hunting-men tip-top prices for their hay, but let it be tip-top stuff, keeping all the inferior trusses for the consumption of their own stock.

In the figures which have been given, the army of paid servants, grooms, coachmen, &c., except those allowed to the different hunting establishments, have not been dealt with. Let us not lose sight, however, of the sum total of their weekly wages, which they spend in the neighbourhood, conferring great benefits upon numbers of small tradesmen. Where can the saddler, blacksmith, and coach-builder, find a better friend than the hunting man, while more indirectly affected are the grocer, butcher, and baker who supply the big house, which with hunting abolished would probably be tenantless.

Collectors of poor rates, very often farmers or their connections, quickly realise the difference of country houses without tenants and country houses with them. But perhaps the modern Collectivist objects to the whole thing, and says: "Nothing but waste; if this money was not spent upon hunting it would be spent upon something else more useful." Not at all! The very foundation of an Englishman's character is love of sport, and if he could not obtain it at home he would soon go elsewhere (we live in a free land at present, thank God), Asia, Africa or America.

We have dealt with the money side of the question; there arises another of not less importance in connection with the hunting field, and that is the splendid training ground it affords for our cavalry officers. We have the authority of the great Duke for this, bringing out as it does the qualities so essential for what has well been termed the eyes of the army—promptitude, self-reliance, judgment and nerve.

Is not hunting, too, the life of the countryside during the long winter months, as popular with peasant as with peer? The *ploughman and the hedger* all enjoy the fun of the gay scene, and *pick up many a shilling* for small services rendered in the field. It is the one bright spot of colour and life in the dull dreary routine of rural existence, away from crowded towns and their countless attractions, when days are short and nights are long, and it will be a long time before a pastime so deeply rooted in the hearts and affections of the country folk will be allowed to die out, though we may live to see the day when it will be carried out under different conditions.

We have been frost-bound since I last wrote, but on Saturday, January 12th, a bitter blast set in from the S.E. Although the thermometer marked 7 degrees of frost at the time, even those who cared least about skating thought that a change was coming. All awoke up on Sunday to find the snow piled up in fantastic drifts and the ground still frozen. By midday a cold thaw set in. Hunting was, however, impossible on Monday, and the harriers could not take the country on Tuesday; but on Wednesday there was nothing to prevent hunting, though I was unable to be present myself, owing to the sad loss of a faithful and valued servant.<sup>1</sup>

On Sunday, January 13th, a great coat was a burden; on Monday it was a necessity, unless you kept the machinery in constant motion by violent exercise—horse or other. On Sunday sweet-scented wallflowers were not

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Butcher.



ashamed to look at you ; on Tuesday they were hidden under six inches of snow. We might have known that it was coming on Monday, for it was a rheum-laden wind that blew all day with steady persistence from the N.E.

I told you hounds would hunt on Wednesday, the 16th, at Little Laver. In our country they managed it, though the roads were in a very bad state, slippery as glass in places ; but in the Midlands—in fact, in most parts of the country—hounds were unable to take the open before Thursday. Those, therefore, who were out on Wednesday at Little Laver Mill had lost no time in getting to work again. From all accounts, they had a very useful day ; just the sort of day, in fact, you want after a long frost, when the ground is in a heavy and rotten condition. Good steady hunting runs in the Brick Kilns, Down Hall, and Takeley country, afforded some capital sport. The huntsman during the day met with what at first appeared a very serious fall over some binders, as he could not move his

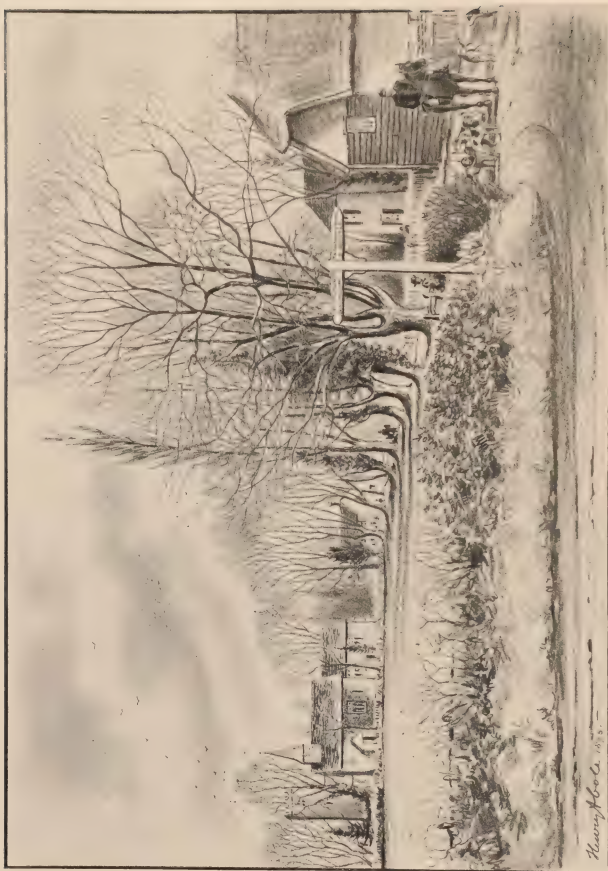


Little Laver Mill

neck for some time ; and though, when once more mounted (I don't mean his neck), it must have pained him considerably, he would persist in going on. On Friday, however, when they met at Radwinter he forgot all about it, riding at the tail of his favourite dog-pack for one hour and forty-five minutes, in one of the best and most brilliant runs they have had this season. There was a rare scent all day, and hounds eventually had to be whipped off when running full cry, to enable the staff to catch their train back to Harlow. Unfortunately, very few were out to share this good thing with Captain Bruce.

The mystery of scent once more illustrated : Wednesday, fair ; Friday, perfect ; Saturday, bad—at least, all those who were at Willingale on the last-mentioned day concur in saying that this was the cause of a very indifferent day's sport—the only item of note being a voluntary cut by a





Henry H. Co. 1875.



certain hard-riding gentleman. We had much better fun on the day in question with Mr. Barclay's Harriers. In the full flush of good sport you would hardly have written down Monday, the 21st, as a good day, but it was certainly not devoid of interest, and having to be worked out in half a gale of wind, which blew with searching keenness from the N.E., was certainly as good as one had a right to expect. Quite an average attendance at the rendezvous, Passingford Bridge, from which we obtained a capital view of the river Roden in full flood stretching southward for miles in an endless chain of small lakes, the result of the heavy downpour of Saturday night, forming a barrier which no fox was likely to attempt to cross.



Captain C. D. Bruce

Captain C. D. Bruce, of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, is what he looks in this portrait of him taken at Gilston, Park by Mr. Arthur Bowlby. A keen all-round sportsman, polo, shooting, golf, cricket, hockey on the ice, he can turn his hand to any of them. Between the flags and across country he soon established a reputation which he maintained during his four or five years' residence in the Essex country, where he had



any amount of hunting, his good seat, fine hands and iron nerve bringing his services into much request by many a purchaser of a new horse fresh to the country—a huntsman might have voted him *too keen* if he *hadn't been a soldier*. When I last heard of Captain Bruce he had obtained his majority and was starting a pack of foxhounds in China



Mrs. C. D. Bruce on "Roy"

The Bishop's Hall coverts were drawn blank—the first time this season, causing as much, if not more, disappointment to the Colonel and his keeper West as to anyone else. We found at once, however, as we always do, in Mrs. McIntosh's gorse, a leash! at least, a brace going away for the Forest. There appeared to be a capital scent at first, and it was quite as much as horses could do to live with hounds, over the heavy-ploughed fields that lead up to Hogg Hill. These—and going one at a time over a fordable place in the inevitable brook, which Bailey discovered (for none, I think, followed Mr. Tufnell, who fairly flew it from bank to bank)—tailed the field out considerably. In ten minutes we were within a field of Mr. F. Green's house, and turned back towards the Forest, the fox being in view—in and out of a scratchy plantation; they entered the Forest, where for



several hundred yards its boundary fence is strengthened by wire rope (only two attempted the obstacle, Mr. Caldecott and Mr. Simonds), which they did by treading the wire down, and turning their horses over in front of them. The result! both horses got away—one was recovered after a short chase; the other galloped to Abridge, and was eventually lodged in Col. Lockwood's stables. It says volumes for Mr. Caldecott's stamina and condition that after footing it to Abridge he was able to rejoin us before the day was over and to take his accustomed place at the head of affairs.



Captain G. M. Tufnell on "The Pig"

Captain G. M. Tufnell, of the Essex Regiment, is a son of John Jolliffe Tufnell, of Langleys, and brother to Teddie Tufnell, whose portrait is given on the next page. Captain Tufnell looks what he undoubtedly is, a thorough workman (for did we ever know a Tufnell that couldn't ride, and ride straight?), as he sits easily on his good hunter "The Pig," a bay gelding, standing 16.1, by "Wild Oats," dam by "Woodman." Although "The Pig" was placed third in the Roothing Steeplechase Plate at the Harlow Races in '96, it is not as a



chaser but as a hunter we like to recall him, for no bolder horse was ever steered over a country. He never turned his head away from a brook, and if he couldn't get over in one way he would in another: of the truth of which statement he gave us ample proof by the method he tackled a wide one in the Shenfield country in '96, and *no one* attempted to follow.



Edward M. Tufnell

Teddie Tufnell—how well he used to go on his grey, "The Colonel!" We heave a sigh that no portrait of this gallant horse can adorn these pages. Never hunted by anyone before he was 12, he carried Mr. E. Tufnell brilliantly at the tail of the hounds, fox or stag, it mattered not, and in five seasons only gave him one fall. Mr. Tufnell recalls that one of the best runs he ever saw with the late Mr. Henry Petre was from High Easter to Parndon;\* and the best with the fox from

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It sounds good enough.—Ed.



Lord's to Mill Green. The horse had a lot of pace and was the best fencer Mr. Tufnell ever sat on.

The rest of the field, instead of attempting this apparently short, but disastrously long cut, rode leftwards for a gate, and rode for the dead certainty of being with hounds should they strike the grass country, which, beyond the Forest, stretches away to Bishop's Hall. A few more cunning, or more lucky, turned back to the right without entering the Forest, crediting the fox with a natural love of his home in the gorse, and saved their horses vastly by the manœuvre; for we could not extricate ourselves from the Forest in time to get away with them; but we should have walked instead of galloping to the gorse had we anticipated the refrigerating 30 minutes that would be occupied in bringing the fox to book in this thick covert. Whew! how the wind whistled and cut around that gorse! How blue and cold every one looked before the mort was sounded! Mr. Brown, V.S., was about the only man I saw whose circulation seemed equal to the occasion, and he was cheerful enough to enliven the proceedings by some *wonderful stories of blind foxes*.

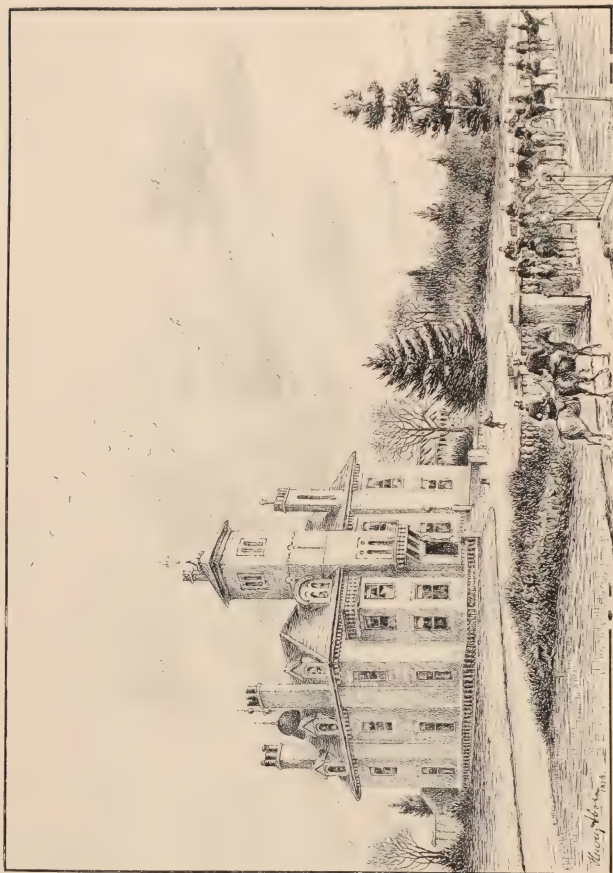
Mrs. M'Intosh, with her usual liberal forethought, had provided something much more substantial to fortify us against the cold, and there was a great run on refreshments dispensed from the hospitable mansion, which we passed *en route* for Mr. W. H. Pemberton-Barnes' covert, Bower Wood—as pretty and quick a find as you could want, sir—with great scent over the first few fields and park to the four cross-roads. On the grass beyond in the Romford Vale they ran fitfully, but at times prettily, and if there was lots of jumping, there was little incentive in the way of pace to accelerate it. In the course of an hour's hunting we came across what looked very much like a rabbit coursing party, and about the same time a very trappy fence in the shape of two ditches and bank combined, yclept a double. No better nor cleverer hunter to be found than Capt. Wilson's little grey mare; but trying to clear the lot she landed with her fore feet in the further ditch, and, turning a complete somersault, gave her owner an imperial crowner and a prize-fighter's eye.

Mr. Cowee followed suit, but, on the principle that actuated Mr. Sorrell in allowing the tail of his nag to grow in long and flowing grace, the bulk of us turned away. Oh! yes, we turned away—George Sewell, the great Roly Bevan, and any amount more—but those that jumped that double went home happier for the doughty deed. It wasn't the first either that luck threw in their way. Back to Bower Wood: back to the laurels of Bower House, back to hear the wail of the horn blowing the last hound out of covert, and back, as I write this, to what looks like the land of eternal ice and snow, for the frost is upon us once more, and nature has donned again her winter furs. Jingle your sleigh bells as you drive to the Colonel's to-night.\*

A perfect night for sleighing that Tuesday when I penned my last diary notes. The roads were frozen hard under their recent snow covering, and very little effort of imagination was required to realise the usual picturesque scenes of winter life in Quebec or Montreal. Not a sound fell on the ear except the merry tinkle of the sleigh bells and the rhythmic ring of the pony's hoofs. Not a breath of

\* Col. Lockwood's hunt dinner.





Havering Park

*Henry Jones*  
1853



air murmured through the leafless branches of the trees, which like ghosts towered gaunt and grim above the hedges, which only partially covered with snow gave clear dark lines to steer by as the sleigh glided swiftly and noiselessly along under a winter sky literally ablaze with stars. Nearing our destination we could see the flashing lights of other vehicles.



Edward Barclay

hear the heavy panting of the horses as they laboured through the snow up the long ascent. Three degrees of frost on the return journey, the wind coming up in gentle puffs betokened a change, but it brought no release before Friday.

Writing about his best hunter, "Greystoke," when sending me his portrait in April, 1896, Mr. Edward Barclay says :



"He was bred, I believe, at Greystoke in Lancashire, and I purchased him at 'Tattersalls' at the sale of the late Mr. Dewhurst's horses; not fetching his reserve of 100 guineas, I bought him in the yard from the Executors for £75. He was then 8 years old, and showed a good deal of temper both in and out of the stable, but this he soon got over, and is now a most comfortable horse to hunt hounds off. Over any country he is a perfect mount, and has carried me with equal satisfaction over the flying fences of the Bicester, Grafton and Pytchley countries, as over the terribly blind big ditch



Edward Barclay on "Greystoke"

and bank country of mine in Suffolk\* in October and November. Simply perfect over timber, he is equally good over iron railings and iron-wheeled sheep hurdles; over timber he has never given me a fall, and in Suffolk in the autumn,

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\* Mr. Barclay at that time hunted both in Suffolk and Essex with his Harriers.



over the gates, more often than not, is the best way out of the fields. I consider him a perfect weight-carrier up to between 16 and 17 stone ; showing plenty of quality, he can gallop as well as jump, and is a first-rate hack. He has carried me for five seasons, and, until the present one, when I lamed him in early autumn in the blind Suffolk country, I have never had him laid up from hunting."

Mr. Barclay winds up his exceedingly interesting account of this valuable horse by saying that, "although he is now 13 years old, I don't see why he is not good for another ten seasons, for he is one of those hard horses you cannot really tire out, and is a rare doer." All of which we heartily echo, and hope that when he has carried Mr. Barclay another ten seasons that he will meet with another of his stamp that will serve him as well.

Friday seems to be the lucky day in our country this season. Is it because no hunt breakfasts are arranged Easton way as we have known them to be, and postponed time after time on account of the frost? But on Friday, January 25th, if the roads were slippery with a morning rime, and the snow still lingered in the hedgerows, the country was very rideable, and *Mr. Barclay scored a great run with his harriers*. They met at Warlies at 10.30, and an hour later I rode out with one of my boys on the chance of finding them ; nor were we disappointed, for after a very pleasant field ride of three or four miles on grass, from which every vestige of frost had disappeared (no jumping, and every gate shut behind us) we heard the horn some minutes before we caught sight of the hounds, which, after affording us a momentary glimpse of them near Shatter Bushes, vanished from sight, over the brow of the hill in the direction of Galley Hill Green.

A solitary horseman, doing sentinel duty by the side of the fence, through which the hounds and their followers had recently passed, pointed out the spot where a hare, probably the hunted one, had just come through the fence. To jump the fence and clap forward over the hill was the work of a moment. The Master was not long in responding to the signal of an uplifted hat, and hounds picking up the line carried it forward into the spinney below Shatter Bushes. One after another we filed over the gap ; some jumped big, some jumped small, some scrambled through, some sat tight, more sat loose, none sat better than the boy on the chesnut pony : not my youngster however, for from his coign of vantage, the right side of the fence, he felt free to criticise. He was a little hard on his old father (I shan't tip him, he returns to school next week), whom he lumped down as the worst of the lot, and made some very unfavourable comparisons between the way the ladies sat and the men, coming to the conclusion that it must be easier to ride a horse side-saddle fashion.

Of course, he did not know what graceful and accomplished exponents of the art of riding in the persons of the Miss Buxtons (there were only five out) he was comparing so unfavourably with his own sex. The hounds in the meantime hanging about covert afforded an excellent opportunity for discussing the morning's sport, which, by universal consent, was admitted to have been of the most meagre description, there appearing to be absolutely no scent. This, in the state of the atmosphere, I could not account



for—on the grass, too! with a north-east wind. I would have wagered a new hat that they could run, but, accepting the opinion of the majority that *bouquet de lièvre* was entirely wanting, and that it was anything but a morning for pottering about, we turned homewards, but had scarce gone three fields when the music of hounds, REALLY RUNNING, struck on our ears. It is a strain I can never resist; so, turning back at once, we had the good luck to view them coming along in full cry towards us. Leaving Shatter Bushes behind without touching it, they soon placed a narrow brook



Mr. Tosetti on "The Martyr"

between themselves and the field. The Master was the first over, the rest followed one at a time, and Mr. Single came down, losing his horse, and the run at the same time. I quite sympathised with him as he toiled along uphill over a stiff ploughed field after the hounds, and would have caught his horse for him if I hadn't had my boy with me, and hounds were not running so well. Ah! Miss Buxton's groom had him, and hounds and pursuers were slipping away over the hill and down a very muddy and narrow lane in the direction of Nasing Coppice.



A slight check, and some low rails made us pull up and take stock of those who got over and those who didn't. Of course the Master and four out of the five Miss Buxtons, Mr. Drummond Smith, Mr. Philip Lee, Mr. Tosetti, Mr. Hoare, Mr. Pelly (not one of our three), on an animal that required a lot of persuasion; but *Mr. Edmund Pelly on his carriage horse* (foolish man, saving his good hunter for the morrow's frost) *couldn't manage it*, and the fence beyond caused a good deal of difference of opinion between young Hurrell and his mount. How it terminated I cannot say, for I was too intent on watching the hounds, which were being cast forward down the hill.

Mr. Tosetti, when sending me the photograph (p. 352) in answer to my request for one of himself and his horse to add to my collection, wrote as follows:—

"The horse is likely to prove of more interest to your readers than the rider, for he was successfully steered across country by the former popular Master of the Essex Hunt, Mr. C. E. Green, of whom I bought him when he gave up the mastership. 'The Martyr' has ever since done me yecoman service, and in spite of my unfortunate weight and the long days he has to carry me through, he has always cheerfully responded to the call made upon his extraordinary powers of endurance. I consider him a remarkable horse, and he only wants a better man than myself on the top of him. My first hunting experience in Essex began with dear old Mr. Vigne's hounds, and ever since the Harriers have been to me a great attraction, and to closely watch their hunting is my delight."

Mr. Tosetti is too modest about his own prowess; he does not override hounds, but he does ride straight up to them, as straight as either of his sons, who play for the Essex 2nd XI., can drive a loose ball to the boundary. He is a type of fox and harrier follower dear to a master's heart, and they sum him up in the one word "Sportsman."

Hitting it off, they commenced running at a great pace in the direction of Spratt's Hedgerow. Follow them, or pilot the youngster back, which was it to be? (They were running towards home.) Fathers and mothers of families will be thankful to learn that paternal affection, seasoned with a little prudence, won the day. Back down the lane, in which one of the Miss Buxtons would not have been riding so leisurely homewards had she known what was going on: Mr. Dent would have been hurrying a bit faster, and the Admiral would have rammed the spurs into his brougham nag, *even if he had rammed them in for a fall*, rather than be out of the dance that was being waltzed to the tune of "The field I left behind me" (new song! by —?)

"Hark, forward! hark, forward, away!

They mean it, they mean it to-day;  
Away like a bird in the heart of the breeze,  
Away for the line of the whispering trees,  
Away for the open, and go as you please,  
Hark, forward! hark, forward, away!"

PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.



But going as you please in our (mine and the boy's) case meant making all the tracks we could down the Cobbin End-lane, and turning in at the first bridle gate to reach the fields just in time to see the hounds sweeping along in front, and rising the crest of the last hill before coming down to the Cobbin Brook below the keeper's house. Luckily bridged at the right spot, and the right man to open the gate through the opening, we could still, although not near the hounds, keep them in view by riding the inside circle. My word, they were going !

" The Master in front on the grey  
Flies on like a boy at his play ;  
He counts the good pack speeding over the plain,  
And grins as he looks for a skirter in vain.  
He says to the whip, ' They are at it again.'  
' Hark, forward ! Hark, forward, away ! ' "

PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

The good little Welsh pony gallantly responded to her youthful rider's enthusiasm, but the pace was beginning to tell on her, and she no longer bored at the bit, yet managed to keep galloping till within a few fields of the end, when she was reduced to a trot. Right down the meadows beyond the keeper's house hounds raced along without the semblance of a check, and never touching a covert until they reached the park below Copped Hall, where the Master, rather than disturb the covert, whipped them off short of the Warren.

Home by 1.30, with the satisfaction of having seen a good deal of fun in two hours, but mentally resolved that Young Hopeful must look after himself next time, or the coachman must come out too.







Thomas Bosley in Wealdhall Coppice

## CHAPTER XII.

*T. Bosley—Weald Hall Coppice—Frozen Out—The Fox and his Enemies—Bandy at Elsenham—Essex v. Puckeridge Hunt—E. Ethelston—The Break up of the Great Frost of '95—The Ice Carnival—Really good going, Sir!—W. Sims Horner—A Root Ditch—Poles Wood—One, Two, Three, over they come—Jugged Hare at Sewald's Hall—The Influenza Cure—Bosley's Fox—In or Over is Mr. Lobb's Motto—Fourteen all told—The old Guard—Pyrgo Wood—Riding away from Hounds—Leonard Pelly—The usual blank at Forest Hall—No Commoner, surely!—Splash of Rain—Brick Kilns again—Full cry from Man Wood—Essex for ever—Diana to the front—Moor Hall—A. C. Oldham—A Good Finish.*

THE diary of a frozen-out foxhunter, uninteresting as it may be, is all I have to offer for the week ending February 9th. Can anything be more aggravating to the hunting enthusiast than to see, day after day, almost week after week, slipping by in the cold clutches of the frost demon, and the prospect of relief from his tyranny as remote as the certainty that February, the very best of all the hunting months, is being irrevocably lost. *Tempus fugit*, and in the rush and press of business, or in the giddy pursuit of other amusements, we almost forget about hunting altogether, unless reminded by a glimpse of hounds and their pink-clad custodians at exercise down the country lanes from which all familiar landmarks have been effectually erased by the snow.

Then the flood of memory comes rushing back, giving rise to many thoughts, many suggestions, most of them pleasant, but some the reverse. There can be nothing agreeable about barbed wire, which has the ugly knack of twisting itself into the retrospect of hunting incidents, with as much ease, and far more persistence, than it can be maintained in a fence. Have you—have any of us—done anything at all to mitigate this growing abomination in the interval of our enforced idleness? Have you flagged a yard of it out? Have you been successful in getting a yard of it taken down? If so, you will ride with a clearer conscience and a greater zest when the frost disappears.



Have you kept yourself fit without the aid of skates? If so, will you tell me how you have done it? Will you agree with me that the effort to look them out becomes greater with advancing years, and the disinclination to put them on more marked; that it is fatal to give up this, dancing, and other frivolities, if you would not lose all the elasticity, all the freshness of youth at one fell swoop. Will you tell me if there is any single recreation—golf not excepted—that preserves its freshness and pleasures so long as the pursuit of the fox; and which, if you are spared to old age, will not cause you to repeat the words of the immortal Whyte Melville—

“I have lived my life—I am nearly done—  
I have played the game all round;  
But I freely admit that the best of my fun,  
I owe it to horse and hound.”

Horse and hound! What a theme for dissertation! Of the horse, our noble partner, I have already written in former Leaves. What are you doing with yours to keep them fit? What will they be like when you get to work again? Lucky if they come out sound; still more fortunate if they remain so for the rest of the season; but they'll not if you push them along immediately after the frost in a severe run. With the disappearance of our last frost we had slow hunting runs, and got to work gradually; but it could easily have been different, and some of us, at least, might have profited by the hints that lately appeared in the *Field* under the heading of “Accidents in the Hunting Field.” But is it an accident to ride a horse out and bring on its acute accompanying symptoms, to my thinking only indicative of sheer cruelty on the part of the rider? The wide opened nostrils, laboured breathing, the legs held apart like so many props, the flank heaving violently, and an utter disinclination or ability to move. One consolation to be drawn that only a generous horse with a heartless rider will arrive at this stage. The cow-hearted horse will curl up long before he has had enough, and fall into a walk of his own sweet will, and stable arrived, will lick up every grain of corn in his manger.

Hounds. How much we owe to them! How little the majority of us know about them. Further, how little we often trust them; or surely we should not be so ready to halloo and shout immediately a fox shows himself in front of hounds, without giving them the chance of deciding for themselves whether it is their hunted one or not.

Never halloo a fox when HOUNDS ARE RUNNING is a maxim that cannot be too often repeated. To start with, they are much too occupied with their own sweet music, as they throw their tongues on a ravishing scent, to hear us, and can certainly tell much better than we can whether it is the hunted fox or not. In support of this contention let me give two brief illustrations. When our own huntsman Bailey, previous to Lord Rookwood securing his invaluable services, was acting as first whip to the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds, he was one day suddenly called upon (the huntsman being crippled by lumbago) to carry the horn. How well he acquitted himself the sequel will show. Towards the end of what had been a very good run, and when hounds were not more than a field or two at the outside behind their quarry crossing a field of turnips, a fresh fox jumped up right in front of them. What did Bailey do? Did he halloo and shout and cap them on? Not he. What did he think? I'll tell you in his own words, sir:

“I thought that it was all over, as I knew that I couldn't stop them. Well, they coursed this fox in view right up to the boundary fence of the field, but to my surprise not a single Hound (huntsmen always write Hounds with a capital H—I am not surprised at it) went through that fence. The whole of them swung themselves round like a flock of pigeons, got



on to the line of their hunted fox, and in ten minutes' time I had the great satisfaction of seeing them roll him over in the middle of a road."

My second illustration is of more recent date. The scene, Mrs. M'Intosh's gorse. "I remember the day well. Our hunted fox, pushed out of the gorse, had made his way back to it, putting up several fresh ones, one of which came over the bottom end of the ride, just in front of hounds, the hunted one in the meantime having crossed the ride at the top. Hounds never owned to the line of the fresh one, but racing up the side, went at the hunted fox and very soon killed him."

So much for horse and hounds, so little, in fact; *what about the fox?* Is *he* degenerating? I think not, but he certainly has more numerous enemies, though, I trust, none so bad as in Col. Cook's time. The Colonel was once invited by a person who, he more than suspected, was in the habit of killing all foxes that came anywhere near his coverts, to pay him a visit when the ground was well covered with snow, so that he could observe their tracks into his preserves.

He thereupon reminded him of the story in *Æsop's Fables*, of the answer given by the fox to the lion, when he endeavoured to entice him into his den—"You will," said the lion, "run no risk; observe the tracks of many of your species into my den." "Very true," answered Reynard; "I see the marks of those THAT ENTERED, but where can you point out to me a single trace of ONE RETURNING?" He was well assured that if a fox once wandered into his pretended friend's preserves, he would never come out again ALIVE.

But it is not from his natural or his open enemies that a fox has so much to fear as from the numerous poachers who are after other game with their snares. Only recently a beautiful vixen was found dead in a wood near me, caught in a snare set for a rabbit. Twenty other snares were taken up in that wood. What chance had she? What chance has any fox when he once begins to wander afield, if he enters a wood unprepared; it is generally full of gins, and so you never find them in such coverts, though many a fox comes to an untimely end, and few there are that come to any age. No wonder, then, that we so seldom see the historic runs which used to delight our forefathers. *Look in the mouth of a fox killed to-day. Where are the worn-down tusks as black as if they had been chewing tobacco?* You'll not find them; but those are the sort to show sport. Mr. Bosley has one. May scent be good, hounds fresh, and horses fit when next we find him; and may we all be there to hear Bailey's triumphant whoop, for it will be a big run, and a grand one, if ever that comes to pass.

"And with my skates fast bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on."

—LONGFELLOW.

Nothing like two strings to your bow, and if one cannot write about hunting one can about skating, but this week Mr. Humphreys, of Brentwood, kindly furnishes me with a third string, in a letter upon "The future of fox-hunting." Mr. Humphreys thinks that it is customary for English country gentlemen of the present day to spend the greater part of their leisure time in hunting during the winter months. Alas! How many at the present time cannot afford to hunt at all. Those, however, who can still manage to do so rarely if ever hunt more than two days a week. They recognise with the advance of civilisation that they have other and many more important duties to perform. Quarter sessions, county, district and parish councils, together with magisterial duties and the management of their estates, keep them fully occupied, and if they hunt it is from the same motives that actuate most of us, search of health and recreation.



All work and no play is good for no one, and ninety per cent. of our population have probably their own pet amusements. Hunting, shooting, fishing, cricket, football, golf, bicycling, stamp-collecting, these all beat bull-baiting and cock-fighting. Perhaps when we reach the Millennium, they in turn will have given way to something more elevating and more refined. The lion will lie down with the lamb, cats will give up catching mice, and hawks and magpies will turn vegetarians.

Of course a Master of Hounds is on a different footing, and it is his duty, and not always his pleasure, that takes him out three or four days



Tresham and Guy Gilbey

*From a photograph by Mrs. Tresham Gilbey*

a week when his pack takes the field, but in doing so he is serving the interests of the many. But the many go out when they will and for their own delectation. Nevertheless, I think that it is more than doubtful whether they would look upon Yeomanry drill, with its strict regulations and fixed hours, as a satisfactory, though I grant that it would be a more patriotic, substitute. Mr. Humphreys, however, may rest assured, if ever a foreign foe should threaten the shores of our dear old country, that every Hunt in the United Kingdom would send its quota for the defence of our shores.



To resume my regular theme, which now appears to be skating instead of hunting (we have not yet attempted to try and kill a fox in the snow after the manner of Mr. Ashton and Mr. Bathurst). Let me give an account of the great bandy match between two teams composed of members of the Essex and Puckeridge Hunts, which came off on Saturday, February 16, at Elsenham, the beautiful country seat of Sir Walter Gilbey; and further tell how at the same place and upon the same day six Essex ladies met six representatives of the Puckeridge Hunt in one of the most exciting hockey matches on the ice that it has ever been my lot to witness.

No more charming place within the confines either of Essex or Herts could be found for the exhilarating pastime of skating than the beautiful lake some nine acres in extent lying in the grounds of Elsenham Hall. No pains had been spared to ensure the ice being in capital order, every vestige of snow had been swept off, and all the cracks carefully filled up—it must have involved a good deal of work. Sir Walter and the late Lady Gilbey, however, it is needless to add, never considered trouble and expense when the comfort and pleasure of their guests and friends were concerned. A hot luncheon for at least sixty was served in a marquee on the ice, and two huge coke fires gave a cheery look to the wintry scene of bare trees and snow-clad fields.

It was settled that the ladies' match should be played first, and shortly after 2 p.m. they took up their respective positions. The Essex, who were captained by Mrs. W. Sewell, were fortunate in winning the toss, and decided to play with the wind, which blew with a good deal of force down the lake. To make matters fair, however, it was arranged that with each goal made ends should be changed. A word as to the costume of the fair skaters. The Essex were distinguished by their black straw hats with red bands, and white worsted gloves, while their opponents wore white satin scarves.

Starting off from the centre with the usual bully, the Essex, aided by the wind, soon carried the ball down to their adversaries' quarters, and a well-directed shot by Miss Dora Prance taking effect, ends were at once changed, and the Essex, instead of being the aggressors were the attacked, and had all their work cut out defending their goal. Miss Tait, who was playing back, in her eagerness to prevent the Puckeridge scoring picked up the cork and threw it, a privilege only allowed to the goalkeeper; a free hit, however, was not claimed, and the game went merrily on. Miss Gertrude Prance, playing very hard, carried the ball some way up the ground against the wind, but Miss Emily Gilbey getting hold of it ran down with a rush; however, Miss Meggs, the Essex goalkeeper, stood her ground, and amidst shouts of applause prevented her scoring, and saved a goal, but only for a time, for Miss May Spencer was not to be denied, and after a rapid run she shot the ball through the posts, thus equalising matters. Give and take was now the order of the day until Miss Ida Blyth, getting well away, ran the length of the ground before being caught by Miss Gertrude Prance, who, coming right away past all her adversaries, secured a brilliant goal.

The home team were now thoroughly roused, and Miss Ida Blyth, again getting away with the sphere, carried it down, Miss Ethel Spencer scoring the second point for her side. It was two goals all, and very nearly the call of time, for the second period of the three twenty minutes arranged for play, when Mrs. Sewell, who was playing very keenly, managed to score. Commencing the last period, it became pretty evident that whichever side could get a goal against the wind would win, for all the points



Herts and Essex, 1893



Mr. Gilham

William Wells

F. Stacey  
Major Biscoe  
Miss Dora Gosling

Tresham Gilbey  
"Baker"



hitherto had been made down wind. The Essex forwards, Misses G. and D. Prance, played up very hard, but were equally hard pressed, Miss Emily Gilbey and Miss Dora Prance coming down a regular cropper, but nothing deterred, they were soon at it again as hard as ever, and Miss Emily Gilbey, playing most brilliantly, hit the third goal for her side. Miss Ida Blyth very nearly scored after a fine run, but was stopped by Miss Dora Prance and her sister Gertrude, who, more like a bird on the wing than a young lady on skates, went through all her opponents, and being backed up by Mrs. W. Sewell, the fourth goal was added to the score.

Play now became intensely exciting, as, if the Essex could only hold their own for five minutes longer, they would win. With the wind against them we knew that they would have very hard work to do it, especially as the hard and fast play was beginning to tell upon them; but they pluckily fought it out, and although Miss Emily Gilbey made a great bid to avert defeat, luck was against her, and amidst breathless excitement time was called, leaving the Essex Hunt winners by four goals to three.

No sooner was their match over than the Hunt teams rushed into the arena, both sides eager for the fray. The Puckeridge were fortunate enough to win the toss, and elected to play down wind, and in less than five minutes scored their first goal. Who made it I cannot say, although goal keeping at the time, for the cork flew past me like a bullet from a gun. Changing ends the Essex soon equalised matters, and then began one of the most stubborn fights I have ever participated in. Men kept falling in all directions in their eagerness to save or score a point, and for twenty minutes the Essex goal-keeper, Mr. Woodward, had a hottish time of it, as shot after shot was sent at the posts, and for something like thirty-five minutes neither side could score a point, when at last Mr. Gerald Gold, amidst the hearty plaudits of the many onlookers, drove the ball home.

Two goals to one, and another twenty minutes to play with the wind, the Essex ought to have secured a tie. Mr. Evans made some very good attempts, but was always collared by the backs. I think the Puckeridge put on four backs when playing up wind and dispensed with a goal keeper when they had it behind them. At least three times in the last twenty minutes (the wind had fallen somewhat), Messrs. F. Bailey, G. Gold, and R. Barrow ran the cork right up the ground and had a shot for a goal but failed. How many they would have made had it not been for the almost superhuman exertions of Mr. Walter Buckmaster, the well-known dashing polo back, it is hard to say, but crippled as he was, not being able to use his right hand at all, the fastest Puckeridge forward, Mr. Gerald Gold, could never get away from him, and more than once, *shoulder to shoulder and skate to skate, they went down on the ice locked in a close embrace.*

Mr. Audley Blyth, who was also playing back, saved many a goal. Mr. Burrows, who played as sub for Essex, did yeoman service, and Mr. R. Caldwell was ubiquitous, and played a very good game, but their combined efforts did not prevent the Puckeridge winning by two goals to one. It is worthy of note that *not a single point was made by either team against the wind.* For the winners, where all played so well, it is difficult to single out any individual player, but apart from the RED WAISTCOAT one could not fail to notice the brilliant forward play of Mr. Gerald Gold. I never saw a man *shuffle across the ice at such a pace or so recklessly.* He was most ably backed up by Mr. Barrow, who, combining weight with pace, carried all before him when he got on the swing. The back play on the Puckeridge side was perfect all round, particularly Mr. Tresham Gilbey's. The combination of the whole team was excellent, and there could be little doubt that the best side won.



## ESSEX HUNT.

Mrs. W. Sewell (capt.)  
 Miss Meggs  
 Miss Hattie Tait  
 Miss Prance  
 Miss D. Prance  
 Miss G. Prance

## PUCKERIDGE HUNT.

Miss Emily Gilbey (capt.)  
 Miss Ida Blyth  
 Miss G. Blyth  
 Miss May Spencer  
 Miss Ethel Spencer  
 Mrs. Tresham Gilbey.

Members of the Essex Hunt: Mr. H. B. Yerburch (capt.), Mr. P. M. Evans, Messrs. W. and G. Sewell, Mr. W. Buckmaster, Mr. Woodward, Mr. R. Caldwell, Mr. Audley Blyth, Mr. H. Blyth, and Mr. Burrows (sub.). Members of Puckeridge Hunt: Mr. Guy Gilbey (capt.), Mr. Tresham Gilbey, Mr. H. W. Gilbey, Messrs. P. G. and C. Gold, Mr. H. Gee, Mr. F. Bailey, Mr. Sanderson, and Mr. R. Barrow. Ten on each side. Eight is perhaps a better number for individual play, but when it came to taking their turn against a strong wind no one found any fault with the number.



Edmund Ethelston

Writing to me in August, '96, Mr. Ethelston feelingly remarked, "No one looks forward with more pleasure than I do for the appearance of your book. It will form a permanent memorial to me of the happiest days of my life, and of many familiar scenes and faces that I shall not see again."



I trust that he is not the only one who will find these pages serve as links with a happy past : a past which certainly to men like Mr. Ethelston, who can use a brush with so much skill, is never likely to be obliterated. The three illustrations of a "Meet at the Green Man, Harlow," "A Fast Forty Minutes with the Essex Hounds" (page 183), and "A Halt for Refreshments" (page 225) are taken from photographs of his paintings, which, subject to his copyright in them, he has kindly placed at my disposal. " 'Twas in the early Eighties " I recall Mr. Ethelston as a keen rider to hounds, when I remember, he had the misfortune to break the back of a favourite mare in a brook with treacherous banks near Marles Wood.

If ever you want to settle a frost, never mind how long established, get up an Ice Carnival, advertise it well beforehand, evoke out of your fertile brain the most varied and fantastic costumes for yourself and fellow-revellers, engage your band (not forgetting the commissariat), and if, when the eventful evening arrives, you can hear the ring of skates, the hearty laugh and merry jest of the masqueraders, instead of the swish of slushy snow and the muttered lamentations of disappointed Sybarites, you may then, and not before, doubt the efficacy of the frost cure. "ICE IN GRAND CONDITION." What a mockery! what a delusion! But they tell me that this placard, which stared you unblushingly in the face on your way to court rheumatism, influenza, and catarrh upon the rapidly melting surface, was printed overnight at a time when the ice, from a skater's point of view, was a perfect dream, not a crack nor a wrinkle, but hard and smooth as plate glass.

Would it had been so when the local representatives of the Essex Hunt met in the lists the doughty champions of bandy fame in Epping, on the last day when hockey was possible in the great frost of '95. Ice that looked like a huge sheet of green ground glass, and hard as marble, yielded to every stroke of the skate more easily than the crust of a wedding cake to a sharp knife; and it might truly have been compared to toiling over the most sticky ploughs of Essex in comparison with skimming o'er the well-drained and yielding pastures of the Merry Midlands. But a match is a match for a' that, and that which was fair for one was fair for another, so I would not deprive the winning team of a single leaf of their laurel crown, and own that the representatives of the Hunt were squarely and fairly beaten. Mingling with the sigh of regret that our hardy riders could not hold their own came the sweet feeling of satisfaction that at last, late but not too late for a few brief weeks'



enjoyment of the spirit of the chase, the frost was breaking up. How grudgingly, how slowly you will bear me out when I state that not before Saturday, February 23rd, could hounds take the field, and hunting, though still dangerous, became possible.

They tell me that a field of some thirty enthusiasts went out on Saturday at High Roding Street, and that most of them fell. This does not surprise me, but I confess to feeling somewhat astonished that even Bailey and the Essex Hounds managed to kill a fox under such adverse conditions in a preliminary run of twenty minutes, and to score another gallop of fifty minutes before the day was over, for the banks were still as hard as iron, and though a horse's hoof might penetrate for an inch or an inch and a half in the middle of the fields before reaching the bone in the ground, this would not avail them much when it came to jumping.

Hunting on Saturday, to put it plainly, was tempting Providence and courting grief and disaster to man and horse. Even on Monday, February 25th, when they met at Passingford Bridge, it was by no means safe. A frost of six weeks, which has penetrated 18 inches into the ground, does not vanish in a half-hearted thaw of four days; consequently there were very few who attempted to ride to hounds—that there were any, greatly surprised me, more especially as those who did risk their own necks and their horses' tendons (it was very good going for hounds) must, perhaps with one exception, have seen the shady side of five-and-thirty. I am only speaking about the six foremost MEN—you shall have their names directly—who really rode the run; but before mentioning them let me first give you, as far as a bad memory and worse powers of observation will permit, the names of those who, following the fortunes of the Essex Hounds, still survive the unprecedented climatic ordeal to which they have been recently exposed.

Ladies first: Mrs. Bennett, the three Miss Buxtons, Miss Morgan and her niece, Miss Jones, and on foot Misses G. and D. Prance. The men: one of our masters only, Mr. Arkwright on his grey; then alphabetically, if you have no objection, straight from the subscription list: Mr. Baddeley, Mr. Basham, Mr. Bevan, Mr. Caldecott, Major Carter, Mr. Christy, Mr. Collin, Mr. Cook, Mr. Giles (he took a toss in the open), Mr. Gregory, Messrs. Horner (father and son), Mr. Ketts, jun., Mr. P. S. Lee, Mr. R. Lockwood (he also took a toss somewhere, *vide* a very dirty coat), Mr. Michell, Mr. Morris, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Patchett, Mr. L. Pelly, Mr. Pemberton-Barnes, Mr. Price, Capt. Ricardo, Messrs. W. and G. Sewell, Mr. Single, Sir C. Smith (on foot), Mr. D. Smith, Mr. Tufnell, Capt. Wilson. Of farmers only a few, worse luck: Mr. Avila, Mr. Baker, Mr. Mugleston, Mr. Saward, Mr. Sworder; a small field, all told.

This, however, could hardly have astonished any one outside Claybury, for I boldly assert that the country was not fit to ride over. I knew this before I started for the meet, and resolved not to jump a fence, and to this resolution I rigidly adhered. Others there were who came with the same intentions, but directly hounds found, all their good resolves were scattered to the winds, and a good many more rode to the meet with an open mind, but found, after jumping a few fences, that it was not good enough, and for the rest of the day stuck to the macadam and their cigarettes.

If one proof more overwhelming than any other was needed of the doubtful policy of riding to hounds on Monday last, was it not furnished in the absence of our frost-loving welter,\* who used to revel in such days,

\* Mr. C. E. Green.



bringing, as they did, small fields and very often rattling runs? Fortunately for the prudent and the timid, given a moderate knowledge of the country, a certain intuition of the run of a fox, most, if not all, the fun of the fair could be seen on the occasion in question from the hard high road without going out of a walk or a trot, certainly without jumping a fence.

Lest, however, any one should remark, "Why not always stick to the road and leave the fences alone?" without in any way wishing to decry road riding, which has its advantages, I must honestly confess that even with the ulterior object in view of conditioning a fat horse, one day of it



W. Sims Horner

goes a long way, and will last a healthy Briton for a year. Commencing with Curtis Mill Green, the bottom end of which was in capital skating condition, a fox very soon broke away in the Havering direction, and then swung round beyond the iron railings across Albys Park, nearly up to the Osiers, and so back to the Green, where I was waiting for them, perhaps ten minutes being passed in the process. There was quite enough jumping to satisfy all who were not of the same kidney as Mr. W. H. P. Barnes, who, having jumped about thirty fences, and only slipped badly once, voted it really good going.

Mr. Sims Horner (like the favourite hunter which carried him for ten seasons) has hunted longer than the majority.



He has a vivid recollection of seeing the late Mrs. Arkwright, before she was married, being pulled out of a Roothing ditch by Tom Mashiter, and also of coming to grief himself through his horse planting his fore feet in one of the root ditches which made the Roothing country so formidable in days of old. We have known Mr. Horner for twenty years, and have always admired him as one of the best sportsmen and most fearless riders we have ever come across. He has not been so famous for giving high prices for his hunters as he has been for making them go, and we have seen him on a frosty day, with hounds running strong and fast, jumping fences that positively made our blood curdle and caused the undaunted Roly to dismount and lead over.

What a contrast between the usual rush for a start at the top right-hand corner and the leisurely way we all made for it as the fox, setting his mask in the direction of Navestock Heath, left it behind for good. Three or four ploughed fields and a line of gates brought us out on the Navestock Road, which the hounds had already crossed, and into which, from an orchard, our active secretary\* was endeavouring to coax his horse to jump, relieved from his secretarial weight. It was a goodish drop, and the horse didn't like it; still less did he relish Mr. Horner's flagellation from behind; so over he came at last, and some half-dozen of us at least stayed to assist his owner up. *In the state of the country this excuse for being left behind was worth at least a dozen lost shoes.* In the meantime Mr. Horner (not the young one, mind you), without dismounting, manfully jumped into the road, his horse slipping a yard-and-a-half on the ice-bound turf.

The only gap out of the road was literally full of those who wished to launch out in the frozen fields beyond; not for me, trotting quietly on towards the Heath. I had a capital view of hounds. They were running in splendid form, carrying a beautiful head, as they swept over Mr. Frank Pratt's farm, and bore back for the road, *Capt. Wilson's grey lying close alongside, and jumping into the road with the leading hounds as they crossed it.*

Just at this point Mr. Caldecott, who had been sailing along in the van, had the misfortune to lame a very valuable horse. Luckily he had another out. Turning over the narrow lane that runs down to Shonks Mill, in a few minutes hounds came pouring over the road that unites the Heath with Navestock Hall. It was while waiting for them to cross that we had the pleasure of witnessing a fine piece of horsemanship on the part of Major Carter, as he landed his horse over a precipitous bank, eight feet high, into the middle of the road; the *softest place*, as he subsequently remarked to me, *that he could possibly have picked out.* Quite right. The Master, however, and those immediately behind him, would not tackle it, but cruised down the fence until they came to a gate.

Turning up the Bentley Mill road, hounds came streaming across it, and treated us to some very pretty music as they worked their way through the Bois Hall coverts. Mr. R. Lockwood, sailing away on the right, rather overshot them (you can see a lot from a back seat); not so Bailey, who detected a few couple of hounds away by themselves on the right at once. Crossing over the brook by a bridge, it really looked as if I should have to jump a fence at last or lose sight of the chase altogether.

\* Mr. Roland Bevan.



It was only a small ditch, but Colonel Fane's horse seemed to prefer the bottom of it to the further side. It was amusing certainly to watch the amount of hesitation and craning that went on after this one refusal.

Turning off in the opposite direction I had the satisfaction in a few minutes of seeing hounds coming right back on to Kelvedon Common, where there was a slight check. Noting one hound running under a hedge by himself, it was very gratifying to see the body of the pack pick up the line as Bailey cast them right down to the spot, and away they went over the road towards Poles Wood. That road affords me the opportunity of giving the names of those who had been really riding to hounds all through the run, names that I have given over and over again in the past—names that I hope to give over and over again in the future.



Poles Wood

Never have I had a fairer opportunity of judging, for though I was more or less on the road all the time, I never lost sight of the chase for more than a minute until it was practically all over in the Kelvedon coverts. The pioneers had to come over some rails into the road, and a nasty jump it was, even without the drop. Mr. R. Lockwood was the first to negotiate them jumping off; his horse popped over like a bird. Mr. Barnes followed suit, displaying much more agility than his quad. The Master and Major Carter tackled them without dismounting. If to these names I add those of Major Wilson and Mr. Caldecott, you will then know who skimmed the cream, and who rode in the front line all the time. By the time they left Poles Wood they had been running one hour twenty minutes. The usual gate out of that covert had been done up, and the jump out was not inviting. No, not after the rails were taken down did landing into a bog off a slab of ice have any fascination for me. I much preferred to turn tail and eat my sandwiches, even if I lost the hounds, but I couldn't lose them that day, for Bailey was back again directly, and the Curtis Mill fox has yet to be caught.



Nothing happened to disturb the monotony of drawing covert after covert blank until we reached Kelvedon Wood, when what might veritably have proved to be the most disastrous event of the whole hunting season occurred, for as a sequel to the long frost and waning season a great run nearly came off, and if it had, not a man would have been there to tell the tale. Let me explain. The river was still frozen over with thick ice, which, though it offered a very convenient crossing for fox and hound, utterly precluded horses following by the usual fords, and hounds had reached Stanford Rivers before even the huntsman realised that there was nothing for it but to gallop back for Langford Bridge or Shonks Mill, the one a mile, the other two, out of the way. Choosing the former, he had the good luck to come up with his hounds, who had run their quarry to ground. Had the fox gone on (scent was good, for he was running up wind) say, to Blake Hall, Bobbingworth Wood, or Ongar Park, neither the huntsman nor anyone else would have caught them. At 3.30 we were drawing Knightsland; at 5 most of us were home, tired and weary after such a long day in the saddle. Two or three more such days, and vets. will be having a busy time of it, and Tattersall's will be besieged by hunting men.

This world, can it show such a picture of woe  
As a frozen-out master imprison'd in snow?  
His feet on the fender, he rides his arm-chair,  
Even *Bailey* avails not to soothe his despair.

—EGERTON WARBURTON.

In the heart of Leicestershire the frost has been very loth to relinquish his grip on the turf, and I should say that the Essex Hounds have taken the field a week earlier than any shire pack. So, after all, hunting in a plough country has its advantages, Master Walter, and in fifteen years' time you will be the first to admit it.

Hounds were advertised for Tuesday, the 29th ult. Did Monday's experience account for their not keeping the tryst? for the country could scarce have been worse to ride over. A by-day on Thursday, the last day of February, was very well attended. Only to be out two hours, and in that brief time to see all the fun that took place, was quite a stroke of luck, and one which can only fall to the lot of those who hunt from home. It required a mid-day sun to dispel the frost of over night, and one o'clock had struck before hounds were thrown into Harlow Park. Finding on the opposite side of the road, they were away at once for Parndon Woods, and from the bird's-eye view I had of the proceedings, they ran at a great pace for those coverts, and going out beyond, the few that had stuck to them indulged in the very natural hope that they were in for a good thing. Trotting quietly down the road with several other sportsmen, we were passed by a gentleman\* on a blood-looking grey, who had already had a five-mile gallop on his own account round a ploughed field, and very soon the pair were going again, and did not pull up before Nasing Common was reached.

By the time we had resigned ourselves to being hopelessly out of it, and only a distant view of a few vanishing horsemen remained to remind us of the late scurry and rush, we suddenly realised that a good bold fox had been headed, and that *Bailey* and the Essex bitches were coming back on his tracks as fast as they could. Running well through Latton and Harlow Park, they turned to the right over the lovely country which leads to the Lavers. Having left Parish Hall, and all those who, like myself, were too timid to jump, behind, they appeared to have settled down for a real stinger.

\* Poor Rex Caldwell.



What was there to stop them before they reached Matching Park or Brick Kilns in the far-away distance?—nothing but one snug little covert to break the line of the fine stretch of open country; and yet in a few minutes there they were coming back full cry—a regular steeplechase. A prettier sight one could hardly have witnessed, and one in which it rarely falls to the lot of Mr. Chaffey-Collin to play the passive onlooker, for he generally leads the dance when the band begins to play; but wisely had he exchanged the good bay for the galloping hack, for good as the ploughs might be, the banks were still hard and the turf was worse. But this short gallop had only served to whet the appetites of the customers, and they were eager and keen for more. ONE! TWO! THREE! Everyone of them slipped as they landed on the headland of the wheat field in which we were quietly waiting for them. The fourth man did not. Mr. Sam Fitch on a grey, which a short time ago, if I am not much mistaken, had his first lesson in jumping at the hands of Mr. Fitch, jun., and was not voted by that young gentlemen a particularly good performer; but, Bernard, it will be a long time before you come up to your father's form. He has got the right enthusiasm about him that will make any horse go. I speak from experience, for my knowledge of his prowess dates back sixteen years. Quite a school followed Bailey as he cast round Canes Wood. Feeling that I did not belong to them, and not caring to incur any more chaff, I sneaked off home to keep an appointment, *hearing subsequently with unfeigned regret that they did not find again.*

Saturday, March 2, offered a choice bill of fare. Curry de Reynard to be had for asking at Pleshey, eighteen miles off, too far! Venison at Blackmore, 12 p.m., well within reach at ten miles, and a hearty welcome to all comers. Jugged hare at Sewalds Hall, 11 to 4; a choice dish, and a select few invited to share it; five miles by road, three-and-a-half with the crow. Compelled by business engagements to throw in my lot with the last, I dropped in after 2 p.m., for a very nice little spin, although too late for the morning dish which Mr. Barclay's harriers had served up. What a chorus there is with this game little pack; you could hardly lose them in the thickest fog, and you can find them directly when they are running full cry. Full cry it was as they came racing towards me near Sewalds Hall with a hare picked up on one of Joe Tucker's fallows; but alas! the melody gradually died away as the hare ran them out of scent.

Very few out, though; some, including Mr. J. Pelly and his daughter, had gone home, but a small field is a *sine qua non* with harriers—Mr. Shapland, the host of the day, Mr. Hart, jun., Mr. Avila, Mr. G. Sewell, Mr. Lucas, Mr. and Miss Waters, Mr. H. Fowler, Mr. Tyndale White, jun., and Mr. Morris, and I think you have them all. Scent, by common verdict, had been bad in the morning: mid-day brought little improvement, but an afternoon hare led us a merry dance. Jumping up out of the same field in which I viewed one go away when Bailey was making his cast round Canes on Thursday last, Mr. Barclay lost no time laying hounds on, and they raced away for the Weald Brook without crossing. Several of us being a little too previous and putting ourselves out of court by jumping it, Mr. Tyndale White, jun., getting a nasty fall at the next fence, a wide open ditch running parallel with the stream for some distance, hounds suddenly turned left-handed, and none of us caring to tackle the brook again, we had to retrace our steps, and lost sight of the hounds altogether; but we could hear them running by Sewalds Hall, and, with better luck than we deserved, we nicked in with them as they swept back full cry past Wynter's Grange, with the Master, Mr. Hart, and Mr. G. Sewell in close attendance.



Running on past Canes Wood and the House, they got on some cold fallows, and scent becoming worse at 4 p.m. Mr. Barclay decided to whip off. Would he have done so, I wonder, had he anticipated the rapid return of the frost? Possibly, for though his hounds were short of work they had had a tiring day, and he himself was feeling the effects of a recent sharp attack of influenza. This influenza seems to spare no one; the man who leads an outdoor life, and the clerk chained to the desk all day, alike fall victims. Lord Lonsdale, master of the Quorn, was one of the earliest to feel its effects. Everyone has his own special remedy; no one has a universal cure. Ammoniated quinine taken in the earlier stages is very harmless, very cheap, and often very effective; while a lady, writing in the *Standard* of March 4, vouched for the efficacy of a vigorous sniff of the drug periodate crystals into each nostril; to carry the powder well into the head, and to ease the pains, follow it up with two teaspoonfuls of periodate of iron. Result—though badly attacked herself, she awoke next morning as fresh as a daisy. I had hoped to have wound up these notes with an account of a day in our Monday country at Havering, and instead of that find myself tendering some very valuable (?) medicinal advice gratis, which makes me think it about time to pull up.



Wealdhall Coppice

First, the evening gallop from Weald Coppice to High Laver Hall.

My dear sirs, why did you go home? At least 150 of you must have done so, and not more than 40 could have remained to see the Coppice drawn. Mr. Bosley's covert has stood us in good stead this season, but no better run than that of Wednesday, March 6, has taken place from it for some time. It was close on 4 p.m. when the hounds were thrown in, and some half-dozen of us, including Mr. Frank Ball (why on a pony I don't know!), Mr. G. Dawson, the Master, and Mr. G. Sewell, had reached the white gate near the road in the



hope of getting a view, if proving at home, the fox should break the usual line for Harlow Park.

There was no doubt about his being at home, for a shrill view-halloa, directly hounds were put in, from the north corner, and at the same time a warning cry of "Hold hard! It's tally ho! Back!" from that Old Parliamentary Hand, Georgie Dawson, checked the impetuous rush for a start, putting us all on the *qui vive*. Hounds were now giving tongue freely in covert, and the fox could be seen sneaking along the top of the bank, the boundary fence of the wood. Breaking back for a moment, we feared that the cup would be dashed from our lips, and that he would be chopped in covert; but no, as good luck would have it, he was over the road and half-way down the first long meadow before the Master could get the horn to his lips, for Bailey was back in covert. Twang, twang it went, but never a hound would come away, and the fox had put another field to the good before Bailey got clear of the covert, bringing the hounds with him.

With just a word of warning to my friend on the right that the insignificant-looking fence out of the first meadow would not stand trifling with, we were away for what appeared to be a most delightful country, and the Weald Brook to be reckoned with. Right on its very banks hounds hovered, threw up, and wouldn't carry the scent a yard further. Here was a sell, and all your fun, my brave seigneurs, would have been over for that evening if you hadn't had such an extraordinarily good huntsman at the head of affairs. Quick as lightning, in response to the halloa that came floating down wind, he caught hold of his hounds and galloped them back to the coppice. Although taking the shortest cut back past the farm buildings, we only just reached the further side of the covert in time to see the hounds streaming over the plough towards us, and going a rare cracker over the long meadow. It looked long odds on spending the evening in the big woodlands, but we were after no ordinary fox, and in his mind he had a certain big drain under Mr. Walter Law's barn, which, if he could only reach, he would be safe for that time at least, and once more would have the laugh on his side against Bailey and the Essex Hounds, for if I am not greatly mistaken, he was the renowned Bosley Fox, the hero of a hundred fights.

Making straight for this sanctuary at North Weald, he was fortunately turned, and hounds settling down to run at a great pace, there was little time for looking about. Mr.



C. E. Green, taking his own line, was a prominent figure in the van—fellows who take their own line are the ones to catch the Speaker's eye, never those who follow in the ruck. Crossing a narrow lane before reaching School Green Farm, Mr. J. Pelly's horse came down (*the ice was not out of the bank, and the same gap had been scraped to the bone in the morning*), and depositing his rider in the bottom of the ditch, set off on his own account down the lane. Luckily for him Mr. G. Sewell had just jumped into it on his right, and immediately hooked the runaway, or Mr. J. P. would have seen no more that evening.

Next crossing a rough meadow in the morning horses' hoofs had rattled where they now sank deep in through the crust (the thaw was beginning to tell). A nice little rushy fence at the bottom, *a scramble up hill through an ice-bound corner*, a sharp turn to the right, a slippery bank, and Mr. William Law, of School Green Farm, was cheering us on, cap in hand, with a cry of "he's nearly done," undoubtedly hoping that his arch-enemy, THE OLD BOSLEY FOX, would be caught at last.

Hounds must have been close at him here, for they commenced running much faster, fence after fence, to the right, each and all requiring a hunter, or a gallop of 100 yards down a lane and a sharp turn up the road; and hounds were streaming across it and down the well-furrowed ploughed field beyond, each man in his own furrow. That and all the ploughed fields we crossed in the run rode like a flower garden, or there would have been but small chance even for those best mounted (Bailey was riding a rare good one, a black) of living with hounds at the pace they were going.

Those who did not leave the road before reaching the Talbot, were only just in time to see hounds cross it, and those who rode in the wake of the pack were either too excited, too eager, or too far behind to catch Mr. Green's horse, which having come down a rare crump at a trappy blind ditch, made for the Moreton road of his own sweet will, and although one of the whips set off in hot pursuit, he was not caught for many a mile—he ought to have been nabbed at the gate. This was a rare bad stroke of luck for his owner, as it cost him the run, one of the very few he has dropped in for this season, as he didn't make a start till Christmas.

We were after no woodland fox or he would have slipped through Bobbingworth Wood on the right, and put Capt.



Ricardo and one or two more in the right track. He didn't even touch it, but turned sharp to the left, and although Mr. Willie Sewell implored me not to go to the left and swore I was wrong, I just told him that the cut of Mr. Chaffey-Collin's brown coat was good enough for me, and over the fence we went in hot pursuit. My word! they were dinging; only five anywhere near them, and Mr. Collin with a clear lead of the lot.

The fences now came thick as peas in a pudding, and made me long for the morning mount, my good brown horse; Mr. Savill too had a handful, for the chestnut was boring and rushing at the wrong place in every fence, and had to be slewed round, and sent along to recover lost ground. Close to Mr. Collin, the Master (Mr. Arkwright), Bailey, Capt. Wilson, and Mr. Newman Gilbey. Down to the Weald Brook we steered, where it ran neither sluggish nor idle, but where its steep, broken banks told you plain, if you meant it, the less you would like the longer you looked. Brothers Sewell and Mr. J. Pelly were over in a line in hard chase of the leaders. Let me confess to a voluntary on the right side with the reins in my hands, and a vivid glimpse of the top of Mr. Lobb's hat, as his pony, done to a turn, slithered down to the bottom, and was only salvaged on the wrong side at the cost of a nasty cut over the eye. "IN OR OVER" is Mr. Lobb's motto, but "IN" it was this time. More power to him next time, with a better mount and greater speed, for his heart is in the right place.

But he had more than one brother in misfortune, for that corner settled the account of a good many who came the circumnavigation game, for cunning as they might be, they never got on those familiar terms so necessary for sticking to a pack who are running to kill in a straight line over a strongly fenced country. Your only chance when thrown out—I have tried so often to do the cunning and always failed—is to ride on in a straight line in the tracks of the leaders.

A mile farther on, where down in the meadow the same or another brook ran wide as a river, there was a slight check. Just a pause, *just one of those opportune breathing times which you never get in a point-to-point steeplechase*, but *always in the fastest foxhunting run*; and once more the huntsman's unrivalled gift asserted itself. With a "Steady, just a moment, gentlemen," hounds picked up the line on the further bank and carried it down by the side of the brook to the road which connects Hinson's corner with Bobbingworth Windmill. A



drop out of the field over the ditch into the road sharp over the strong white bridge—a good colour on a dark night when the brook is in full flood—and with “Mind the colts,” and “Last man through—(it wasn’t me)—shut the gate,” and we wormed our way round the big pond in the meadow as the hounds streaked through the fence, over the steep bank on the left.

Exchanging grass for plough, we struck the main road above the rectory by Mr. Chaplin’s farm. Mr. Sewell, missing the gate, had to take the drop over the rail, and left the road by jumping the high bank out, hounds racing on for Magdalen Laver Hall over a succession of well-drained pastures. Just short of the Hall my mate viewed him as he made his last turn, and with a yell of “*Yo-onder he goes*,” as he toiled along under the hedge, weary and travel-stained, his doom was sealed: and within sight of High Laver Hall, far away from any covert or earths, this robber of hen-roosts, this disturber of good housewives’ rest, paid the penalty of his thievish propensities. Five and thirty minutes over a country we rarely cross, and one of the best lines that could possibly have been selected. Not a yard of wire if you stuck to the pack, sir, whatever some who were thrown out may have to excuse themselves on that score. Seven miles as hounds ran, five as the crow flies; you can’t make it less; you couldn’t want more. No wonder then that the hot, flushed faces of those who had struggled to the end beamed and bubbled with joy—14 all told, including the Hunt servants, and none of them strangers, if you will look at the list:—The Master, Bailey, and Jack, Mr. Chaffey-Collin, Messrs. W. and G. Sewell, Capt. Wilson, Mr. Charrington, Mr. C. Savill, Mr. Fowler, Mr. A. Pelly, Mr. J. Pelly, Mr. Newman Gilbey.

Last Monday, at Havering, a heavenly day for riding about, a tearing scent with a good fox from Mrs. McIntosh’s gorse to Hogg Hill, through Mr. F. Green’s grounds, over a blackguardly country—excuse strong language, but the ploughs were awful, no fences, wire around the Forest. Programme: two men stand on it while the huntsman and a few more jump it, until a pair of hind legs hook it up again. So up to Lambourne End, back to the Forest, to the gorse, to the shrubberies, for a kill, all within the hour: 150 entertained at an *al-fresco* luncheon by Mrs. McIntosh (these are the sort of luncheons that are popular). Nothing less than going head over heels into a pond—while his horse drank as if he had not tasted any liquid for a week—would satisfy the thirst of a well-known tradesman from Romford. One more incident, and I have done with Monday.

Nothing gives me greater pleasure than recording how, when the occasion arises, the Old Guard can give the young guard a stone and a beating.



Didn't we see it, sir, when the bitch pack left Pyrgo Wood in the mid-day sun to a screaming scent, and crossing the road flashed down the side of a fence which none of the thrusters would tackle? Didn't we ride our hearts out trying to catch the man who, with four followers, had grasped the situation in a moment, and never allowed the first easy fence out of the road to entice him on the wrong path, but boldly selecting a big place in the first two fences, secured a lead which no one in Essex would have wrested from him had hounds held on instead of coming to a check on the green? No, it is not the first time we have seen Mr. Ned Ball do the trick. I hope that it won't be the last, but it makes me blush to write how I saw Messrs. E. C., F. T., M. C., R. L., H. J., H. P., L. H., L. A.—in fact, the whole alphabet three times over—RIDING AWAY FROM HOUNDS down a fence—thick, it is true, but quite capable of having a hole knocked in it anywhere. Deeply I sympathised with them in that splashy and muddy gallop down that long and boggy



Pyrgo Wood

lane that led to Curtis Mill Green, where hounds had checked, for a fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.

Is it true, Mr. R. Lockwood, that we are to be indebted to your good offices for a gate into Hainault Forest, where hounds generally strike it? If so, we will drink your very good health.

Hounds would need to have gone very fast and very straight to have slipped away from last Saturday's field, for there was a very keen, hard-riding, well-mounted band of pursuers of both sexes out, who were not likely to be stopped by any fence to be met with in a race across the Roothings, which were perhaps at their best on the day in question. The ditches were clear, the going perfection; it was tantalising not getting a



run after all. Well, if you will only exercise a little patience, my dear sirs, you will have a chance of loosing off steam, and getting rid of all your exuberant energy in a four-mile gallop across the Roothings on Saturday next. For are not the much-talked-of point-to-point races to come off then? If ladies were allowed to compete, I could mention at least three who were out last Saturday, any one of whom it would have been pretty safe to have named as a winner.

Can you guess the selection from the following list? Mrs. Bowlby, Mrs. Crocker, Misses Capel-Cure, Miss Jones, Mrs. Price, Mrs. R. Smith, Miss Gilbey, Mrs. Routledge, Miss Blyth, Miss Morgan, Miss Gosling, Mrs. Upton, Miss Pelly, Miss Steele, Miss Quare. Failing that, can you pick out the first man from the following male riders—I confess an imperfect list, as the Chelmsford side is almost *terra incognita* to a benighted southerner? But I am going to hazard one winner and charge nothing for the tip. Mr. L. Arkwright, Mr. W. Baddeley, Messrs. E. and F. Ball, Mr. Phil Barker (one of the finest horse-men in England), Mr. Basham, Mr. Ford Barclay, Mr. Brindle, Captain Bruce, Mr. G. Buxton, Mr. E. Caldecott, Mr. W. S. Carr, Mr. Charrington, Major Carter, Messrs. Christy (4), Mr. C. Collin, Rev. L. Capel-Cure, Mr. G. Dawson, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. E. Docwra, Mr. A. J. Edwards, Colonel Fane, Mr. H. W. Gilbey, Mr. Guy Gilbey, Mr. Gosling (late Master of the Puckeridge), Mr. D. Gingell, Mr. Gold, Mr. T. Harrison, Mr. Heinemann, Mr. H. Horner, Mr. H. E. Jones, Mr. P. S. Lee, Mr. R. C. Lyall, Mr. J. Marriage, Mr. W. Nicholson, Mr. A. C. Oldham, Messrs. Pelly (three), Mr. Sheffield Neave, M.S.H., Mr. H. J. Price, Mr. E. Quare, Captain Ricardo, Messrs. Ridley (two), Mr. Roffey, Mr. H. Savill, Mr. Steele, Rev. John Steele, Mr. J. Sands, Messrs. W. and G. Sewell, Mr. T. Sedgwick, Mr. H. Sworder, Mr. Swire, Messrs. Usborne (father and son), Mr. Waters, General Wood, V.C., Mr. Millbank.

I have little indeed to tell you of White Roothing, Saturday, March 16th, the mid-Saturday of the blustering month of March, but the little is all very agreeable. We all rode about in good spirits, for, say what you like, and think what you will, the weathercock has a good deal to do with your own and your animal's feelings. As balmy as May! Quite; only one drawback, we did not pass the portals of any of our hospitable friends—(Mr. L. Pelly did not tell us where he and his daughter got the hot coffee and cake)—and it was hardly the day to come out without a flask, however small; but anything stronger than weak whiskey-and-water with a suspicion of lemon must have been a snare and delusion.

My mate declared that the orange gin got into his head. If so, it was just at the right moment, for we found directly afterwards. I was very much struck with the deliciously cool appearance of two grey habits, and only wonder that all our Essex ladies do not adopt this delicate shade for the dusty days of latter hunting. They are most *chic*. The straw hats, too, must have been as delightfully cool as they were convincingly appropriate. The best bit of riding that came under personal observation followed after we left Garnish, to which we had run our fox at a very smart pace from Lord's. The one-at-a-time business into a road at the only weak place, with 100 waiting for their turn, did not suit our gallant General, Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C. (who, all will be glad to hear, is pretty nearly convalescent from his recent severe attack of pneumonia), for he resolutely charged the thickest place in a corner, where, at all events, the landing was fairly soft, and picking himself up from the inevitable fall put a good many hundred yards to the good between those who had looked on, admired, and turned away. I hate jumping into a road! Don't you?



But it paid well this time. Which side of the brook at Waples Mill did you go? One was wrong and the other no good.

Who disturbed that fox in the tree in Screens Park, which had been harboured for a fortnight, ten minutes too soon? And how was it that hounds could run heel like wildfire, and only sulk on the forward line after they were turned? Into the lane on his knees, and out on his head the other side, would have unseated all but half-dozen men in our hunt, and a tight grip of the back of the saddle—which of us always does this?—would have been of no use. I wish Mr. Usborne, M.P., would wear a hat-guard—he gave up his spurs long ago to his son—or else pay his debts. A promissory note for 1s. 6d. for a recovered hat may be a sign of the times, but can't compare with a ready-money transaction of a shilling.



Leonard Pelly on "Granger"

Mr. Pelly takes a good deal of interest in local affairs, much to the benefit of the neighbourhood of Ongar, in which he lives; in the way of outdoor recreations he divides his time pretty equally between fishing, shooting, and hunting. Like all the Pellys, he is a hard rider, but I do not suppose that he has ever enjoyed his dinner the less for missing a good run.



We finished up a long day at 4.30 with the usual blank draw of *Forest Hall* (I hear that they have not found there this season). This was all the more regrettable, as Miss Gilbey, Mrs. Hine and Miss Blyth, and many more from the further side of Essex, had persevered to the end, undeterred by a twenty-mile ride home. I am afraid they will carry away with them a very poor opinion of this end of their county. Where did you T after all, Mr. Collin, and how many eggs did he stand you? I hope, at all events, that they were fresh ones, and not like the New York poulterer's, "noo, noo laid" — (N.B. — About three months old)—and who, when asked for something as fresh as a week old, replied that their hens did not lay so recent as that. There was a great run on the refreshment department at Bowes at 5 p.m. Methinks the gentleman in pink who dispensed the viands with the celerity of a lamplighter has quite mistaken his profession. He only made one mistake—he cut the bread too thin.

We were all deeply concerned about the welfare of the good Caterham folk: history reported that their Universal Provider in the catering line, on this celebrated Wednesday was decoyed by the Pen-Man into our Roothing country, and early in the run was swallowed up in one of its numerous ditches.

GRASS AND PLOUGH.—Was Tuesday, the 19th inst., when we routed a fox out of Mr. T. J. Mills's stick heap, a bye day? I can't say, but it would have been a good one had we killed the right fox. Would Nature had provided a safeguard, and that 'twere as easy to distinguish the different sexes in the vulpine tribe as it is for some men to bring down the gaudy cock pheasant, sparing the hens, at the end of the shooting season! Some of us always swear by the grass; none of us despise 25 minutes across it at best pace.

Did the *groom*\* with the letter bag see the finish? for we saw him being whirled round and swept along by the irresistible tide that surged and boiled up the Rectory lane until it broke on the green shores of Garnish Hall—down to and through the ford, and you couldn't jump the ditch-guarded bank to the left too soon. Mr. E. Ball, Mr. Ford Barclay, and half-a-dozen more flew it together, and swept over the next two fences in line, as we swung up hill towards Cooper-sale Hall. Wire! my boy! not in Mr. Mills' fences. Go at them where you like, and catch the hounds if you can as they flick back over the small brook, and race up the ploughed field, where Henry John (didn't he even ken it was a vixen?) *sans* hat confirmed the line.

In the road they hovered for a second, and a dozen men had jumped in and out ere ever a hound had whimpered on the turf beyond. On, and out of the lane at a soldier's double, quicker if you could manage it, two more fences without slacking rein, and they struck the road beyond

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\* Mr. Hotham's.



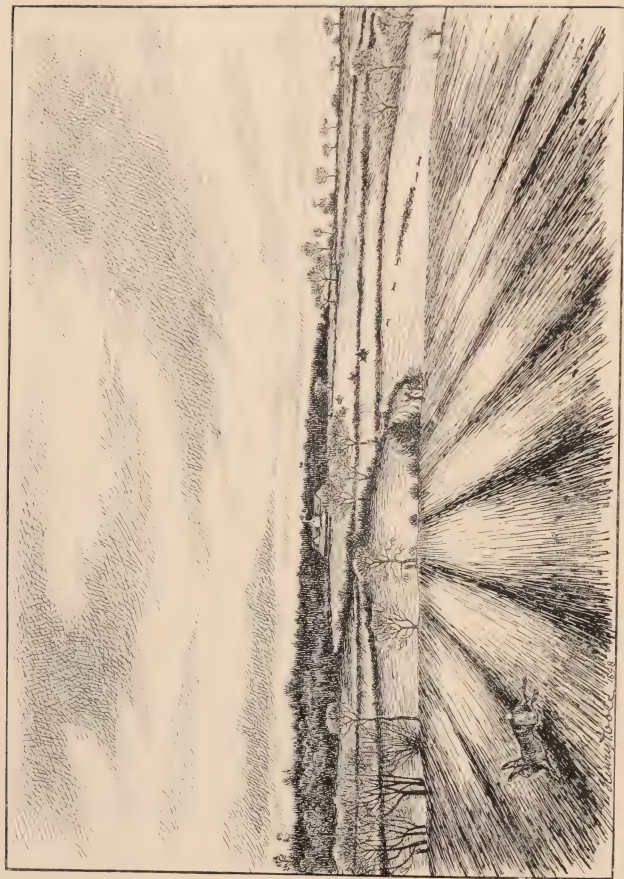
Skinner's Farm, and rose the long grass slope for the belt of trees on the hill. In and out of that strip few followed Mr. Barclay over the rails. Down the hill once more, and three men to one gate to unravel the fastenings, while hounds were stealing away over the Park.

Turning back through the trees at the bottom, they ran on over Mr. Rumball's Farm—grass every yard of it—in and out of Barber's Wood. Half a mile further on, at the side of the brook, came the catastrophe of a good vixen killed, while the dog, which had slipped away from the fagot heap a few minutes later, had gone scot free. Bad luck this, but not so bad as being found dead in a trap. We did not find again, unless it was a holloa at Beachetts which hounds never endorsed, and we visited the renowned Weald Coppice in vain, and cracked up the once happy hunting-grounds of Mr. Bosley's fox all to no purpose, and rode home at 4.30 with the splash of warm rain in our faces, the harbinger of a great scent on the morrow, as it soaked steadily into the warm earth all through the night, *and for the first time for many a long week we rode or drove mackintoshed to a meet.*

Little Laver the point, with the certain feeling that on such a morning there must be a scent; the moisture that clung to the grass, the soft, balmy feeling in the air, all betokened that it was a morning not to be missed. No, not for a king's ransom—Brick Kilns, I love you. No covert within the confines of the Essex Hunt is more closely entwined in heart's fondest memories of the sweet intoxicating pleasures of the chase than your sacred groves. How many historic runs have been conceived in the depths of your wooded stillness! Who can look back upon a vista of years with feelings unmoved of proud and happy satisfaction at the triumphs you have witnessed? And now yet another garland has to be woven in your honour. Would that abler hands had grasped the genial task.

Dear! should I like to have viewed the fox (no commoner, surely!) who at the first sound of the huntsman's cheer (by the bye, did you notice the extra ring in the huntsman's voice that morning?) went as straight as a dart for Man Wood. There are two ways of reaching this famous covert: he took the best. I say it advisedly, there is a left-hand course and a right-hand one, but the two lines of country offer no comparison. Fence after fence out of light sandy plough, hounds racing over the ditches, the big dogs jumping them in their stride as with heads up and sterns down they seemed to revel in the ravishing scent.





Coming away from Man Wood



In and out of the White Roothing road with hounds and huntsman to Man Wood without counting the cost, but trusting to Providence; or well clear of it to the right, with Messrs. Sworder and Jones; or free from difficulties on the left, through the muddy ride with Sewell, Harrison and Hart—which line did you take? It mattered not if you rode on, rode on, for hounds were driving remorselessly on without the shadow of a check. Twenty of us reached the big wood with the pack: the Master, Messrs. Ford Barclay, H. Fowler, C. Oldham, Capt. Bruce among them; and six of the twenty proffered their horses to the huntsman, whose horse looked hopelessly settled. Catching his legs in the wire netting, he had shot his rider over his head into the trees, and lay on his back in the ditch.

No time for delay, thought Mr. Barclay, as he turned sharp back to the right over the fence, and bearing left-handed, set off, over the rough fields between the woods, in pursuit of Messrs. Sworder and Jones, and Major Carter, who had already viewed the hounds entering the further covert; but unfortunately for those leaders they overshot it, and instead of taking the ride between and striking in and out of the muddy lane, they rode on for the Row Wood corner, and were hopelessly coopered by a double ditch and some hoop iron.

Your lucky star must have been in the ascendant if you extricated yourself from these big coverts, with such a scent as there was on Wednesday, in time to see the hounds leave them behind for good as they still ran on.

"Not a nose on the ground, not a stern in the air,  
And you knew by the note of that modified chorus  
How straight you must ride if you wished to be there,"

But who was that young, brown-coated sportsman on a chesnut cob stealing away from Man Wood? Young Mr. Hart, for a thousand! Worthy son of a worthy father; may he long continue to show us the way. Roly, too, in his old form, just back from the historic pastures over which the Kildare and Meath hold sway, with his war cry of "Essex for ever;" and Bobby Lockwood, getting his last day and last kick out of a tired horse. And clear of these, and clear of the woods, that exponent of welter point-to-points, George Sewell, on a chesnut horse almost as good as the old mare. Another sportsman, too, who takes a lot of beating, Mr. Charrington, of Australian fame (the Harlow people know this, and haven't forgotten the twelve sheep at Christmas), held pride of place as hounds raced on without their huntsman for Down Hall.



Just as there are two ways from Brick Kilns to Man Wood, so are there two lines from the latter to Down Hall, and again this good fox chose the best, down by the brook-side below Hatfield Grange. *Seventeen minutes from the find we were in the Thorns*, and the Master at the head of affairs to hold us in check, as the hounds raced round the wood, and carrying the line out without aid of huntsman, who came up at this critical moment, his horse still bearing the impress of his nasty fall. They dashed across the cabbage field—(the one in which we so often find)—without changing, without a falter. What a scent there must have been to have raced on as they did through this odoriferous crop.

Could you have wished for a prettier sight, listened to a more tuneful cry, as "Trouncer's" young progeny, "Fairplay" and "Fallible," raced for a lead through the fir-tree-covered slopes of proud Rookwood's Hall? Did you grudge that moment's delay, just 22 minutes from the find, beyond the further bridge of the moat, as the fox swimming the stream fled in full view down the narrow pasture with hounds close at his brush? On as fast as ever towards Matching Park; the Master with a clear lead of the lot, as he went in and out of roads and lanes, just as they came. Methinks he was riding one good enough for any point-to-point race, although not the trump card he had up his sleeve. Just short of Matching Tye they swung left-handed and bore down for Moor Hall, close to their fox all the way.

Foiled in his attempt for the big earths, he turned sharp back; and Jim Cockayne, out for a day in his old country, as he got a view of the beaten fox capped on hounds at once, and with Bailey one side and Jim the other, and "Trouncer" and the rest of the pack bang at his heels he ran the length of the Park policies. If ever a fox was a gone 'coon you would have said he was, but he beat the lot by five yards, as with arched back and drooping brush he gained the earth under the old elm tree, having afforded as good a gallop of 45 minutes as we have had this season.

"And long may he live to repeat the good story  
He told us to-day in this wonderful run;  
We'll drink to his honour and sing to his glory  
With all the good fellows who shared in the fun."

One gentleman\* who saw a good deal of the fun was heard to declare that he would not have missed it for £25. But runs like this are not to be gauged, still less bought, at a

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\* Mr. A. C. Oldham.





Moor Hall



price, for what a combination of happy circumstances you require to ensure the right thing! Fox, country, scent, horse, and hounds, which of these could you do without? Could you conjure them all up at will with untold gold? 'Faith, I trow not. Do you pity, or do you envy the man\* who, having secured a good start in this run, saw not a yard of it through a lady falling in front of him? Such chances of self-denial do not occur every day; but virtue has its own reward, and, staying out till the end of the day, he shared in the rattling gallop from Matching Park that wound it up.



A. C. Oldham

Mr. Oldham secured a great bargain when he bought the horse on which he is here shown. Certainly the chestnut was an extraordinary good hunter, with great staying power, and hardly knew how to fall, though, had he had the slightest inclination that way, he could have indulged the propensity to

\* Mr, T. R. Hull.



any extent, for Mr. Oldham, during the many seasons he rode him, went as straight as the crow flies. Not even Mr. Oldham's brother-in-law, Mr. Giles, could get him down, though I remember seeing him do his best at a brook just below Ongar Park Woods, coming away from that covert, at a place where most of the field were hung up. The chestnut safely negotiated it, though the tree stumps and overhanging briars and deep chasm would have puzzled a schoolboy in a paper chase.

Nineteen clear minutes hounds raced their fox across the cream of the Roothings without the semblance of a check, at such a pace that he could never make a point, nor yet complete the circle, though at one time it looked odds on Harlow Park, until Jim Cockayne, the old Surrey huntsman, mounted now on Mr. Charrington's bay, viewed him stealing along by the belt of trees near Thrushes Bush. Hounds required no lifting, no cheering on, only riding at in the form Mr. Edwards was sending his long-tailed bay along, if you meant to be with them; and who, out of this lot, didn't? The Master, Mr. C. Green, Mr. H. Fowler, Mr. T. R. Hull, Mr. Charrington, Mr. C. Collin, Mr. H. Swarder, Mr. Edwards, Mr. G. Sewell, Mr. Newman Gilbey, Mr. Bevan (and who else?) were with us at Matching Park besides the staff when we found. My word! there was a row among the pigs as hounds unbuttoned the waistcoat of this dog fox in the middle of the farm yard; no mistake about his sex, nor of the indicative glow on the happy faces of those who had revelled in this rapid burst—the finishing touch of a capital day on the plough.







Pilgrim's House, Brentwood. Formerly known as Bell House  
Kennels of Essex Hunt, 1808

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Bell House—The Essex Kennels, 1808—The Point to Point Races at High Roding Bury—Pyrgo House—Luck in Horse Dealing—G. Sewell—Duchess—A Wonderful Recovery—The Merry Midlands—Crick Gorse—Scylla and Charybdis—Brookshy—The Quorn Countrie—The Coplow—John o'Gaunt—Barnsleys—Hunt Changes—E. E. Cockett—Northamptonshire Brooks—Bailey's Plunge—Canes—The Sequel to a good Stag Run—W. H. Sewell—Jack—Over the Iron Railings—The Hunt Button—One of the worst frosts in the memory of man—A Retrospect—Blooding our young Nimrods—Cubbing Notes in '95—Weston Crocker—Blizzard—True Blue—One fence in October worth a dozen later—Roydon Park—In the Heart of the Roothings—Garnetts—The Queen of the Hunt—A. R. Steele—The Pleshey Tonic—A Bad Photo of a Good Horse—Havering-Atte-Bower—Loughton Shaws—Bellows to Mend.*

OUR point-to-point races at High Roding Bury on Saturday were in every way a great success. No less than sixteen started for the light-weight race, and about ten of them completed the course, which was very well chosen, as the riders could be seen from start to finish. Of course, Mr. Arkwright was well in it, and some say that he would have won if he hadn't taken a very bad line at the turn of the last flag near home. That he had a large following goes without saying; Mr. Bevan, Mr. Heine-mann, and several more, losing a lot of ground by accepting his lead. Mr. Buckmaster's ready eye and sound judgment served him in good stead, for he never swerved a yard from the straight line, and romped home an easy winner on Mr. Tresham Gilbey's horse, a most popular win in every way. Mr. Arkwright was second, and Mr. Audley Blyth third. Both Mr. Blyth and Mr. Buckmaster have been hunting from Rugby this season.

Six faced the starter for the welter weight, which, in spite of being a very slow run race, was a very pretty one, for all kept together to within four fields from home, when Mr. Guy Gilbey, who was lying second with plenty in hand, and looked like winning, had the bad luck to come a rare crumpler at a big yawner, just before the last brook, and did not reappear before the race was over, and when he did his own brothers didn't know him. He was black from head to foot with wet mud, but luckily he was



not hurt—no, not even at the uncontrollable fits of laughter which greeted him, as it slowly dawned upon us who the apparition was. Mr. Guy Gilbey is far too good a sportsman to mind that or any fall. It was certainly by far the best sample we have seen this season. Of course everyone now knows that Capt. Bruce steered Mr. Newnan Gilbey's horse home a winner by a neck, and that Mr. Chaffey-Collin rode a fine race for second place, and that not a length divided the third and fourth, Capt. Ricardo's grey and Major Carter's "Spitfire." Mr. Arkwright rode the winner in the Farmers' Race. Mr. T. Christy walked away with the welter in the Farmers' Race.

Traces of the sad havoc wrought by the disastrous gale of the previous day met us at every turn on Monday as we drove to the meet at Dagenham. Straw stacks stripped of their thatch, and many a noble tree laid low; three fine elms lay prone in Mr. Sands' grounds alone, and the rooks cawed disconsolately amid the ruins of their homes, or sought in vain for those that had been blown away by the storm. A meet at Dagenham is synonymous with open house at Mr. and Mrs. Sands', and they entertained us all most hospitably before we proceeded to draw for a fox. A quick find rewarded the patient care with which Mr. Sands always looks after his foxes, but being a vixen, she was allowed to depart in peace. Trust a keeper for distinguishing the sex. No one wondered, after such a blustering night, and on so wild a morning—for the wind still blew with the force of half a gale—that foxes were not easy to find; but all were astonished at the piping scent and screaming burst which we had from Curtis Mill Green. Thirty-five minutes and a kill in the open over a most sporting if rather rough country (full of hazards, in fact); quite Mr. Caldecott's special brand, for he knocked daylight in the worst fence we encountered in the whole run, just between Navestock Heath and the gravel pits. Turning back through Pyrgo Wood, and helped by a judicious cast by the huntsman over the park, hounds ran through Mr. Pemberton-Barnes' coverts and killed at Noak Hill.

Half the field were spread-eagled over the country—simply couldn't live with the lady pack at the pace they ran. 'Faith, they're as musical as they are fast, and their piping notes came floating back as they smeused through the fences and raced in keenest jealousy down the hedgerows and through the woods. Half-a-dozen couples appeared to me to do all the work. One old lady came towling along the line with a train of admirers quite a minute after the fox was broken up, a good guide to the rear guard.

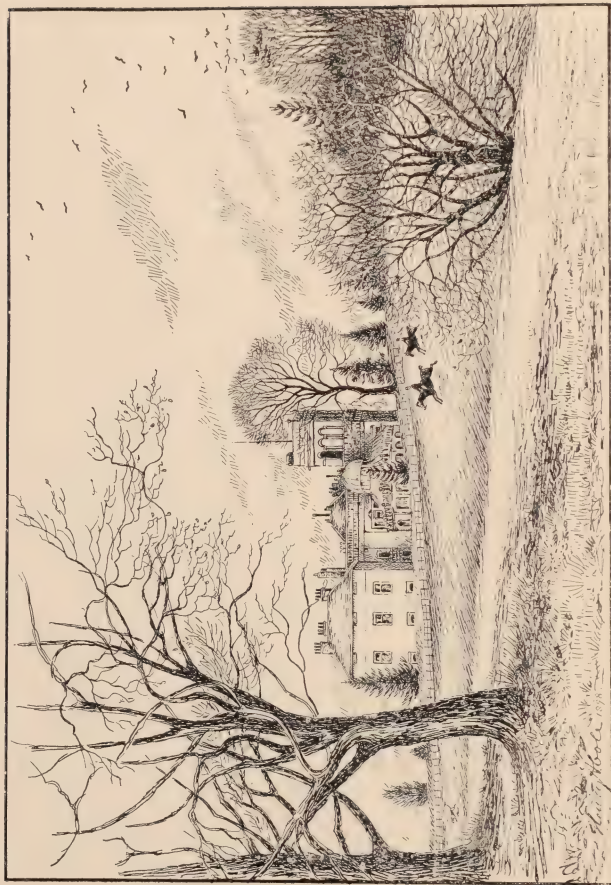
"Years steal

Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim."

—BYRON.

Yes, and as we get older we shorten the stirrup-leathers, and open the purse-strings to buy the animal that we now think necessary to carry us in comfort and safety across a country—a ten-pound note at least for every decade. How amusing would most men's reminiscences be of their first dealings in horse flesh! Perhaps their most profitable ones, for they could not possibly lose much where they risked so little, and many a horse which from temper or sheer cussedness has been looked upon as worthless has in the hands of youthful pluck and impetuosity developed into a valuable hunter.





Pyrgo House



A friend of mine—alas! owing to hard times, no longer able to indulge in the pastime which delighted him in early youth—gave me an amusing account the other day of his first four deals, and they were not very unprofitable. 1st (*etat* 19), a wonderful chipped-kneed grey; hunted him two or three days a week for as many seasons, and sold him at the price he paid. *Etat* 22, going up in price, £24 for a beautiful-looking mare, but as wicked as sin; would lie down in the middle of a field occasionally if the fit was upon her, or would carry him brilliantly at the tail of the hounds. Improving wonderfully in his hands, she was sold to a friend for £30, who, also being a very fine horseman, gave the finishing touch to her education, selling her for £130 to a master of hounds, who in turn refused £500 for her. The next deal *from a friend* turned out badly, a £10 note being lost; but it was recovered on the fourth purchase (*etat* 26), and the figure now bounding up to £40; but this was the best he ever had in his life, and he grew as fond of her as ever Arab of his mare.

Full of life, she would always, upon leaving the stable, bound and kick like a deer, and pretend to start at a leaf or twig rustled by the wind; but knowing her well, he took little heed of these tricks. Once, however, riding home across the Swansea Barrows, upon a heavenly day on which to live was bliss, the mare going like a cow, with the reins on her neck, her rider with a good cigar well under weigh between his lips, his hands thrust home in his breeches pockets (he had just remarked to himself, "Well, this is a day! How could it be more perfect?") (N.B.: he was just engaged to be married), when, in a moment, he found himself going up towards the clouds, where his spirit was already lost in happy dreamland (the way of lovers; look at his age again), and next moment coming down to things terrestrial in a sitting posture on the sands, with the cigar still alight, and the mare galloping away like the wind. Nearly slipping up in the sharp turn she made to pull up, she turned and quietly trotted back and rubbed her muzzle against him as much as to say, "What are you doing here? You didn't tell me, you know, that the sheep had a bell, or otherwise I should not have given you the slip."

The mare was more sensible than many human beings—would follow her owner over any bank without the reins (and the Glamorganshire banks are not small), and upon one occasion, surrounded by wire, she hopped over it, where merely a pocket-handkerchief was laid on the strand. Even-



tually my friend sold her for £60, and he has never had her like again. But, as poor Whyte Melville wrote :

"\* \* \* \* every sportsman, they say,  
In his lifetime has one that outrivals the rest."

But

"'Tis passing sad to part, by a sale or a swop,  
With the clipper that stands in the stall at the top."



"Duchess"

The above portrait from a painting by Frank Paton is a very true likeness of "Duchess," a golden chesnut mare standing 16 hands. How is she bred? was a question often put to her owner, Mr. George Sewell; but it was a question Mr. Sewell was never able to answer, his father having purchased her dam (a thoroughbred mare) when in foal. Judging, however, from "Duchess's" appearance, her sire must have been as well bred as "Eclipse."



Mr. Sewell commenced riding "Duchess" with hounds when she was 5 years old, and rode her when she won the following races: viz., 14 st. Point-to-Point at Wintry Farm, Epping, in 1892, when the going was frightfully heavy; the 14 st. Point-to-Point at Stondon in 1893, and the Essex Hunt Welter Cup at Harlow, the same year. Unfortunately, in 1893, when she might have had a chance of repeating these performances, the



George Sewell on Polo Pony

mare met with a very bad accident from barbed wire near Shaftesbury Farm, on the Copped Hall Estate, cutting herself so badly that for a long time her recovery was despaired of. However, thanks to the unremitting care of her attendant, H. Allsopp, in carrying out Mr. G. Harris's instructions, necessitating hot fomentations day and night for several weeks, the mare got over her terrible injuries, but was never the same animal again, owing to the shrinking of the muscles of the injured leg.



"Duchess" was ridden again in a Point-to-Point near Epping, but although she made a gallant effort, she had shot her bolt when she reached the last fence, and fell all of a heap, her owner escaping without a scratch.

Mr. Sewell declares that he will never have another hunter like "Duchess;" and this we can well believe, for during the twelve seasons he rode her with the Essex Hounds, we never knew the mare turn her head from a fence, and she could sweep over the widest ditch without an effort, and was away like a bird almost before she had landed, gaining twenty lengths on a sticky horse at every fence.

We get big musters in Essex, but they look small in comparison with the huge fields one encounters in the Midlands or in the heart of Leicestershire. And last week, too! Many had gone racing, but neither wind or rain deterred at least 300 putting in an appearance at Crick upon the midday of the week, for is it not, as Brooksby writes, "the centre of the choicest playground upon which the Pytchley are privileged to romp; and didn't they romp to some tune, *visiting one covert four times?*"

They manage things in a leisurely fashion in that part. Ostensibly meeting at twelve, it was 12.30 before we moved off; mostly a dull-coated assemblage, for it was raining hard, and it was twenty minutes to one before the Master could get the covert sufficiently clear to allow a fox to have a chance, but Mr. Wroughton knows how to manage a Pytchley field, and not a hound was allowed to enter Crick Gorse before we had all drawn up in compact order at one corner.

The time went pleasantly enough chatting with a lady who had hunted nearly all her life in Essex, but who would not now exchange grass for plough for a heavy guerdon. Who would? Unless 'twere for the barbed wire, which, in the Pytchley country, rears its hideous, hydra-headed form in many unsuspected places, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the executive to grapple with it, and which, upon the day in question, very nearly brought dire disaster to a dear friend of my own, a parson, who always rides his own line. Jumping up a bank, over a ditch, between two trees (they have banks and doubles even in the Shires), the warning cry of "Wire" reached him just as his horse, chesting, struggled against it. Truly it was a case of Scylla and Charybdis. To go forward was madness, for it would cut the horse frightfully; to retreat almost impossible, for the trees prevented turning to the right hand or to the left, and a fall backwards with the horse on the top of him seemed the inevitable and only solution of the problem. The horse resisted being pulled back, but eventually having to come, managed to fall sideways into the ditch as he staggered and reeled as his legs slipped from under him. "Well out of that," said Brooksby, as he rode past, and so most would think from the above description.

An account of the day's sport could hardly interest anyone in Essex, but Brooksby's description of it is decidedly amusing. One man riding a pulling horse voting it a rotten day, another man on a steady old hunter finding it delightful. A fox in every covert was a novel experience, and one old dog we viewed across Mr. Muntz's park was much too good a customer to be caught upon a medium scenting day. Hounds at times ran much too fast for gates that didn't yield at the first push, and the first



whip made a rare bungle at one, the quick men leaving him to it, and jumping a big fence at the side. Jump the first three fences whatever they are, and you may ride in peace and comfort for the rest of the run, provided it is straight, through well-hung gates has hitherto been my experience of the Pytchley country.

Report has it that the Quorn domain is very similar, but one can hardly form a fair judgment from one day's experience, though cast in one of the best parts of their country, Ashby Folville, on Friday last. From a hunting point of view it is perfection: not a yard of wire, not a warning post, to be seen anywhere, for under the magic influence of Lord Lonsdale's *régime* they have all disappeared. The Coplow to John o'Gaunt in the evening was no distance (we saw the Quorn at their fastest in a three-mile steeplechase from the first covert near Lowesby in the morning), but Tom Firr's musical voice, as it rang out over the open earth, was as well worth listening to as the long blast upon the horn (as it sounded the note for home) rising and falling like the distant echo of a song.



Barnsleys

Melton, St. Pancras, Harlow—in time, if not for the general meeting, at all events for the aftermath at 12. (Don't you like 12 o'clock meets at the end of the season? I do.) What a large muster we had, but the spell of a great day's sport upon the most important one in the annual history of our hunt has been broken at last. Year after year we have had great runs, but this time it was not to be. But no one murmured, still less grumbled, for they were in much too good spirits at the satisfactory conclusion of the hunt meeting. Radical as we may be in many matters, we are all staunch Conservatives when it comes to the question of the well-being of our Hunt, and none of us care for change, still less to be in the unenviable position of about thirty packs of hounds, as stated in one of the papers, as wanting



masters, or changing hands, at the end of the season. Mr. Bowlby and Mr. Arkwright have consented to hold office for another year, and as each year of their reign adds to their popularity and success, we may anticipate even a better season next year than we have had this; for, considering the frost, it has been a most successful one.

Second in importance to the Mastership, in the welfare of a hunt, comes the question of the staff; that here again no change is anticipated must be a matter of sincere congratulation to us all. Bailey! Where can you find his equal? Expert with hounds, familiar with the country; a good, bold horseman, liked by everyone; he has no equal as a huntsman, we Essex men think, in any plough or grass country in England. Jack Turner is a famous first whip—quiet, steady, always there when wanted; and Easterby is equally reliable.

Of Saturday? What an expanse of country we drew without finding—country, too, that is known to contain foxes—but where were they? No doubt, in the open or the hedgerows. Isn't it a curious fact, but the truth of which experience fully confirms, that once find a fox, and you will soon, in the course of a run, put up several more? Nor have we to seek far afield for the explanation. Nature has endowed the vulpine tribe with a keen sense of hearing, in addition to their extraordinary gift of cunning, so he thinks it about time to rouse himself from his kennel in hedgerow or field when the sound of the chase sweeping onward in mad chorus, growing nearer, clearer, deadlier than before, breaks in upon his watchful ears; and thus it happened upon Saturday, when we found at last—at 5 p.m. in Parndon Hall—good omen! the Master's covert, and a thorough sportsman's home!—for in the course of an hour's run foxes were seen in all directions.

A good hunting one—it would have been voted first-class with harriers—and worked out very much as follows: Over the brook to Pinnacles, thence to Parndon Woods and Latton, not entering the covert, but crossing the common, and on at a good pace to Bays Grove, leaving the Gravel Pit Wood on the right, eventually running us out of scent, and sending us home in a very contented frame of mind from Passmore's Farm.

Wednesday, April 3rd, we met at Birch Hall, and left off at Navestock. This assertion at first sight appears strange, but is not if you come to analyse it, for not a fox could be found in the whole country south of Epping. Covert after covert was drawn blank, to say nothing of the Forest, Birch Hall, Beech Hill Park, Barber's, Beachetts, and the day had nearly drawn itself out before, sick at heart, weary in mind and body, we found a fox in Ongar Park Woods. To get away from these big woods with a travelling fox upon a good scenting day is more a question of luck than management, for you never know which side or end he will break, and past experience teaches us that hounds can slip through them much faster than we can.

Thus it happened upon this occasion we were all posted six deep in the middle ride, when Jack's view holloa at the top end galvanised us into action. The majority, headed by Mr. E. Ball, held straight on the main ride in the direction of Toot Hill, and consequently never saw a yard of the fierce scurry across to Northlands and Beachetts. The minority—about thirty—followed Jack down the side ride, and reached the boundary fence just in time to see half-a-dozen couple of hounds (*sans* huntsman) break covert. The fence out of the wood was trappy and blind—one riderless horse was flying past us (as we jumped in and out of the road) followed by another—Mr. Bevan's, I believe—before we reached the bottom or brook which stretches its sinuous course below Toot Hill. The



first four, including Majors Wilson and Carter and Mr. Cockett, flew it in their stride.

Jack, pulling up to catch the runaway, lost the necessary momentum, and subsequent inspection not proving encouraging, coasted down for an easier place, which he was not long in finding. In the meantime the leaders had reached Northlands with hounds, to jump in and out of the road as hounds left it behind (the big chesnut being first over the high razor bank: in vain we appealed to the two majors to stay for the gate), and stretched along at a great pace (the pick of the bitch pack, mind you, and there isn't a bad hound in the lot: over the big fields to the small spinneys outside Beachetts.



E. E. Cockett on "Bouncer"

Mr. Cockett has an eye for a good horse and a very good eye for a country. He rides forward, and has been pretty fortunate in the matter of tosses. On a visit at Hcan Castle, Saundersfoot, in 1896 he had an opportunity of seeing the late Mr. Charles Rankin Vickerman's wonderful hunting journals, and Mr. Cockett's description of them made me doubly anxious to avail myself of Mr. Vickerman's kind offer to place them at



my disposal, for, as I have remarked before, Mr. Cockett knows a good thing when he sees it.

"Just a moment, gentlemen," said Jack as he came galloping up (was he on "Catapult"? ) as the hounds, giving tongue, leapt out of the covert and tore down the hill for Colman's before swinging round for Beachetts, where eventually the rest of the field caught them. Before hounds could be got together again out of covert invaluable time had been lost. That a good hunting run was subsequently brought off was entirely due to the marvellous skill and patience shown by our huntsman in unravelling the tangled web of this fox's mazy wanderings. Making some extraordinarily good casts, which, unless you followed pretty closely, you soon found yourself half a mile to the bad, he gradually worked out as good a hunting run as you could possibly wish for over a deep and very rough country, and did not relinquish the pursuit before Beacon Hill Farm was reached.

Folk in the grass countries say that they never remember the hunting season winding up under better auspices. Scent good, foxes plenty, and the going perfection. Even from Harleston's extensive coverts the Pytchley scored a good run on Friday last. The big dogs, forcing a fox out of these woodlands over the railway, raced him at top speed for about fifteen minutes by Holdenby, leaving nearly all the field in the lurch. From these they hunted on very steadily for another hour, by Spratton and back towards Harleston, without bringing their fox to hand. During the day several of us had the opportunity of sampling the *Northamptonshire brooks*; they certainly do not compare with Essex, for they are treacherous and boggy to a degree. Stay a moment, I had forgotten Bailey's brook in the Canfield country, which he discovered upon the same day. Nothing like it except on Christmas cards had been seen before by a good many of the Essex thrusters. In the words of the Belvoir bard:—

"They saw a scarlet 'Somersault';  
A splash the water stirred,  
And gleaming through the glittering wet,  
A pair of boots and spurs (nothing else).  
  
They saw a dismal dripping frame  
Rise from the muddy deep;  
At first an imprecation came,  
About that cursed leap."

But afterwards, as the mud was raked out from 'twixt collar, coat and skin, mouth, nose and eyes—for you can't take a header into two feet of soft, black mud, and remain stuck fast for a minute-and-a-half at the bottom of a brook for nothing—he joined in the hearty laughter that greeted his recovery, and galloped off home for a change of clothes.

Of Tuesday's meet with Mr. Sheffield Neave's Stag Hounds I can only offer a very meagre description. It certainly seemed like old times meeting at Canes, nor can we ever recall a larger muster at this most popular tryst. Even Mr. Hart's hospitality must have been fully taxed, for our numbers were legion. How much easier to make good resolutions than keep them. Cantering up late to the meet with one of my boys, with no intention whatever of following the chase, but only just to show him a stag, which he had never seen (he declared) out of the Zoo before. The sight of the noble Monarch of the Glen speeding away over a heavenly country at a racer's pace, in search of that freedom which he hoped to attain, was too much for the most heroic resolves, and with the rest of the



huge field we settled down to see what we could; and a very enjoyable ride it was too, up to the time I left them casting round Broomshaw Bury Wood.

With a good scent it would have been perfection, for the stag never touched a road except to cross it. Look at the following line. Over the brook or into the brook (which was it, my dear sir?) to Sewald's Hall, leaving Joe Tucker's farm on the right, and passing by Belgium Springs, we ran on to Matching Park, and crossing some interesting fences, and so to Down Hall. There, getting on better terms, they slipped along at a great pace down these meadows up to the heath road, one hound with a clear lead of the others, and crossed a biggish drop fence, which caused Mr. Marriage, who was laying next to the Master, to part company. From here they ran to Row Wood, where scent failed, and shortly afterwards I reluctantly left, as it was a perfect day for riding across country, but horse-flesh must be considered sometimes.

Probably Cambridge would be reached before that good stag was taken, for he was making a splendid bee line. But I will hazard just a few names besides the staff who would be there to see the operation. Of course, the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Harrison, who goes as straight as the crow flies, Mr. Hull, Mr. Pemberton-Barnes, Mr. Oldham, Mr. Giles, Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Blyth, Mr. W. Sewell, Mr. Marriage. I expect, Mr. Hart, he was going strong, riding his old line as of yore, when I bade farewell to the chase. Mr. Hart and Mr. Carroll, Mr. Buckmaster on "Success," Messrs. Christy (two), Miss Blyth and Miss Jones, and Miss Morgan and her niece. How the foxhunters enjoyed their gallop with the staghounds; none more so than the Master, Mr. Bowiby. How well his little daughter was going. What a treat it was to see the cool, calm way Mr. Neave negotiated any and every kind of fence without a pause, when making a cast, coming straight down to and over them without even a preliminary look. He would swim a river like a shot to cast his hounds if necessary. What a clinking, bold, horse he was riding, the same dark grey which he landed in the first four in our welter point-to-point race.

Long may stag-hunting flourish in Essex! I believe it is awfully popular with the rural population. You should have seen them on the gates and straw stacks watching the fun, and they picked up many a sixpence that day. Many thanks to the Master, who gave us such a jolly day and never a cap sent round, though there were fifty out who would gladly have given their guinea apiece.

"Leave us the chase, where, in harmony blending,

Men of all classes ride on to the end;

Men become brothers, each brother contending;

Every true sportsman is counted a friend."

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

In bringing to a conclusion my hunting notes for the season 1894-95, and before passing in brief review some of the principal runs, most of which have come under personal notice, it is more than satisfactory to have to record a very sporting incident which happened upon Saturday last, the sequel, in fact, to the long run with Mr. Sheffield Neave's Stag Hounds upon the Tuesday previous. It seems upon that occasion that the stag, or more properly speaking, the hind, "Lady Chelmsford"



by name, one of Mr. Neave's very best, was never taken, but ran hounds completely out of scent in the neighbourhood of Hatfield Broad Oak, and although the Master persevered in his search for her until a comparatively late hour, his efforts were unrewarded, and, much to his chagrin, she had to be left out—*three sportsmen only*, Messrs. W. and A. Sewell and Mr. Oldham, remaining with him until he threw up the sponge.



Miss Dorothy Sewell.

William H. Sewell on "Jack"

This good little chestnut horse by "Jove" by "Thunderer" by "Thunderbolt" out of a high-class mare, was bred at Warren Hill, Loughton, by Mr. Sewell's father, being foaled in May, '79. He began his hunting career as a three-year-old, when he was uncommonly tricky to ride, and has been ridden by Mr. Sewell ever since; not hacked about, but ridden hard and straight to hounds, and very long days, too, for Mr. Sewell would never go home before the hounds; yet in '96-'97 he was still going brilliantly, and in '98-'99 taking his turn regularly



with the Harriers. It is doubtful whether there is any other horse going with the Essex Hounds that has been hunted so long.

In eighteen seasons Jack may well have been expected to learn a thing or two, and so he has, for he will pop over iron railings as readily as a sheep hurdle; how his owner found out he possessed this accomplishment may be briefly told. On one occasion of partnership dissolved in Mark Hall Park, "Jack" made off for the lodge gates, where Mr. Sewell fondly imagined that he had cornered the runaway. Not a bit of it; turning to one side, "Jack" popped over the iron railings. Although very blown from his burst across the park after his horse, Mr. W. H. S. was not sorry to see this feat, and determined if ever the occasion should arise to turn the accomplishment to his own advantage. Fortune favoured him, for not many days afterwards, when hounds were running at a great pace across Hylands Park, their followers were brought up by some high iron railings, and a chained gate. Putting "Jack" at the wire, he jumped it like a buck, without the slightest hesitation.

"Jack" exemplifies again the wisdom of sticking to a good horse when you get one. One of my earliest recollections of Mr. Sewell in '79, before I made his acquaintance, was seeing him fly over a yawner near Belgium Springs in a run from Harlow Park, and when one used to hear even the stick-at-nothing George Dawson call him "owdacious" I suppose he was. Mr. Sewell is one of the few members of the Hunt who received the Hunt button at the Master's hands before the Hunt Club was formed and acquired the right to confer the button, being one of the lucky few who, with Bob Ball, received it in memory of the famous run from Parndon Woods on March 12th, '81.

How long a stag would exist without artificial feeding in our Roothing country I am unable to state, but I imagine that he would have no difficulty in obtaining a living if left in peace, however much he might deteriorate in value and appearance when no longer fed upon the best clover hay, old beans, and peas. News that a stag has been left out soon travels far afield, so there are always plenty of willing friends on the look-out in every direction for any intelligence that may lead to his recapture. In this case the first intimation Mr. Neave received of the whereabouts of his lost deer was in the form of a telegram upon Saturday morning from the Rev. M. Wilson, to the effect that she had been harboured in Canfield Hart, and inviting him to bring his hounds out upon the following Tuesday to take her.



Almost at the same time he received information of her being much nearer home in a wood a few miles from Ingatestone. Proceeding to this he slotted her in, and hastily sending out a dozen telegrams to his nearest supporters, about mid-day took the field in search of the noble consort of the King of the West. But at the first sound of the horn from the sanctuary of Horsefrith Park she had flown.

“ Like a storm-driven cloud, like a hawk on the wing,  
Like a shaft from a bow, like a stone from a sling,  
How she shoots over bracken and boulder and ling—  
They may gallop their best !  
But the horse and his rider shall labour and strain,  
The rowel be reddened, and tightened the rein,  
And the staghound shall droop ere a furlong he gain  
On the Queen of the West.”

G. WHYTE MELVILLE.

Making straight for Forest Hall, she emerged from Roding's limpid tide, keen and refreshed, and for many a weary mile hounds sped on in pursuit. Past Ongar's busy town, Bobbingworth's peaceful hamlet, and by many a quiet homestead, the chase went on, and one by one the pursuers dropped off. Leaving North Weald behind, hounds reached the Forest close behind their quarry, and with only one attendant left, besides the Master and his second whip (Mr. Brindle unfortunately being laid up with an acute attack of pneumonia), for a few brief minutes she managed to elude the hounds, but a ringing view halloa from keeper Little brought them on her track, and she broke covert in full view across the Epping Links, where *four pink-clad golfers were contending in a hot foursome.*

Throwing down their niblicks, cleeks, and putters, they joined in the chase. How could they help it? Hadn't three out of the four started in pursuit of this very deer upon Tuesday last, and now they were to be seen flying across country at a pace no unhorsed pinks had surely ever footed it before, as leaving the plain behind, the hounds ran on close to their quarry by Wintry Wood, and coming up to her in a pond on Mr. Trim's farm, she was taken—after having afforded another good run of an eleven or twelve-mile point. The Master was delighted, so was Mr. Giles, the only other mounted man up besides the whip. So were brothers Sewell (three). “Lady Chelmsford” is one of Mr. Neave's best deer, and he wouldn't have lost her for £40. Over our tea and cigarettes the battle was fought again, and the hounds went home in a light cart, packed as tight as sardines in a box.



The wind from the east blew keen and cold as we all wished the Master good cheer in his fourteen-mile hack home on a horse, a big bold chesnut, that thrice that day alone had jumped into wire and had escaped all injury

"Long may it prosper, the pastime we cherish,  
Long may the gallop be heard on the lea ;  
Long be the day ere our stag-hunting perish,  
Long may the chase be unfettered and free."



Mrs. W. H. Sewell on "Jack"

Mrs. William H. Sewell, like Mrs. Waters, is devoted to hunting and hockey. She is a first-class tennis player, and has been very successful in winning prizes at the West Essex and Stansted Polo Club Gymkhanas.

The season that has just passed away will ever be associated with *one of the worst frosts in the memory of man*, cutting out, as it most completely did, the best month of the year, when foxes travel and the country carries a scent. In spite, however, of this drawback, and the difficulty experienced upon several occasions in finding foxes, the season has been a distinctly



good one, and many good runs have taken place, which those who had the good luck to participate in will never forget.

Saturday, October 13th.—A capital spin with a cub from Matching Park, killing at Down Hall, will always be remembered by the Jones v. Collin match.

Wednesday, October 17th.—Eight a.m., at the King William. A clinking good run. I shall not forget it. The captain\* hung me up over a gate, and finished me off to dry over the High Easter brook, which Mr. Crocker and many others flew in their stride.

Monday, October 22nd.—Half-past eight, at Coopersale. A great morning's sport from Beachetts, which, as luck would have it, was never repeated from this covert.

Wednesday, October 31st.—Fog and mist. A rattling gallop from Galley Hills, most of us left behind.

Monday, November 12th.—One hour and fifteen minutes from Mrs. McIntosh's gorse. Was one of the best runs I have ever seen. Mr. Willie Sewell *bought* the brush.

Friday, November 16th.—"Great Easton." "Maxima dies."

Saturday, November 17th.—A day full of incident and sport (*vide Essex Times*).

Wednesday, November 21st.—A great run from the Forest to ground at Down Hall. Must always remain sadly associated in the memory as poor Meyer's last gallop with fox hounds.

Monday, November 26th.—The Bobbingworth Wood day, with Mr. Millbank's fox. Run at a great pace, or Beacon Hill, Navestock, could not have been reached in forty-five minutes.

Friday, November 30th.—Thaxed. Ask Messrs. Jones, Gilbey, and Collin about this grand day, and don't miss "Sonnet" if by kind invitation you spend a summer's morning on the flags.

Saturday, December 1st.—White Roothing. But quite a red-letter day. The morning run of fifty-five minutes was full of grief and divarshun.

Monday, December 3rd.—The run came off in the evening in the Navestock country, but was worth staying for.

Wednesday, December 5th.—Matching Park. Another grand day. Seventy minutes *vid* Norwood, Brick-kilns, Man, and Row Woods.

Wednesday, December 12th.—A splendid woodland hunt in the morning, winding up with a rattling gallop from Weald Coppice in the evening.

Friday, December 14th.—Dagenham. Still they come. I had no idea that I had seen so many good runs until I came to jot them down. Forty minutes of the best from Mr. Barnes' covert *sent us all home happy at 2 p.m.*

Monday, December 17th.—Norton Heath. "A clinker to Roxwell."

Saturday, December 22nd.—Hatfield Town the meet, but the run came off from High Roding Springs in a gale and a half of wind to the tune of seventy minutes, and a kill in the open at Screens—quite Château Lafitte.

Christmas Eve.—Nothing stirring took place, but all the same, it was a very enjoyable day spent in the Nasing country.

Saturday, January 5th.—Met at North Weald, and cheating the frost out of a day gave a zest to the gallop from Berwick Wood.

Friday, January 18th.—A very fine run of one hour and forty-five minutes followed a Radwinter meet.

Friday, January 25th.—Dropped in for a very nice run with Mr. E. Barclay's Harriers from Obelisk Wood to the Warren.

Saturday, February 23rd.—Met at High Roding street. Bailey killed a fox, probably the only huntsman in England who upon that day succeeded in doing so, for the frost had only half gone.

Wednesday, March 6th.—Mr. Collin's run from Weald Coppice to High Laver; nothing better this season.

Wednesday, March 20th.—The five-and-forty minutes from Brick-Kilns to Man Wood was run under splendid scenting conditions.

Monday, March 25th.—A very good but very rough thirty-five minutes from Curtis Mill Green with a fair kill in the open.

Saturday, March 30th.—Most of the one-horse men had cooked their nags before we got our run in the evening from Parndon Hall.

Wednesday, April 3rd.—A good hunting run on the top of a 2½ miles fall-producing scurry in twelve minutes.

Monday, April 8th.—The last advertised meet of the season '94-95.

Looking at the above notes, it will be readily seen that until the frost set in sport was exceptionally good.

First blood at the fourth time of asking, so it was brought about at Beech Hill Park on Wednesday, September 18th, at seven o'clock in the

\* Captain Bruce.



morning, in the year of grace 1895, in the presence of, let me see: Mrs. and Miss Waters, Mr. Frank Ball, Mr. R. Bevan, Mr. A. Edwards, who had provided the bill of fare (his son and several others on foot), and then again, riding, Mr. Bury, Mr. F. Green and two sons, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Avila on a three-year-old, — Turner, Mr. Armstrong; the latter smoking a very strong-looking cigar, which made me feel positively ill at that early hour in the morning; he actually wanted to launch over a hurdle in cold blood if I hadn't called out, "Ware cricket ground."

Cricket it looked like much more than hunting, as the sun rapidly dispelled the white mist which, as we had ridden meetwards, shrouded everything and everybody in a white sheet. How the ground rattled as we galloped after the second of a strong litter of cubs, which made a dash for the open—with just a glimpse of their waving sterns as the hounds streaked through a small plantation, and rattled him round a potato field to his death: and then came the most artistic part of the morning's proceedings, as Bailey, with brush in hand, with a few strokes of a master's hand laid on the paint on two youthful faces that beamed with delight as they received their guerdon in the shape of mask and brush for facing the ordeal without which let no youth in Essex boast himself a fox-hunter.

And who were these youthful Spartans, never more to be dubbed "Master," but Mr. Borwick, jun., and ditto Chisenhale Marsh? Young men beware! if you have not been blooded, look out, for, as sure as eggs are eggs, if Mr. F. Green, of Hainault Lodge, is out, you will have to go through it. For having brought up all his own boys, who can sit in a saddle, in the right way, he looks after the rising generation. Parndon Wood to-day (Saturday) at 6 a.m., and then *without rain*, it is rumoured, hounds *will not take the field again*.

First fruits of the season were those which many of us gathered on Wednesday, October 23rd, when, at 9 a.m., upon a keen, cold morning, hounds were thrown into Squire Colvin's preserves, the noted Galley Hill woods, and if the fruit that we garnered then may be taken as a specimen of what is in store for us during the coming winter, we may heartily congratulate ourselves upon having such golden opportunities within our reach.

Nine a.m., even on a morning when the wind blows with keen and cutting virulence, has no terrors for Essex sportswomen, still less for their harder brothers, and there could have been but few short of a hundred if the roll had been called on the morning in question. Some names I can give you, but not all, for a good many new faces were discernible, if several well-known *habitués* were absent: Mr. Loftus Arkwright, our master, and his wife, both riding very nice bay horses; Mr. R. B. Colvin, late master of the Essex and Suffolk, back once more in his own demesne, Monkham's Hall, but Essex's gain is Suffolk's loss; his brother-in-law, Col. Bonham, riding a bay horse on which, in a subsequent spin, he shoved along to some tune; Mr. C. E. Green, our late M.F.H.; Mrs. Neill, the three Miss Buxtons, Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Frank Ball, Capt. and Mrs. Wilson, Capt. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sewell, Mr. A. J. Edwards, Mr. Francis Dent, Mr. Newman Gilbey, Mr. Audley Blyth, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Steele, Mr. P. M. Evans, Messrs. G. and A. Sewell, Mr. P. S. Lee, Mr. S. Single, Messrs. Horner (2), Rev. L. Scott, Mr. T. H. Harrison, Mr. Harrison (of Enfield), Mr. G. H. Lee, Mr. H. Sworder, Master Jack Miller, Mr. Bestall, Mr. Harris, Mr. Nevill Dawson, Mr. Cook, Mr. Baddeley, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Chapman, jun., and others.

The morning sped on rapidly as cub after cub was viewed away from



different parts of the big woods, but scent in covert was worse than indifferent, so not one could be brought to book. Deer Park was tried, and at the end of two hours' patient work we were back in Galley Hills, getting slack just when we ought to have been on the alert. At the Monkham's end of the big woods Mr. Crocker luckily viewed a cub crossing one of the rides, which hounds were able to press right through. Over the big pastures towards Nasing Bury he was viewed stealing away.

Down the two large grass fields charged the field, or those of them (about a score) who were fortunate enough to be cognisant of what was going on, and jumping out of the road at the bottom rose the big hill with hounds running on their left. Dipping down once more (the whole of this run was up and down hill), the fox crossed just below Mr. Bury's house in view of Mr. Bury and his wife, who were out on foot enjoying the fun. Up the lane we clattered, those who had come by the fields and those who had snicked in by the Coach and Horses, and then down hill they swept over Mr. Taylor's Farm.

Not liking this part of the country, the fox once more breasted the hill and then retraced his steps over the road we had recently crossed, leaving Nasing Bury well on the right. A momentary hesitation in the next grass field, and they had hit it off over the brook quicker even than Bailey could find a way over—a nasty slide down hill and four feet deep at the bottom, it was not inviting, but quite Bailey's place. None did it better than Capt. Bruce's grey Arab, none sooner than Col. Bonham, who was over second, though his horse took a lot of persuading before he would tackle it. What became of some of the rear guard can only be conjectured, for hounds were running forward at a good pace, and Mr. Crocker coming down, further blocked the way.

In the meantime on the hill-top we came to a regular teaser in the corner of a field you couldn't see over and you couldn't see through. Not a loop-hole anywhere until Bailey ran his good little chesnut cob up an ivy-clad bank, and pushing his way through the bushes on the top, he hopped over the ditch beyond like a bird—each second it became easier, plainer, and more defined. The Master, Col. Bonham, Capt. Bruce, and the Admiral were certainly the first quartette over. Fences came quick after this, a rail-guarded one yielding to Mr. Howard Fowler's chesnut made it plain sailing for Mr. H. Sworder's cob to follow.

Down in the bottom below Nasing schools we lost this good cub, who had afforded such a delightful 20 minutes from the big woods. Many thought the fun was over for the day, and they turned their horses' heads homewards when we reached Nasing Park, but in the policies surrounding the house a noted fox was known to harbour; loth, indeed, was he to leave them, but he streaked away when he did to such a tune, and so straight, that he fairly elongated a hard-riding field on horses only half fit to gallop. Going across the park it was no time for loitering, as hounds ran parallel to the steep lane running up to Nasing hamlet, and only those who had turned sharp back, and galloped their hardest, were in time to see hounds stream over the road and enter the narrow plantation on the left.

Mr. Green and Mr. Lee chose the left-hand side Bailey and his immediate following took the right, some barbed wire hindering the leading section for a few moments until they found a gap under a tree. Unlucky the man who came down, for at the splitting pace hounds were going he was completely out of the fun. A few more fields and we reached the road at Low Hill; down it we galloped past the plantations that fringe it, as hounds crossed our front, with Mr. C. E. Green, their nearest



attendant (where was Mr. Lee?), holding a lead which none could wrest from him, till hounds bayed their fox to ground below Roydon Park.

The pace hounds tore on through the top of Tattle Bushes, those only knew who had to wait their turn at a gap; but going well to the front, I could discern only two ladies, Mrs. Arkwright and Miss Buxton, while of the men the welters, as represented by the Admiral, Mr. H. Fowler, and Mr. Green, already mentioned, more than held their own. But sooner or later—but rather later than sooner—came a string of twenty men, but all looked cheerful after this sparkling gallop over a line of country which, if unbroken from Galley Hills to Roydon, will take a lot of beating at any time.



Weston Crocker on "Blizzard"

Mr. Weston Crocker hunted with the Essex Hounds as far back as '73-74. He swears by the Roothings of Essex. He is a very straight rider, and a *persona grata* with all the members of the Hunt, most of whom at some time or other



have partaken of his hospitality as they passed Hatfield Grange on their way home after a long day in the Roothings.

Mrs. Weston Crocker, on "True-Blue," shares in her husband's popularity, and shares his enthusiasm for the chase. She possesses a capital nerve, of which she once gave a



Mrs Weston Crocker on "True Blue"

striking proof in the season of 1896-97. Through her horse falling back upon her in a ditch half full of water, she had a very narrow escape from being suffocated, but although in imminent peril not a word of alarm escaped her, and those who assisted at the rescue could not help remarking upon the calm, cool courage she had shown.

The philosophic mind derives some satisfaction, however small, even in the most adverse and strange surroundings, and that no one may aspire to become a huntsman who does not possess it is a truism, even if Beckford



is not responsible for the dictum; but it must have required all the philosophy with which the huntsman of the Essex hounds is usually credited to have gathered one crumb of comfort from his frosty surroundings on Monday, October 28th, 1895, when for one hour you couldn't see fifty yards in front of you, and the fog clung to and frosted everything with which it came in contact as we rode like restless spirits to and fro in the dank atmosphere, hoping against hope for it to clear away. But the grain of comfort was there, and it came in the showers of leaves which the frost was cutting away in bushels from the trees overhead. As the huntsman remarked, "Make it all the better going for us next week," and so, if it rains, it will, for the leaves, scorched and shrivelled by the frost, will disappear from the hedgerows as snow melts before the midday sun.

But is it not curious, in this strange season of '95, that the morning in question made the fifth white frost without rain, and three in olden times were considered quite sufficient to ensure a downpour? "Drop the weather, and tell us what took place and who was there to see it," my dear friend, the reader, not unnaturally remarks, adding, "I know that you met at Coopersale." Quite right, O King, we did, and quite an array of bicycles you would have seen had you been there. Three sisters from Tawney Rectory rode up looking cool and collected, but with a healthy glow on their cheeks, which their brisk spin of five miles to the meet on pneumatic tyres had given them, and afterwards they joined in the sport on foot, for, even with the latest patent in spring chains, the bicycle is no use over a country. Two other ladies, also well-known for their affection for bicycles, and their skill in riding them, were there, one riding a dun-coloured cob, the other a rich dark-coated thoroughbred mare. Perhaps you can identify them if you follow the Essex Hounds; if not, do not ask me to enlighten you, for I write for the followers of that particular pack.

The Master, Mr. Loftus Arkwright, drove up with his wife punctually at nine. Mr. and Mrs. Howel Price graced the meet with their presence. Mr. F. Green loomed up through the fog for an instant, and disappeared as suddenly as he had arrived. Mrs. W. Sewell stayed out until one. Major Ricardo, Mr. Roland Bevan, Major Carter, Captain Wilson, Captain Bruce, curiously enough all riding greys, which diminished in size in the order given. Mrs. Bruce was exercising, what she called, her harness cob, but, as her husband sensibly remarked, they do not keep their horses to look at, but all have to earn their living. Mr. H. Sworder and Mr. H. J. Miller, both riding blacks; Mr. Willis and Mr. Avila on bays; Mr. Cook, Mr. Baddeley, Mr. Lee, Mr. Steele, Mr. Single, Mr. Cockett, Mr. D. Cunliffe Smith. Later on in the day Mr. Patchett, Q.C., might have been seen with Host Morris, on his grey, in attendance, and Mr. A. J. Edwards turned up before it was all over.

Cubs were known to have been reared in the Gaynes Park preserves, for although Mr. Chisenhale Marsh is not very keen about hunting himself—only coming out occasionally—he always takes a lively interest in promoting the welfare of the Hunt, and with no wire and plenty of foxes on his estate, what more could you want? But up to the time I left hounds that day, 1 p.m., these cubs had not been found, though a friend of mine, out shooting, viewed one in an adjoining wood, known as Watson's, which undoubtedly hailed from Gaynes Park.

At Beachetts, however, we had a rapid find and a nice little spin to Knightsland. Eventually, we arrived at Rough Talleys in search of other cubs which did not appear to be there, and the luncheon hour, fitting in so



conveniently with the propinquity to home, tempted many of us to forsake the pleasures of the chase for the amenities of the table. Of the going it may be remarked that it was not at all bad, not half so hard as some who had not been out would like to have made it. Of the fencing it may be asserted that it was excellent if not very plentiful, for we hit upon several lines of gates; but *one fence in October in full leaf is worth a dozen in later months*, if you care for the excitement of what may be fairly called a leap in the dark, for I can assure you, my friend, that many of the ditches were not to be seen, though known to exist. Major Carter's new grey seemed to take to them like a duck to water. Mr. H. J. Miller's black cob was never asked to play follow my leader, a game which can be played to perfection in the leafy month of October.



Coming away from Roydon Park

9 a.m., Wednesday, October 30th, found many of us at Roydon, which we had reached by travelling over roads of iron and fields white with hoar frost. An immediate find at once settled the question of a burning scent in covert, and as quickly dispelled the idea of there being any in the open, for hounds could never run more than 100 yards at a time, though taken along very straight by a fox that knew the country to Tattle Bushes.

Another fox at the back of Roydon brickfields afforded a momentary excitement, but little else: but, even in these few brief moments, youth and valour, as represented by Mr. Nevill Dawson, and maturity and discretion by Mr. Dent, found their opportunity, and took it, of kissing mother Earth, both standing on their heads in the process. Mr. Nevill Dawson, however, gave his nag a large order when he shot out from the



crowd and charged the strong stake-bound fence, ditch-guarded, which shut him off from the hounds, but had the bridle not given way he would have been all right. Truly he is a chip of the old block, and that grey horse will develop into a valuable hunter if he comes up sound at the end of the season.

Mr. Bowlby and his son were both out for the first time this season, having left Scotland covered with snow—which seems to have favoured a good many counties on the previous day. It would be heartily welcomed by hunting men in Essex, the ground is too hard and the fences are too blind to extract much pleasure from hunting unless you join the road-riding, coffee-housing contingent.

"The Rothings are full of foxes"! Such were the cheery words of a sporting friend. So sixteen miles to a meet, and three on to the first covert to be drawn, resolved itself into a mere nothing, with the certainty of sport at the end, to the dozen or so Southerners who invariably take their Saturdays wherever the hounds meet, rarely sending their horses on, but hacking or driving the whole distance. The Northerners are not half so energetic, and seldom visit our sunny and grassy quarters of hill and dale, interspersed with fences of varied description, which deprives it at once of the reproach of monotony.

The mate draws the line at a hack on of more than ten miles. So 9 a.m. sharp, and the polo cob in the shafts, was the order of the day, and what a morning Saturday, November 9th, was. If you were a light sleeper you would have heard the rain, which for forty-eight hours had been coming down almost incessantly, still dashing against the window panes as if the very floodgates of heaven had been loosed; but remembering the old adage, "Rain before seven clears up at eleven," you would have dozed off without any rheumatic forebodings, whatever misgivings you might have entertained about the wind getting up to roll the clouds away.

How everything reeked with moisture as, leaving Epping behind us, we bowled along through the Lower Forest, the golden leaves, which still clothed its decayed and stunted trees, adding a bright gleam of colour to the glittering road pools. On through North Weald the huge Ongar Park Woods (still a closed demesne) loomed up on our right like heavy cloud banks, and we took the first pull at the cob as we breasted Bovingher Hill, and neared its mill, for the sails were whirling round in mad glee, and the mare wouldn't have them at any price, and the mate had to jump out and catch her by the head, and coax her past. Moreton village was reached and passed with nothing worse than "hold tight!" as the mare swerved viciously at some decaying trees. The same village brought us luck in the drive home that night. It must have been about one hour after sunset when we were passing through the village again when the mate spied his favourite terrier, which two days previously had been lost or stolen. A minute sooner or a minute later, it could not have happened; the mutual recognition of man and dog is worthy of a special note in the *Spectator* (the mate must write it).

Up the long hill from the village we were overtaken by an active, mackintoshed figure,\* hacking the whole distance, past Mr. Paton's, the great animal painter, and leaving the once more deserted White House, near Little Laver (would it not make a capital hunting box?), we were in the heart of the Rothings, with the wind coming up in angry puffs, tearing wide rents in the leaden sky o'erhead. Then we chortled as we thought of low hats and mufti costume.

\* Mr. R. Bevan.



Always a capital piece of road between Brick Kilns and Man Wood—we made the pace and soon overtook two more equestrians.<sup>1</sup> Reaching the peaceful hamlet of Abbess Roothing, we entered upon a veritable fairy-land; the rains and gales had done their work, and the road was a carpet of green and gold, which the gigantic elms overhead kept replenishing with their rounded and brilliant yellow leaves, and the sun now breaking out lit up the copper beeches with a thousand tints, and in its rays the hedgerows glistened as if bedecked with myriads of sparkling diamonds, while a lovely rainbow in the far distance lent the finishing touch to the beautiful scene. Horseman after horseman was soon overtaken as we neared the old hostelry of the “King William,” which we reached to the tick at 10.30.

Three miles, and half-an-hour to compass it in—we could take it easy, nor as we approached the tryst, High Roothing Street, were we long in



Garnetts

doubt as to the lovely apparition who with such grace and skill guided her team of beautiful bays through the crowd. None other but the Countess of Warwick could ever have worn such ravishing attire. A blue tam-o'-shanter! a light blue cloak, was it velvet, or was it cloth? I was too shy to venture on a close inspection, everything blue with the exception of a front of rich white satin; she looked, as she is acknowledged to be, the Queen of the Hunt, for all who ride with the Essex Hounds are proud to do her homage.

How describe a run when you don't know a yard of the country? I have said this before, but that does not matter. History always repeats itself. How relate where hounds were at fault, and where and when their individual merits and their huntsman's skill shone out? For you all came out, brave sirs and fair dames, you'll readily grant me, not to gossip and

<sup>1</sup> Miss Webster and Daniel Gingell?



ride over hairy ditches and yawning gulfs, but solely for the purpose of catching a crafty animal with the aid of high-couraged and pure-bred hounds. The task is beyond me, so I can only jot down in irregular sequence what is after all but a blurred outline of the day's sport, though on the following day there was nothing to mar the brief retrospect.

I could hear the deep-throated chorus of the merciless bitches as fox after fox was driven from his lair in Garnett's leafy groves. The "Gone away" from two different parts of the covert still rings in my ears, and across my vision passed, like a flashing beacon, the stalwart form of the late Master, as he galloped forward to the distant echo of the huntsman's horn, and the black-and-tan pack came sweeping back two fields away, as we cleared the covert. Nor would the huntsman admit of a check as he urged



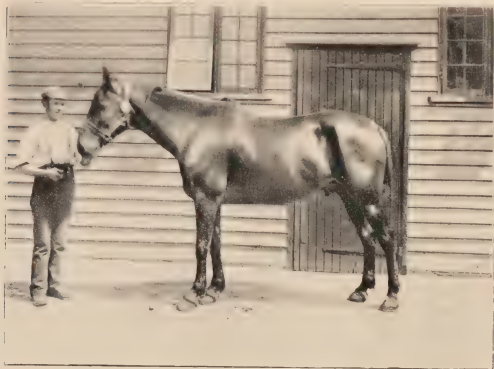
A. R. Steele

his good little black over the drop into the meadow, and clapped hounds forward to where Mr. Ridley, hat in air, cut the sky line. I could see hounds own to it now, and note how one, two, three, four of us converged to the spot over which the huntsman had flown. It was a narrow bank, and the ditch lay wide beyond, but Miss Jones skimmed it like a swallow, swiftly followed by her father, and then hounds threw up as we jumped into a lane.

Bright shone the sun through the fence beyond, but still in a straight



line towards Pleshey hounds kept steadily moving. The game had now commenced; the ball was really set rolling, and men were falling in all directions and letting their horses go. Mr. Buckmaster skilfully caught one and restored him to his panting owner, for ploughs are heavy even in Bartley's best. Where did hounds throw up? Who can say? But many affirm that it was an old fox who in about thirty minutes managed to give Bailey and his pack the slip. Next, hounds running like smoke for three fields with a fresh fox from Israel's, and coming to an unaccountable check in the road. Last, but best of all, a fox from some turnips below the same covert, standing up for sixty minutes in a long, twisting, puzzling run, to fall a victim at 2 p.m. to a pack that deserved him, Mr. Steele and Mr. Green, of Parndon, and Mr. Horner, of Walthamstow, having among those in at the death, one of the longest rides home.



A. R. Steele's favourite hunter

Ah! A day in the Pleshey country is a delightful experience; the finest nerve tonic in the world. Foxes abound, for there are some keen and good sportsmen who look to them, and in whose company it is a pleasure and an honour to charge side by side over the wide ditches, which, free from wire, make this one of the happiest and safest hunting-grounds in the whole of England.

A bad photo. of a good horse, taken at his worst in rough summer condition, big in belly, low in muscle, and looking, as Mr. Steele wrote me, as bad as possible; but for eight seasons this good brown horse, standing 16·2, carried Mr. Steele brilliantly to the front with the Essex Hounds two days a week, and occasionally, mark it ye Meltonians, a third day;



he seldom fell without an excuse. How well I remember the day when he went head over heels into the brook at the bottom of Man Wood, knocked into it by a horse that swerved into him; how they were all mixed up together. The end of his career as a hunter was brought about by jumping into a boggy place in which he strained the suspensory ligament: otherwise he might have gone on for years, as he was only 14 at the time, and at 21 we have seen them do the trick in Essex.



Havering-atte-Bower

Monday, November 11th, at Havering, afforded in the afternoon what may be fairly reckoned the best gallop of the season. Of the morning's work the less said the better. 'Tis true we found and lost a fox in Mr. Pemberton-Barnes' covert which gave us a ten minutes' spin, but not a trace of a fox in Mrs. McIntosh's gorse, and it really looked as if we were in for a very poor day, and that Captain Bruce had come out on the right one, the polo Arab, after all. When, at 2.15, at an hour when some were asking the nearest way back to Brentwood, Bailey's cheer rang out as hounds whimpered in Loughton Shaws.

Crack went fifty thongs as we galloped alongside the covert to turn him from the Forest, and out at the top away went a fox who for twenty minutes led the field a dance over what Mr. Dalton was heard to say was a real Leicestershire country; those who know that line will appreciate it. Running close to Theydon Bois Station, they swung up hill by Mr. Avila's wood, and left the road opposite Mrs. Debenham's, and sinking the vale below Theydon rectory, crossed the brook at the bottom, and



climbed the hill for Coopersale Hall. Leaving this on their left, they ran on at a great pace and crossed the road at Stew Green, where Ainger, the carpenter, viewed him turning back by the Merry Fiddlers, entering the grass beyond as if he intended to pay a visit to Barbers. Hounds were brought to their noses, and the fun, the sparkle, the joy of the run was over, for although this good fox was tracked back past Coopersale Hall, he succeeded in beating the dog pack. This is the barest outline of a real good gallop, but it is all I have to offer, for I never saw a yard of it. The remembrance of it clings to me like a nightmare; but with scent in the air and wet in the ground, the first gallop after a few weeks' conditioning following a summer run, if you start two fields to the bad, soon tells tales, and more than one cried, "Bellows to mend." Mr. F. Green's hireling was utterly cooked, and put him down twice, and few indeed accompanied the hounds when they went back to Mr. Avila's wood to try for another fox.







Warlies

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, K.C.M.G.—Warlies—Netteswell X—The Weald Brook—Latton Park to Matching Hall—The Mexborough Thoroughbred—The Scarlet Jacket—The Evening Gallop from Man Wood—The Rector of Abbess Roding—Marshall—A Tricky Fence—The “Black Bull,” Fyfield—The Dido Brand—Nevill Dawson—The “Green Man,” Harlow—Sticking to Hounds—Reaping the Reward—A Riddle Unsolved—Black Mondays—The Hunt Staff—Courtfield Wood—Conflicting Evidence—Casualties—Too Late—Poplars.*

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON has never, I can well imagine, hunted half as much as inclination would have prompted him, for his life has been a very busy one, given over to doing something for the community at large, and culminating in taking, at considerable personal sacrifice, the Governorship of South Australia in 1895; but when he did come out 'twas easy to see how his heart was in it, impossible not to observe his plucky riding. Generally riding very fresh, young horses (often without reputation for any cleverness), how he sent them along! In truth he has inherited the pluck of that ancestor who jumped off his horse to seize and hold a mad dog that was about to attack a pedestrian.

WARLIES, his beautiful country seat in Essex, has always been a favourite meet of the Harriers, and those who love a gallop over the grass with flying fences never miss it or a fox-hound fixture in that neighbourhood.





Netteswell Cross



the house to catch hounds, which bearing at first slightly to the right, as they dipped over the brow of the hill after crossing the lane, turned into the grass on the left, placing both the left and right-hand contingents on equally good terms. The rails were low into the meadow through which flows the North Weald Brook:

No shallow dug pan with a hurdle to screen it,  
That cocktail imposture the steeplechase brook;  
But the steep broken banks tell you plain, if you mean it,  
The less you will like it the longer you look.

But low as they were they gave one good man\* and one good horse an imperial crowner. No occasion to disclose the identity of those whose discretion, being greater than their valour, caused them to steer for the gate and the bridge at the bottom of the meadow, and escape what was, perhaps, after all, the biggest jump in the run, but methinks a certain very keen young sportsman † would never have seen, still less gone, after the straying bullocks had not a too intimate knowledge of the country in front tempted him out of his line, and he has since confessed to me that, had he half realised the grand run that was really only just commencing, those bovine monsters would have been left to wander the country at their own sweet will.

But this was by no means an isolated case of thinking Weald Coppice would see the finish of the burst over the steeplechase course, for it was within a stone's throw before hounds, slightly overrunning it, cast themselves in a beautiful circle, recovered the line and turned in the direction of Canes Farm. Crossing the road and passing to the right of Mr. Hart's house, we had two heavy fields in succession before leaving Canes Wood (through which our fox had gone), hounds following without affording us the smallest chance of taking a pull at our reins. Single file down the headland, and open order over the next two fences into the root field, and pointing straight for Sewald's Hall, we embarked upon a sequence of sound grass enclosures, through one of which runs a small but treacherous brook—if you knew the right spot it was a leap for a pony; if you missed the place it was a test for a good horse, and lost more than one man the pride of place which he held up to that point, for hounds were running too fast to admit of a refusal, still less of a fall.

Running on at a great pace towards Wynter's (by-the-bye, the hunting crop that was left in the fence below it was recovered next day), hounds came to their first and only check behind the Grange—a check that was fatal to the resolution of half-a-score of sportsmen, who got hung up by some nasty fences in the meadows to the right of the house, until Mr. Peel discovered an outlet. Those who went in the direct line of hounds secured an easy outlet through a couple of gates. Leaving Wynter's behind, the field began to lengthen out, for although hounds were on unmitigated plough, they were going faster than ever, and fences were coming thicker and certainly blinder—one out of a lane below the small spinney, which hounds touched some mile from the road, losing a very hard man the rest of the run.

Not touching Belgium Springs, although they ran close up to it, hounds kept swinging away to the left, leaving those on the right of them hopelessly in the rear. Getting close up to the road, hounds tore along parallel with it up the furrowed plough, fairly tailed out, and crossing to the right of Mr. Wederell's Farm, headed for Matching Park. The field galloping all they knew to keep near them, it was absolutely impossible to take note

\* Captain Bruce.

† Mr. Hart, junr.



of anything except the best way into a field and the quickest way out of it, otherwise we might have seen Mr. Sam on the grey, and another gentleman<sup>1</sup> on a bay, turning down a lane to avoid three fences, and never reappearing for the rest of the gallop. A crucial test for horse and rider was soon in front of a dozen or so of us on the left, who crowded round the only weak spot in the fence, a very wide ditch, the take-off sloping downwards, and on the far side a hurdle, reaching nearly to the top of the bank, was a certain trap for a horse that was "cooked." The Major's<sup>2</sup> grey swung neatly over. The Mexborough thoroughbred<sup>3</sup> cleared it, too, and then grief and disaster. Someone was down, I am told, and the rest of the run was blotted out for those who had to assist the fallen.



Matching Hall

How silently hounds were streaming along now. Who were those with the Squire in pink coats? Who the man in the brown coat and cap to match? Who were the brave ladies in dark habits? Who was the wearer of the scarlet jacket? Who the two or three blacks as many undress? Who, gallantly holding their own, were riding abreast of the FASTEST HOUNDS IN THE COUNTY, "the lady pack of the Essex Hounds," as draggled and worn, scarce a field ahead of them, the fox could be seen still going gamely on, having left Matching Park and missed his last chance of shaking off his pursuers. For at the pace they were driving forward there was little hope of his ever gaining the big earths at Down Hall; but as he drew steadily nearer to them, and it looked as if he would gain them after all, the huntsman caught hold of his hounds, and, capping them on as they ran from scent to view, rolled him over in the open within

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pemberton-Barnes.

<sup>2</sup> Major Wilson.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. E. Barclay's horse.



a hundred yards of Matching Hall, and from more than one pair of lungs rang out the shrill whoop that proclaimed the termination of as good a run as has ever fallen to the lot of our noted pack.

Sandwiches were eaten, flasks proffered, and cigars lit amid the mutual congratulations of those who had struggled to the end, and who one by one came dropping in to form another unit in the group of happy and smiling faces who were gathered in the drive at Matching Hall. And who would deny them? Why, if they had ridden the road the whole way, it would have been a creditable performance to have got to the end of such a rattling burst, for, from the time he was found in Latton, allowing eight minutes before hounds pushed him out of the covert, a reference to the map will show that we covered  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles in 40 minutes, the furthest point being exactly five miles as the crow flies from Weald Coppice to Matching Hall. Mr. Arkwright was the recipient of many congratulations upon having found us, as he has so often done before, a fox of so game a breed in his Latton coverts. He saw him unkenelled, and saw him killed, and with his huntsman led the chase from start to finish; riding the renowned "Diana," and adding yet another leaf to her laurel crown.

With few exceptions, all but those who were fortunate enough to have second horses out went home, and missed what upon an ordinary day would have been voted a run far above the average, covering as it did another five-mile point, though in the sixty minutes hounds were running they must have traversed twice that distance. What a scent there was upon this eventful day! The moment hounds were put into covert they found, and foxes, too, were equally alert to the fact, for they were on the move in all directions. Harlow Park, Latton, Parndon, Marles Woods, it mattered not where, foxes, and foxes too of the right sort, were continually being viewed. I will not weary you with a description of our second run from Parndon Woods, but would only note that had not Mr. Arkwright decided to spare the life of a good fox, Bailey could easily have killed him, as he ran the hedgerows near Hubbard's Hall.

Wednesday, November 27th, at Fyfield, left nothing but pleasant impressions, though accompanied more or less by intermittent showers of rain, following a sudden rise in the temperature after a sharp frost on the previous night. Yes, this is quite a weather diary, I can assure you. A quick find in Witney Wood, a fierce, bloodthirsty rush of a hundred, all wanting to go first, two or three locked gates, the coverts cleared, and Blackmore and Stondon quite on the cards, but somehow or other, from lack of scent, or other mystifying cause, it was a misdeal, and the fox as trump card never turned up again in that game. In Norwood, hounds had all the best of the second rubber, forcing a fat cub out in the direction of Envilles, and bringing him to book at Bird Hatch at the lunch hour.

The best of the fun was condensed into the evening gallop from Man Wood. The Rector of Abbess Roding, with his daughter, was waiting in the muddy lane, at the time the huntsman had finished drawing the Brick Kilns side of this noted covert. The rain was pattering down, a dull blue haze surrounding everything, while scarcely a breath of wind stirred, and it was quite warm enough to remove any fears of horses catching cold. So the Rector was standing there, little dreaming that in half-an-hour's time the hounds would have shown him such a short cut to his own dove-cot; and where he stood so did nearly all the field, quite indifferent to the fact that some wild, uncultivated fields, covered with withered grass a foot thick, tangled with creeping briars, were being drawn by the huntsman, who was hidden from sight by a tall, straggling hedge.

Now, if there is one man more than another who is never quite easy in



his own mind when hounds are not in view, that man is Major Wilson; and quite right, too. If you have taken a day off duty, boxed your horse by train at some expense, and got wet through into the bargain, to be bilked at the last moment is, to say the least, a little provoking. So no wonder, when all were coffee-housing in Man Wood's muddy lane, that the active little grey mare could be seen picking her way daintily across the prairie fields, which bisect the coverts, to reach the White Roothing side, just as the hounds were thrown into the wood, having failed to put up a fox in the rough fields beyond it. Knowing the Major rarely makes a mistake, I luckily followed him. Do you know the little hand gate that leads into the narrow bridle path that separates the Row Wood end from the rest of the covert? It was just here that a lovely lynx-eyed little fox, such a green eye too, with one hound at his brush, broke from one covert to the other, but not quick enough to escape the Major's eagle glance or the roving eye of the ploughman. When it came to the hollowing the Major was really not in it with the ploughman, and I had to help him.



"Marshall"

"Marshall," a bright chesnut gelding, 16'2, by "Marschal" (a horse belonging to Lord Rosslyn) carries his owner, the Rev. Laurence Capel-Cure, who when the Hounds meet in the Roothings may generally be seen piloting one of his daughters by one of the numerous short cuts he knows so well, in time for the finish of many a good gallop.

Our united efforts brought Bailey on the scene in a trice, muttering, as he dashed through the gate, "Not a yard of scent." The hounds, however, tuned up a bit, and running down the covert for a hundred yards, turned back, and then for a second whimpered and faltered at the boundary



fence of the wood, on the White Roothing side; one old lady waved her stern in the most demonstrative way as she smelt at the fence, and then jumped over, Bailey remarking, "That's where he is gone," and out came the horn, as, pushing open the gate, the pack got together and dashed down the side of the fence. All down that field Bailey kept the horn going, for it was pain and grief to him getting away without his followers knowing. But this time they did know, for they had heard the halloa, and heard the horn; and although there was not a soul in sight, except Jack and those already mentioned, they were coming along post haste; but, fast as they were coming, they would never have caught hounds had it not been for a very opportune check.

Running sharp to the bottom of the field, hounds turned over a wide ditch to the right, and then taking another twist ran straight and fast until they reached the White Roothing Road, where a man had evidently turned the fox without getting a view. "Which way were you ploughing?" shouted the huntsman, as his hounds threw up. Looking back you could not have seen a prettier sight—it was more like a point-to-point race than anything else. Coming hand-over-hand, Mr. Jones and Mr. Newman Gilbey, Mr. Arkwright, and one or two others were carrying a strong lead, the rest of the field being strung out in a long tail, and they reached hounds just as they picked up the line again for'ard, and for another ten minutes ran fast and straight towards Abbess Roding; scent not improving and the field rapidly crowding up, just as the hounds required more room, and more room is just what they did not get.

Near the Rectory we sadly wanted the guidance of the Rector, for not only were we ignorant of the name of the church whose wooden spire stood out as a prominent landmark on our right (some affirming it to be Matching and others Beauchamp Roding), but we were confronted by two extra thick fences, through which we should have liked the Rector to have shown the way, but failing him we gladly fell back upon Mr. Swire for the first, and Mr. Jones and Major Wilson for the second. Jumping into the road, we crossed it and bore down for the river, eventually losing our fox near Waples Mill, the first thirty-five minutes of the gallop having been emphatically good. Mr. A. J. Edward took a toss, and Mr. Tyndale White, jun., parted company, the latter over a very tricky fence, a wide ditch the take-off sloping downward with nothing but a high narrow bank to land on, into a road, fortunately with grass margin. Have you ever tried the Black Bull Inn, Fyfield, for gruel, eggs, and tea? If not, do not hesitate to do so if after a hard day you are stranded anywhere near it. Three of us voted that we had not eaten such eggs and hot buttered toast for weeks as the good hostess of the Black Bull placed before us in a very few minutes, on snowy tablecloth, upon that Wednesday afternoon. The horses, too, were very well cared for. The landlord himself has a weakness for a good cigar, which he keeps in the right place—the chimney corner. Consequently we do not mind how soon we renew our acquaintance with the Dido brand.

Nevill Dawson, rising three when I first knew him, has grown into a great stalwart fellow (a very smart one, too), who takes after his father and grandfather in his love for hunting.

A Saturday's meet at Harlow is sure to attract a large gathering, though probably not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant have so many ladies adorned one before. No less than thirty-two skirts were counted, and not a skirter amongst them, if we might judge by the way they stuck to



hounds all through the day, which was marked by another pleasing incident—the election of the son of one of the oldest and staunchest supporters of the Essex Hunt to membership in its club. Mr. Nevill Dawson has the honour of being the most juvenile member, but as this does not involve giving a champagne luncheon or turtle soup dinner to his seniors, he will forgive my making allusion to the interesting fact.



Nevill Dawson

Parndon Woods, for the third time of asking, and that, too, within a comparatively recent period, did not fail us, and this time a leash at least were driven from its shelter. Mr. Green, who shoots these coverts, would dearly like to see a Parndon fox killed. He tells me that a Parndon Wood fox always did take a lot of killing, and the foxes that are there now are pretty tough customers. They ring the changes so nicely that it will surprise some of us very much if Bailey succeeds in brushing one without the dog pack, a small afternoon field, and a real good scenting day. They knew the country to Roydon, and Epping Lower Forest, Nasing Coppice, to say nothing of Latton and Harlow Park, at any of which points they can always rely upon a friend in need if pushed too hard. I don't bet, but if Bailey succeeds in killing a Parndon Wood fox before Christmas I'll give him a sovereign.\*

\* I had no occasion to part.—ED.



A Meet at the "Green Man," Harlow.



Miss Archer    H. E. Jones    Gerald Buxton    L. Buxton    Mr. Little    G. Brown    H. J. Miller    Mr. Howard  
                     Mrs. F. Ball    Mrs. M. Buxton    Mrs. G. Buxton                         Mr. Flinn  
                     Ford Barclay    L. W. ARKWRIGHT, M.F.H.    E. S. BOWLBY, M.F.H.



If your horse wanted a pipe-opener he certainly got it before the woods were left behind. The rides were nearly hock deep, for even the brick-dry clay of Parndon Coverts has at last yielded to the incessant rains and is now as plastic as putty and sticky as bird-lime, and yet there is no help for it unless you would chance your luck, and heading the fox at the same time, you must plug up and down the rides within hearing distance at least of the hounds. In big woods it is surely fair to follow hounds while they draw, provided you give plenty of room, say 200 yards at least, to the huntsman. We learn this in Essex, we practise this in other counties, and the result is that we read how only two days previously, while hunting with Lord Willoughby de Broke's noted hounds, out of eight people who saw the good run from the wooded heights of Shuckburgh (what pleasant memories that name conjures up), four were representatives of the Essex county—Lady Warwick, Capt. and Mrs. Breeks, and Mr. H. Blyth—the rest of the field, we are told, were picnicking.

But there was no picnicking about Parndon on Saturday last, but scatter and splash to be with hounds as they crossed Epping Green for a dart over the grass, only to have the cup dashed from our lips, when we had touched Marles, by a fox that turned and went a strong line of his own down wind towards Roydon, leaving no clue that hounds could unravel. Oh, what a long dreary draw; oh what a long, long trot, before we got back to fox-land once more, to coverts too that had been shot through only a few days previously! But in Harlow Park there was a yellow fox, and a right merry gallop he gave us; for the pastures that surround Sewalds Hall always carry a scent, and the bitch pack screamed up them, taking full advantage of the hover and delay caused by the brook. On past the farm buildings the leaders, led by Mr. Ford Barclay, would not touch the gate, but whisked over the thorn fence and rode straight on in the wake of hounds, catching them easily as the enclosures grew smaller. Over the road at the back of Mr. Lucking's farm, and over the road in front of the roadside inn—why did hounds throw up as we charged in line over the next fence? and where did he go? May we solve the problem and guess the riddle when next Harlow Park awakes from its slumbers!

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2ND, PASSINGFORD BRIDGE.—Whether you managed to extract any fun out of this particular day's sport would entirely depend upon your temperament, or perhaps, to be really accurate, the state of your liver. If you wanted a shake up without the risk of jumping nasty fences, the opportunity was afforded, and in good company all day you might have noted easily all that was done without jumping a stick. If you like being jumped on or crossed when going at a fence, you could hardly complain that the chance was not given you, though you might not so readily admit the fog as an excuse. If you like to see a fox killed without getting out of your carriage at the meet, you had only to sit tight, and hey, presto! the thing was done. If you like to see covert after covert, and mile after mile of country traversed without finding a fox, well, *Monday last was no exception to what has, after all, so far proved the rule in the Monday country this season.* If you like hunting Bailey instead of the fox, your vaulting ambition would not have o'erleaped itself, as he held hounds forward without a scrap of scent for about twenty minutes from Church Wood, Stondon. If you like catching a lady's horse you need not have been baulked in so laudable a desire, but you would have had to be very nippy to cut out Mr. Horner and Mr. Lee, who captured and restored two riderless steeds.\* And, finally, if you like getting home by

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\* Mrs. Redwood and Mrs. Upton's.



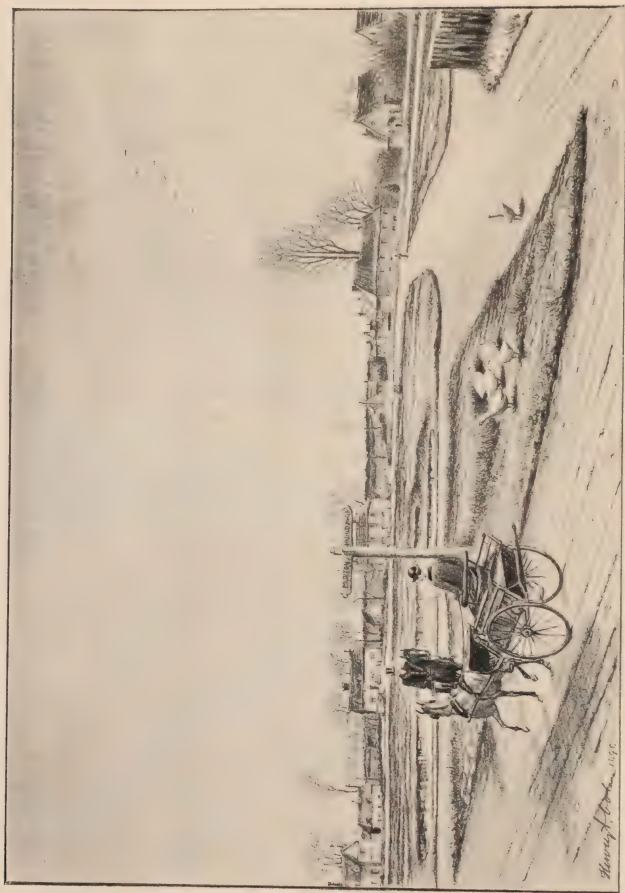


Jim Cockayne on "Bismark"

The Essex, 1892  
J. Bailey on "Snowstorm"

"Jack"





Matching Green

Henry J. Brown 1896



On over the Green, what a contrast to the life and excitement of the opening meet, only one charioteer\* to be discerned driving a smart cob; waving his whip in recognition he drove on, leaving behind the solitude he had broken. Man Wood and its associations, its possibilities and disappointments, gave food for reflection ere we had left White Roothing, with its mill and gale-driven sails. Where was the boy at the gate? We found him on the return journey, and he caught the coin if we didn't the hounds. Under the hedges, the headlands showed little signs of the drying winds, and the poached holes were full of water, while ten yards out the fields were rapidly hardening. The last gate was half open. The busy straw-tiers spied us a little too late, otherwise it would have been shut with one of the deft binders in waiting. Past the white bridge, we were getting very near the King William, the point we were making for,



Poplars

though some half-hour earlier than we had intended, and unmistakable signs of the presence of hounds in the immediate neighbourhood broke unexpectedly upon us. Two ladies, hacking homewards, one,† sad to relate, with bandaged face, the result of a too bold and venturesome leap under a tree, reported hounds were in Lords. A solitary horseman,‡ in bright scarlet, with bowed back, reached the inn as we rode up, eliciting our hearty commiseration as he lamented his bad luck in having just lamed his favourite hunter.

However, there was little time to be lost. First horses were having their gruel, and the second were not to be seen, an ominous sign that we had arrived just a few minutes too late. "Not a sound to be heard, not a glimpse of anything," said the familiar figure at the King William, as

\* Mr. G. Harris.

† Mrs. Pigott.

‡ Mr. Guy Gibbey.



we steered for the first wood, but he had not spied two reluctant horsemen riding away from it, gazing after the rapidly disappearing panoply of the chase, nor heard the whimper of the hound left in covert. Ah! There they were, some half-mile away; and a pretty sight it was, too; worth even a thirty-mile ride to see. The rustics on the top of the straw stack said, "You can easily catch them, they are not going so fast;" but why a big cloud of horsemen were riding away from the smaller band of workmen who were sticking to hounds, we could not quite make out. Is it always so in a bird's-eye view of the chase? But quickly determining that if they meant running there would be no overhauling them, and if they didn't it was not worth while on a day so cold to court a ride back in the dark, we struck into the first road, and reached home at 3.15, only encountering two road menders at work on the fourteen miles of macadam. Again we wondered, "Where were the bicyclists?"

We heard all about it next day at Church parade. How if we had been a little more patient, a little less susceptible to anticipated chaff, we might have dropped in for the best thing of the day—a hunt of forty minutes from Poplars to Row Wood in the evening, when only a select and family circle were left to enjoy it, the biting wind having fairly driven the rest of them home—not excepting the man\* who jumped a big gate, or those who got sworn at for chasing the fox without the hounds.

END OF VOL. I.

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\* Mr. Docwra.



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## ERRATA—VOL. I.

*For* Lady Gwendolen Colvin, p. 19, *read* Lady Gwendoline Colvin.

*For* Dagenham in these "Leaves" *read* Dagnams.

*For* Dagenham Priory *read* Dagnam Priory.

NOTE.—Author puts this error down to Bailey. He feels pretty certain the Hunt cards always read "meet Dagenham." He can't however palm off Boynton Cross on Bailey or anyone else; it should be Boynton Cross, Boynton Hall, &c. Any other mistakes Author declares must be Printer's errors, subject to a big ? by the Editor.







